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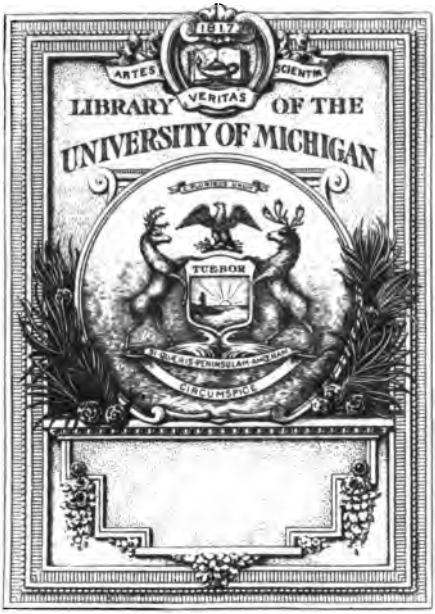
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THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

VOL. XVIII.

CYMBELINE.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE.

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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

CYMBELINE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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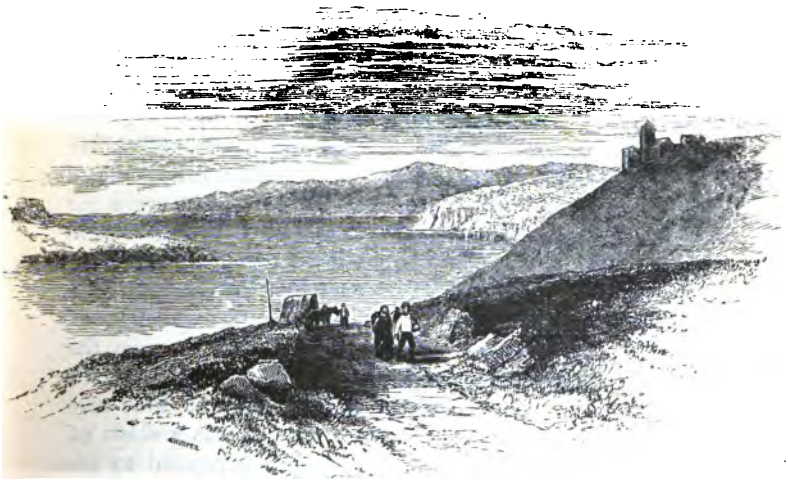


VIEW NEAR MILFORD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CYMBELINE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Cymbeline was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is the last play in the volume, occupying pages 369–399 (misprinted 993) in the division of "Tragedies." The earliest allusion to it that has been discovered is in Dr. Simon Forman's MS. Diary (see *Richard II.* p. 13, *M. N. D.* p. 10, and *W. T.* p. 10), which belongs to the years 1610 and 1611. His sketch of the plot (not dated) is as follows:*

* As given in the *New Shaks. Soc. Transactions* for 1875–6, p. 417.

"Remember also the storri of Cymbalin king of England, in Lucius tyme, howe Lucius Cam from Octauus Cesar for Tribut, and being denied, after sent Lucius *with* a greate Arme of Souldiars who landed at milford hauen, and Affter wer vanquished by Cimbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of 3 outlawes, of the w*hi*ch 2 of them were the sonns of Cimbalim, stolen from him when they but 2 yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns 20 yers w*ith* him in A caue. And howe [one] of them slewe Clotan, that was the quens sonn, goinge To milford hauen to sek the loue of Innogen the king*es* daughter, whom he had banished also for louinge his daughter. and howe the Italia*n* that cam from her loue conveied him self*e* into A Cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her loue & others, to be p*re*sented to the kinge. And in the depest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste & cam forth of yt, And vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, & toke a-wai her braslet, & after Accused her of adultery to her loue, &c. And in thend howe he came w*ith* the Romains into England & was taken prisoner, and after Reueled to Innogen who had turned her self into mans apparrell & fled to mete her loue at milford hauen, & chanchsed to fall on the Caue in the wod*es* wher her 2 brothers were, & howe by eating a sleping Dram they thought she had bin deed, & laid her in the wod*es*, & the body of cloten by her in her loues apparrell that he left behind him, & howe she was found by lucius, &c."

The play was probably a new one when Forman saw it in 1610 or 1611. Drake dates it in 1605, Chalmers in 1606, Malone in 1609 (after having at first assigned it to 1605), Fleay (*Introd. to Shakespearian Study*) "*circa* 1609," White "1609 or 1610," Delius, Furnivall, and Stokes in 1610, Dowden and Ward at about the time when Forman saw it. The internal evidence of style and metre indicates that it was one of the latest of the plays.

Cymbeline is badly printed in the folio, and the involved style makes the correction of the text a task of more than usual difficulty. The critics generally agree that the vision in v. 4 cannot be Shakespeare's. Ward considers that "there is no reason, on account of its style, which reminds one of the prefatory lines to the cantos of the *Faerie Queene*, to impugn Shakespeare's authorship of it;" but it seems to us very clearly the work of another hand. Cf. the rhymed episode in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 113 fol., and see our ed. p. 199 (note on 136).

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The poet took the names of Cymbeline and his two sons from Holinshed, together with a few historical facts concerning the king; but the story of the stealing of the princes and of their life in the wilderness appears to be his own.*

The story of Imogen, which is so admirably interwoven with that of the sons of Cymbeline, was taken, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio, in which it forms the ninth novel of the second day. No English translation of it is known to have been made in Shakespeare's time. A version appeared in a tract entitled *Westward for Smelts*, which was published in 1620. Malone speaks of an edition of 1603; but this is probably an error, as the book was not entered upon the Stationers' Registers until 1619–20. This translation, moreover, lacks some important details which the play has in common with the Italian original.†

* It has been pointed out by K. Schenkl that the incidents of Imogen's seeking refuge in the wilderness and her deathlike sleep occur in the German fairy-tale of *Schneewittchen*.

† For an outline of Boccaccio's novel, see the extract from Mrs. Jameson below. The chief incidents of the story had been used in a French miracle-play of the Middle Ages, and also in the old French romances of *La Violette* and *Flore et Jehanne;* but we have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare made any use of these. In one of the romances the lady has a mole upon her right breast; in Boccaccio, as in Shakespeare, it is on her *left* breast. This mark is not mentioned at all in *Westward for*

But, as Verplanck remarks, "from whatever source the idea of the plot might have been immediately drawn, the poet owes to his predecessors nothing more than the bare outline of two or three leading incidents. These he has raised, refined, and elevated into a higher sphere; while the characters, dialogue, circumstances, details, descriptions, — the lively interest of the plot, its artful involution and skilful development,—are entirely his own. He has given to what were originally scenes of coarse and tavern-like profligacy a dignity suited to the state and character of his personages, and has poured over the whole the golden light, the rainbow hues, of imaginative poetry."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."* *]

Cymbeline is one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions. He has here combined a novel of Boccaccio's with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to

Smelts. In the latter, moreover, the person corresponding to Iachimo conceals himself under the bed in the lady's chamber, while in the French and Italian versions he is conveyed thither in a chest.

White has noted another circumstance which seems to show that Shakespeare went directly to Boccaccio, and that the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* were composed at about the same period: "In Boccaccio's novel the convicted slanderer is condemned by the Sultan to be anointed with honey, and exposed to the rays of the sun, tied to a stake upon some elevated spot, and to remain there until his flesh falls away from his bones. From this doom it seems quite clear that Shakespeare took the hint for that mock sentence which Autolycus passes upon the young clown in *W. T.* iv. 4. 812: 'He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey . . . then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death.'"

Westward for Smelts is reprinted in the "Variorum" ed. of 1821, vol. xiii., and in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 397 fol.

the times of the first Roman Emperors, and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the newest times with olden heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen no one feature of female excellence is omitted: her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted, her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting. The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself. As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a naïve heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase they find her dead, then "sing her to the ground," and cover the grave with flowers—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakspeare always knows how to mitigate the impres-

sion without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness. With respect to the other parts, the wise and vigorous Belarius, who after long living as a hermit again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the Italian Iachimo's ready dissimulation and quick presence of mind is quite suitable to the bold treachery which he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked Queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten (the only comic part in the piece) whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are, before the conclusion, got rid of by merited punishment. As for the heroical part of the fable, the war between the Romans and Britons, which brings on the denouement, the poet in the extent of his plan had so little room to spare that he merely endeavours to represent it as a mute procession. But to the last scene, where all the numerous threads of the knot are untied, he has again given its full development, that he might collect together into one focus the scattered impressions of the whole. This example and many others are a sufficient refutation of Johnson's assertion, that Shakspeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces. Rather does he, from a desire to satisfy the feelings, introduce a great deal which, so far as the understanding of the denouement requires, might, in a strict sense, be justly spared: our modern spectators are much more impatient to see the curtain drop, when there is nothing more to be determined, than those of his day could have been.

[*From Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times."**]

This play, if not in the construction of its fable one of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, in point of poetic

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M.D. (London, 1817), vol. ii. p. 466.

beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most lovely and interesting. Nor can we avoid expressing our astonishment at the sweeping condemnation which Johnson has passed upon it; charging its fiction with folly, its conduct with absurdity, its events with impossibility; terming its faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation.

Of the enormous injustice of this sentence, nearly every page of *Cymbeline* will, to a reader of any taste or discrimination, bring the most decisive evidence. That it possesses many of the too common inattentions of Shakspeare, that it exhibits a frequent violation of costume, and a singular confusion of nomenclature, cannot be denied; but these are trifles light as air when contrasted with its merits, which are of the very essence of dramatic worth, rich and full in all that breathes of vigour, animation, and intellect, in all that elevates the fancy and improves the heart, in all that fills the eye with tears or agitates the soul with hope and fear.

Imogen, the most lovely and perfect of Shakspeare's female characters—the pattern of connubial love and chastity, by the delicacy and propriety of her sentiments, by her sensibility, tenderness, and resignation, by her patient endurance of persecution from the quarter where she had confidently looked for endearment and protection — irresistibly seizes upon our affections.

The scenes which disclose the incidents of her pilgrimage; her reception at the cave of Belarius; her intercourse with her lost brothers, who are ignorant of their birth and rank; her supposed death, funeral rites, and resuscitation, are wrought up with a mixture of pathos and romantic wildness peculiarly characteristic of our author's genius, and which has had but few successful imitators. Among these few stands pre-eminent the poet Collins, who seems to have trodden this consecrated ground with a congenial mind, and who has sung the sorrows of Fidele in strains worthy of their sub-

ject, and which will continue to charm the mind and soothe the heart "till pity's self be dead."

When compared with this fascinating portrait, the other personages of the drama appear but in a secondary light. Yet are they adequately brought out and skilfully diversified: the treacherous subtlety of Iachimo; the sage experience of Belarius; the native nobleness of heart and innate heroism of mind which burst forth in the vigorous sketches of Guiderius and Arviragus; the temerity, credulity, and penitence of Posthumus; the uxorious weakness of Cymbeline; the hypocrisy of his Queen; and the comic arrogance of Cloten, half fool and half knave, produce a striking diversity of action and sentiment.

Poetical justice has been strictly observed in this drama; the vicious characters meet the punishment due to their crimes; while virtue, in all its various degrees, is proportionably rewarded. The scene of retribution, which is the closing one of the play, is a masterpiece of skill; the development of the plot, for its fulness, completeness, and ingenuity, surpassing any effort of the kind among our author's contemporaries, and atoning for any partial incongruity which the structure or conduct of the story may have previously displayed.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* *]

Others of Shakspeare's characters are, as dramatic and poetical conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect. Portia and Juliet are pictured to the fancy with more force of contrast, more depth of light and shade; Viola and Miranda, with more aerial delicacy of outline; but there is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together into

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 253 fol.

such perfect harmony. In her, we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful fancy, all the enchantment of ideal grace—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dignity of rank taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all, like a consecration and a holy charm. In *Othello* and the *Winter's Tale*, the interest excited for Desdemona and Hermione is divided with others; but in *Cymbeline*, Imogen is the angel of light, whose lovely presence pervades and animates the whole piece. The character altogether may be pronounced finer, more complex in its elements, and more fully developed in all its parts, than those of Hermione and Desdemona; but the position in which she is placed is not, I think, so fine—at least, not so effective, as a tragic situation.

Shakspeare has borrowed the chief circumstances of Imogen's story from one of Boccaccio's tales.

A company of Italian merchants who are assembled in a tavern at Paris are represented as conversing on the subject of their wives. All of them express themselves with levity, or scepticism, or scorn, on the virtue of women, except a young Genoese merchant named Bernabo, who maintains that by the especial favour of Heaven he possesses a wife no less chaste than beautiful. Heated by the wine, and excited by the arguments and the coarse raillery of another young merchant, Ambrogiolo, Bernabo proceeds to enumerate the various perfections and accomplishments of his Zinevra. He praises her loveliness, her submission, and her discretion—her skill in embroidery, her graceful service, in which the best trained page of the court could not exceed her; and he adds, as rarer accomplishments, that she could mount a horse, fly a hawk, write and read, and cast up accounts, as well as any merchant of them all. His enthusiasm only excites the laughter and mockery of his companions, particularly of Ambrogiolo, who, by the most artful mixture of contradiction and argument, rouses the anger of Bernabo, and he at length ex-

claims that he would willingly stake his life, his head, on the virtue of his wife. This leads to the wager which forms so important an incident in the drama. Ambrogiolo bets one thousand florins of gold against five thousand that Zinevra, like the rest of her sex, is accessible to temptation—that in less than three months he will undermine her virtue, and bring her husband the most undeniable proofs of her falsehood. He sets off for Genoa in order to accomplish his purpose; but on his arrival, all that he learns, and all that he beholds with his own eyes, of the discreet and noble character of the lady, make him despair of success by fair means; he therefore has recourse to the basest treachery. By bribing an old woman in the service of Zinevra, he is conveyed to her sleeping apartment concealed in a trunk, from which he issues in the dead of the night; he takes note of the furniture of the chamber, makes himself master of her purse, her morning robe, or cymar, and her girdle, and of a certain mark on her person. He repeats these observations for two nights, and, furnished with these evidences of Zinevra's guilt, he returns to Paris, and lays them before the wretched husband. Bernabo rejects every proof of his wife's infidelity except that which finally convinces Posthumus. When Ambrogiolo mentions the "mole, cinque-spotted," he stands like one who has received a poniard in his heart; without further dispute he pays down the forfeit, and filled with rage and despair both at the loss of his money and the falsehood of his wife, he returns towards Genoa. He retires to his country-house, and sends a messenger to the city with letters to Zinevra, desiring that she would come and meet him, but with secret orders to the man to despatch her by the way. The servant prepares to execute his master's command, but overcome by her entreaties for mercy and his own remorse, he spares her life, on condition that she will fly from the country forever. He then disguises her in his own cloak and cap, and brings back to her husband the assurance that she is killed, and that her

body has been devoured by the wolves. In the disguise of a mariner, Zinevra then embarks on board a vessel bound to the Levant, and on arriving at Alexandria she is taken into the service of the Sultan of Egypt, under the name of Sicurano. She gains the confidence of her master, who, not suspecting her sex, sends her as captain of the guard which was appointed for the protection of the merchants at the fair of Acre. Here she accidentally meets Ambrogiolo, and sees in his possession the purse and girdle, which she immediately recognizes as her own. In reply to her inquiries, he relates with fiendish exultation the manner in which he had obtained possession of them, and she persuades him to go back with her to Alexandria. She then sends a messenger to Genoa in the name of the Sultan, and induces her husband to come and settle in Alexandria. At a proper opportunity, she summons both to the presence of the Sultan, obliges Ambrogiolo to make a full confession of his treachery, and wrings from her husband the avowal of his supposed murder of herself; then, falling at the feet of the Sultan, discovers her real name and sex, to the great amazement of all. Bernabo is pardoned at the prayer of his wife, and Ambrogiolo is condemned to be fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by the flies and locusts. This horrible sentence is executed; while Zinevra, enriched by the presents of the Sultan and the forfeit wealth of Ambrogiolo, returns with her husband to Genoa, where she lives in great honour and happiness, and maintains her reputation of virtue to the end of her life.

These are the materials from which Shakspeare has drawn the dramatic situation of Imogen. He has also endowed her with several of the qualities which are attributed to Zinevra; but for the essential truth and beauty of the individual character, for the sweet colouring of pathos, and sentiment, and poetry interfused through the whole, he is indebted only to nature and himself. . . .

When Ferdinand tells Miranda that she was "created of every creature's best," he speaks like a lover, or refers only to her personal charms: the same expression might be applied critically to the character of Imogen; for, as the portrait of Miranda is produced by resolving the female character into its original elements, so that of Imogen unites the greatest number of those qualities which we imagine to constitute excellency in woman.

Imogen, like Juliet, conveys to our mind the impression of extreme simplicity in the midst of the most wonderful complexity. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia—combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other. But Imogen is less imaginative than Juliet, less spirited and intellectual than Portia, less serious than Helen and Isabel; her dignity is not so imposing as that of Hermione—it stands more on the defensive; her submission, though unbounded, is not so passive as that of Desdemona; and thus, while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all.

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the colour laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me that

Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers; but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper subject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes, and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one

> "Who sat 'mongst men like a descended god;
> * * * * * *
> who liv'd in court—
> Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
> A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
> A glass that feated them." . . .

One thing more must be particularly remarked, because it serves to individualize the character from the beginning to the end of the poem. We are constantly sensible that Imogen, besides being a tender and devoted woman, is a princess and a beauty, at the same time that she is ever superior to her position and her external charms. There is, for instance, a certain airy majesty of deportment—a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then—the dignity, without the assumption, of rank and royal birth, which is apparent in the scene with Cloten and elsewhere; and we have not only a general impression that Imogen, like other heroines, is beautiful, but the peculiar style and character of her beauty is placed before us. We have an image of the most luxuriant loveliness, combined with exceeding delicacy, and even fragility, of person; of the most refined elegance and the most exquisite modesty, set forth in one or two passages of description; as when Iachimo is contemplating her asleep:

> "Cytherea,
> How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
> And whiter than the sheets!

'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct!"

The preservation of her feminine character under her masculine attire; her delicacy, her modesty, and her timidity, are managed with the same perfect consistency and unconscious grace as in Viola. And we must not forget that her "neat cookery," which is so prettily eulogized by Guiderius—

"He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter"—

formed part of the education of a princess in those remote times. . . .

The catastrophe of this play has been much admired for the peculiar skill with which all the various threads of interest are gathered together at last, and entwined with the destiny of Imogen. It may be added that one of its chief beauties is the manner in which the character of Imogen is not only preserved, but rises upon us to the conclusion with added grace: her instantaneous forgiveness of her husband before he even asks it, when she flings herself at once into his arms—

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?"—

and her magnanimous reply to her father, when he tells her that by the discovery of her two brothers she has lost a kingdom—

"No—I have got two worlds by 't"—

clothing a noble sentiment in a noble image, give the finishing touches of excellence to this most enchanting portrait.

On the whole, Imogen is a lovely compound of goodness, truth, and affection, with just so much of passion and intel-

lect and poetry as serve to lend to the picture that power and glowing richness of effect which it would otherwise have wanted; and of her it might be said, if we could condescend to quote from any other poet with Shakspeare open before us, that "her person was a paradise and her soul the cherub to guard it."*

[*From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "Shakespeare-Characters."*†]

It is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the small dramatic proprieties, as these are observed or ignored in the play of *Cymbeline*. They who are interested in the rigidities, perhaps the fussiness, of criticism,—who take more pleasure in detecting a lapse in the unity of such a composition as this,—who would rather pride themselves upon exposing a deficiency in its chronology than in displaying its incomparable force and beauty of passion and fancy, of tenderness, imagery, and splendour of language,—are referred to the supplementary notices of the Johnsonian school of criticism. For myself, I care not one straw about the violation of the unities: I am content to be wafted on the wings of the poet's imagination, and to be with him to-day in Rome and to-morrow watching the weary pilgrimage of the divine Imogen towards Milford-Haven. It is enough for me that the play is one of the most romantic and interesting of Shakespeare's dramas; and this we say of every drama of his, as we read them in succession. The romance itself of this story is sublimated by an intensity of passion and heart-ennobling affection and endurance that I have yet to see excelled. Of all his heroines, no one conveys so fully the ideal of womanly perfection as Imogen. We have full faith in the love and steadfast endurance of Desdemona: we believe that

* Dryden.

† From the *unpublished* "Second Series" of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), kindly sent to us by Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke for publication here.

she would have borne more than her lord's jealousy in her personal love for him; but Imogen has given us the proof that nothing could quench the pure flame of affection and devotedness in her heart; not even the charge of disloyalty and the atrocity of assassination. The triumph of self-reliance in the consciousness of holy virtue and of artless innocence was never more grandly carried out than in Imogen's steadfastness of purpose to go on and meet her husband after she has read his treacherous letter to their servant Pisanio, enjoining him to put her to death. It may be said, indeed, and for the thousandth time, that "No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character—the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakespeare: no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise: no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant;" and there are few who cannot identify this testimony to their character,—not, of course, to the letter, but in the full spirit of Imogen's conduct. The homily of dear old Chaucer, when dismissing his narrative of the world-noted Griselda, may well be applied to our nation's Imogen:

> "This story is said, not for that wivès should
> Follow Grisild' as in humility,
> For it were importable though they would;
> But for that every wight in his degree
> Shouldè be constant in adversity
> As was Grisilda; therefore Petrarc writeth
> This story, which with high style he inditeth."

Before proceeding to the inferior agents in this drama, I would say a few words upon the character of Posthumus.

That he was unworthy of the love of such a being as Imogen need only be stated. We need only be reminded that when Iachimo assays her constancy with the account of her husband's infidelities, she gives utterance to no stronger re-

ply than the celebrated one, "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain"—not "forgotten me;" not "forgotten his wife:" Imogen is too high-souled a lover and woman to utter a selfish reproach. Yet, when Posthumus receives the scandal of her disloyalty, it should be borne in mind that the proofs produced, and *sworn* to, by Iachimo were enough to stun even a devout lover. Real charity (or love), it is true, "endureth all things, *hopeth* all things," and Posthumus should still have *proved for himself:* but what I mainly feel to be an inconsistency in his character is that he is not reconcilable with himself—a perilous charge to venture against even the humblest of Shakespeare's creations, and which I would gladly fail to substantiate: nevertheless, in the first scene of the play, a friend describes him as

> "a creature such
> As to seek through the regions of the earth
> For one his like, there would be something failing
> In him that should compare: I do not think
> So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
> Endows a man but he."
> "You speak him far" (says the Second Gentleman).
> "I do extend him, sir, within himself;
> Crush him together, rather than unfold
> His measure duly."

This fair report he certainly justifies in his leave-taking with Imogen; and subsequently maintains it in the wager with Iachimo for the inviolability of her honour and truth. In short, he gives every proof of being noble and magnanimous to the core. Is it then reconcilable with rational probability that a man so endowed should so damn himself as, with the same ink, and the self-same pen, to write a treacherous letter to the woman he had adored, appointing her to meet him, and another to their servant, suborning him to be her murderer? His first resolution, upon encountering Iachimo's proofs, that in the torment of his passion he would return to her father's court and "tear her limb-meal," is not

irreconcilable with a generous, although an ungovernable temper; but coolly, and deliberately, and upon reflection to turn assassin by deputy! Can such a contradiction exist in a man so described as Posthumus has been described to us? The man who could *reflectively* compass the life of her whom he had adored beyond all the beings on earth was not the character to dismiss her slanderer, and the author of all their misery, with so godlike a punishment as this:

> "The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
> And deal with others better."

The divine spirit of this conclusion (as Mr. Charles Knight says) "is perfect Shakespeare." It is so; but I cannot feel it to be perfect Posthumus.

In the original story of Boccaccio, from whence the play was taken, the punishment of the slanderer better accords with the revengeful nature of Posthumus; and, indeed, with the frightful spirit of retribution that crowns the otherwise perfect—the divine—tales of the great Florentine. "He was fastened naked to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts:" a revenge in character; for the Italians have a proverb, actually inculcating the vice of revenge as a virtue: it is, "He who cannot revenge himself is weak; he who will not is despicable." Imogen (thank Heaven!) was one of our own women. And yet, with all the objection here suggested against his character-structure, I am in candour bound (and I rejoice in my duty) to testify that Posthumus, in the clearing of his wife's innocence, does prostrate his soul in the very mire of self-reproach and despair. His rejoinder to the confession of Iachimo's treachery is enormous in its remorse; and,—I *must* acknowledge,—atoning and complete; as, in its spirit, it *harmonizes with the impulsiveness of his nature.* But,—good Heaven!—how perfectly divine is the scene of their reunion! She, with her char-

acteristic strength of passion and gentleness, says—almost playfully:

> "Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
> Think that you are upon a rock; and now
> Throw me again." [*Embracing him.*]

His heart is too full: he can make no more reply than:

> "Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die."

The noted soliloquy of Posthumus, after he has received from Iachimo the proofs of Imogen's infidelity,—a speech that has been objected to, on account of its unrestricted tone of expression and want of harmony with the quality of that conjugal love which had existed between them,—appears to me, on the contrary, to be accurately consistent with his impetuous and engrossing nature. It is the strongest foil the poet could have placed against the exquisite delicacy and forbearance of Imogen, whose sharpest speeches are: "Some painted jay of Italy has betray'd him;" and her heaviest reproach in her affliction:

> "My dear lord!
> Thou art one of the false ones: *now I think on thee,*
> *My hunger's gone;* but even before, I was
> At point to sink for food."

And but once is she betrayed into an expression of anger: "That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him." She, the most injured party, is the most forbearing—the common result in society—and, in short, never was case more triumphantly carried out between what has been wittily styled the "fair, and the *un*-fair sex."

The prevailing feature in the play of *Cymbeline* is that, under different phases, it exhibits an enchanting portraiture of the "Affections" in their several varieties. In the two prime agents of the drama (Imogen and Posthumus), we are presented with the passion in its grandest feature; in the broth-

ers, Guiderius and Arviragus, we have the mysterious instinct of the *fraternal* affection; in the stupid addresses of the booby prince, Cloten, a contrast of the *animal* affection, unelevated by a spark of the celestial fire, is set forth; and lastly, the affection of *menial* attachment, in its most disinterested form, is exhibited in the beautiful character of Pisanio, the servant to Posthumus, who is one of Shakespeare's favorite class of attendant gentlemen—like Horatio and Benvolio; of level understanding, unostentatiously faithful and actively devoted. The character of Pisanio is a charming one. And here, while upon the subject of "Affection,"—rather, perhaps, say of "Friendship," which is only a modified emotion of the same subject (Friendship is Love without his wings), we may observe the different sentiment of Shakespeare as regards menial attachment, and that of Sir Walter Scott, who has so often been compared with him. Shakespeare, who in his love for his species seems to have been a cosmophilanthropist, took an evident pleasure in uniting the several grades of society in the bonds of mutual respect and unselfish attachment. Instances of this might be quoted from his plays to a considerable extent. As he has finely said, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world *kin*." He has therefore constantly identified both master and man in one common interest; and in but one instance that I can recall has he personated the mere dogged, uncompromising, mechanically obedient serf, or slave, namely, in the steward to Queen Goneril; and an admirable conjunction of dominion and servitude that was. The very appointment of such a menial to such a mistress was, in itself, a touch of art. If we retrace the stories of Sir Walter Scott, we, I think, uniformly perceive that his idea of the connection between master and servant is strictly *feudal*. Throughout his writings we scarcely meet with any other idea of their reciprocal duties than that of irresponsible sway and command on the one hand, with mechanical and implicit obedi-

ence on the other, and not a spark of free and intrinsic attachment existing between them. He was a kind-hearted man, was Scott, but he was a thorough aristocrat by birth, education, and habit; and this circumstance cramped his prodigious brain,—like a Chinese foot; for he had somewhat to seek in the fields of social philosophy.

Contrasted with the master-feeling of the "Affections" in this play, we are presented with the shocking treachery of the Queen-mother—a character so odious, and even outrageous, as to amount almost to a monstrous anomaly. To my apprehension, there does not appear sufficient ground—in the light even of self-indulgence—for such wholesale, gratuitous wickedness; except, indeed, that there is a principle of evil in the great economy of Nature, and that some dispositions draw their sustenance from, and batten upon, stratagem and murder. In the case, however, of Cymbeline's Queen, Shakespeare has, with his own gentle wisdom, put a characteristic rebuke to her cruelty in the mouth of her physician, Cornelius, whom she has directed to concoct some poison for her. In answer to his inquiry as to her purport in requiring such dangerous compounds, she says she intends trying their effects on "such creatures as we count not worth the hanging." "Your Highness shall from this practice but make hard your heart," is his gentle remonstrance. This is a little effusion of humanity in relief to the savage craft of the murderess. But the whole detail of this woman (although below even a second-rate character) is perfectly consistent.

Cymbeline, the King, is an ordinary specimen of humanity, invested with irresponsible power,—weak, wilful, and violent; not, however, unimpressible to the emotion of a generous sentiment; for, in the conclusion, he makes a handsome and natural atonement for his previous folly and misrule. The constitutional imbecility of the man is well manifested in his requiring the counsel of his stupid step-son, Cloten, at

the conference with the ambassador from Rome; and, with his usual tact, Shakespeare has made the blurting ass most forward in the debate. With the true lout-intellect, he tells the ambassador that they "will not pay tribute to Rome for wearing their own noses." And he closes the audience with this elegant peroration: "His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two longer; if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fail in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;—and there 's an end." This speech accurately tallies with the description of the man afterwards given by old Belarius; who, in his hiding-place in the mountains, recognizes him after years of absence. He says: "By the *snatches* in his voice, and *burst* of speaking, it is absolute Cloten." No one like Shakespeare to give the whole of a man's manner in one line. Again, in the opening of the 2d act, a speaking picture of him is presented to us, where he is fuming and fretting, ruffling and vapouring with two courtier lords, after a game at bowls; in which his temper appears to be as bad as his play had been. In the scene with Pisanio (the 5th of the 3d act) we have yet again full insight into the base soul of the man;—and all by concise yet plenary touches, apparently casual and inadvertent, but carefully and closely calculated. He has detected the letter from Posthumus to Pisanio, and taken it from him; he there finds instruction that Imogen shall meet her husband at Milford-Haven. Having then ordered the servant to fetch him a suit of his master's garments, he falls into soliloquy, pondering his ruffianly intention against Imogen. "To the court I 'll *knock* her back, *foot* her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly,—and I 'll be merry in my revenge." It will be remembered that she had rejected with ladylike dignity his swinish suit to her:

"I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast."

In alluding to him in an after-part of the play, she says:

"That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege."

Lastly, his reputed animal courage is sagaciously accounted for by Belarius, who imputes it to defective judgment. And this is the solution of much of the headlong bravery that we hear of in the world, which, at times, is referable to phlegm and obtuseness of constitution. Cloten is a masterly varied specimen in Shakespeare's class of half-witted characters: he is of the race, yet distinct and original in feature and bearing. One of the lords of the court says of him:

"That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this, her son,
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen."

This play of *Cymbeline*, inwoven as it is with the loftiest sentiment, with superb imagery, and with the most condensed truths and worldly axioms, contains yet no scene more fruitful in matter for sedate meditation than the one between Posthumus and his gaoler. Some commentator has remarked that Voltaire himself has nothing comparable to the humorous discussion of the philosophic gaoler in *Cymbeline:* probably so; but beneath that humour there are speculations calculated to give one pause, and to set one chewing the cud of serious thoughts. Under these quaint and rough exteriors, Shakespeare loved to read his brethren a lesson upon the subject most deeply interesting their future-world inter-

ests; as Rabelais beautifully compared his own broad and coarse humour—investing worldly knowledge and wisdom—to the old-fashioned jars and bottles of the apothecaries, on the exteriors of which they used to paint grotesque figures and uncouth heads, yet within they contained precious unguents and healing balsams. The scene alluded to (v. 4. 150–201) is short, and not introduced on the stage—which it should be.

The scenes in which old Belarius and the young princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, his adopted sons, and stolen by him from the king, are engaged, form the sunshine of the play; and their characters and mountain-life afford a bright relief to the court-treacheries, stormy passions, and heart-sickness of the other portion. It is palpable that, whenever our poet places his persons under the open canopy of heaven, and in the unchartered wilds of rural nature, whether amid the solemn aisles and shadows brown of monumental oak, or on the crags and heathy slopes of the mountains old and bare, their language always takes a tone consonant with their free and primeval domain:—as witness all the scenes in the forest of Arden, in *As You Like It*—and so again, in this *Cymbeline:*—these wild huntsmen talk the finest and the most vivid poetry of them all; and how different is its character and pitch from those of the placid, ruminating shepherds who compose the still-life, as these mountaineers do the romantic and adventurous life, of rudest nature. What vigour is breathed into their every action! and how finely are discriminated the energy, yet cautious circumspection of the old man, and the impetuosity and recklessness of the young and inexperienced ones:—what freshness, and what fancy too,—to say nothing of the homely wisdom,—in the sweet uses of their mountain life!

> "You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
> Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
> Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match.
> The sweat of industry would dry and die,

But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

What a superb illustration of the delight of an active employment! But this division of the play absolutely glitters with these drops of heavenly wisdom, like morning-dew upon the scented hawthorn. Again, what lustre and grandeur in Belarius's description of the dispositions in the two youths:

"O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale."

Yet again, we note the plausible advantage taken by the poet to signalize the old prejudice of *instinct of birth*, to distinguish the royal blood flowing in the veins of the two princely youths. I do but refer to the advantage taken of the popular prejudice, and have no argument for its physiological accuracy. Nevertheless, there is undeniable truth in the axioms put into the mouth of old Belarius; for instance:

"Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace."

Again, referring to the youths, he says:

"How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are the sons of the king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though trained up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

> The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
> Into my story,—say, 'thus mine enemy fell,
> And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then
> The princely blood flows in 's cheek, he sweats,
> Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
> That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
> (Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,
> Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
> His own conceiving."

And so, in the full spirit of this principle, the poet, with characteristic boldness, has followed out the conduct of the young prince Guiderius in his contest with the booby-bully, Cloten, in which unconscious self-estimation and brutal assumption are felicitously associated and as dramatically contrasted. The vulgarity of low life is sufficiently offensive; but there is no vulgarity so repugnant as the vulgarity of high life, because it commonly arises from an obtuse defiance of all that the wisest and most graceful of mankind have deemed essential to social interests and good order. This scene (the 2d of the 4th act) is almost the only light one in the play. Cloten has followed Imogen in her flight towards Milford-Haven, and stumbled upon the young mountaineer, Guiderius, whom he orders to yield, and they go out fighting. The prince afterwards returns with the boaster's head, saying:

> "This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
> There was no money in 't: not Hercules
> Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."

That same instinct of nature Shakespeare has followed on, in the prompt and unconscious affection that the two youths discover for their disguised sister, claiming their hospitality on her pilgrimage. One of them calls her "Brother."

> "Brother, *stay* here; are we not brothers?"

She replies:

> "So man and man should be;
> But clay and clay differs in dignity,
> Whose dust is both alike."

Like Perdita, in the *Winter's Tale*, consciously and unconsciously the regal instinct manifests itself. The young mountaineers are neither more nor less than kind-hearted, but plebeian, foresters in her then estimation. Again, reiterating the "instinct" question, Guiderius says to his sister-brother:

> "I love thee, I have spoke it, * * *
> * * * * * *
> As I do loye my father."

Belarius exclaims:

> "What? how! how!
> *Arviragus.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
> In my good brother's fault. I know not why
> I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
> Love's reason 's without reason. The bier at door,
> And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
> My father, not this youth."

And then, how like our Shakespeare, to put the following impelled justification of the ill-appreciated plebeians in the mouth of the grateful and womanly Imogen:

> "These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
> Our courtiers say, all 's savage but at court."

Lastly, upon the principle of "Breeding," and of the mysterious influence of consanguinity, may be noted the allusion made to the "mole, cinque-spotted" upon Imogen's neck, by which Iachimo traduced her to her husband. At the conclusion of the play, when the two youths are discovered to be her brothers, it is said that Guiderius may be identified as a son of Cymbeline, and consequently as her brother, by his having "upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star." This touch of a personal triviality being brought to indicate a relationship, may, at first sight, appear insignificant to allude to; but it proves the close attention of the poet, and the prevailing sense of "harmony" in his mind, as a means he adhered to for perfecting a theory or a principle.

A considerable portion, indeed, of the play is a practical

argument to enforce the dignity as well as the *un*worthiness of "breeding" in the physical man; at the same time, the secret and hidden force of "instinct." I scarcely know of any arrangement more appealing to the gentler emotions of our nature than in this portion of the play; so triumphantly has been asserted the nobility of true bravery, as intimately connected with gentleness of heart: and, assuredly, the highest order of courage is never unattended by the proffer-ings of benevolence. Thus we have the daily practice in the two youths of paying honour to the grave of Euriphile, the wife of Belarius, and their supposed mother. Their primitive and rational piety when entering upon their morning labours,—"Hail, Heaven!" No one better than Shakespeare knew how to combine true piety with bravery; or, in other words, what constitutes the most exalted magnanimity. And, lastly, their affecting and child-like sorrow when they are performing the funeral rites of Fidele—supposed to be dead.

Guiderius. "Why he but sleeps.
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arviragus. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Guiderius. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arviragus. Be it so;
And let us, Polydore, though now *our voices*
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

> As once our mother; use like note and words,
> Save that Euriphile must be Fidele."

Then follows an exquisite touch of natural pathos; Guiderius in answer says:

> "Cadwal,
> I *cannot sing:* I 'll *weep*, and *word* it with thee;
> For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
> Than priests and fanes that lie."

And to this succeeds one of those observances in the primitive church which the poet (true to his own nature) chose to honour; having already put the axiom into the mouth of Imogen, "The breach of custom is the breach of all;" and so here: one of the brothers, when they are proceeding to lay the body in the earth, objects:

> "Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
> Our father hath a reason for 't."

Having once given us a clue to the prevailing quality in their dispositions ("gentle as zephyrs blowing below the violet") the poet never loses the thread. They are punctually observant—even in the absence of their father—of his minutest wish and injunction. Is not this absolute consistency in character delineation? Never were obsequies perform'd with more graceful pathos than those at the funeral of the "fair Fidele;" and, surely, never was parting hymn more aptly appropriated to its subject and primitive occasion. No rural poet of the old world could have surpassed it in simple, natural dignity and tender regret. There is music in the words, and the music of the heart breathes like wafted odours through the entire composition. And the closing farewell, in undiminished beauty of sentiment, closes the scene:

> "Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more.
> The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
> Are strewings fitt'st for graves. *Upon their faces.*
> You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
> These herbs shall, which we upon you strew.—

> The ground that gave them first has them again;
> Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain."

I know of no composition to surpass in exquisite taste and tenderness the ceremony and the obsequies performed at the funeral of the divine little pilgrim to Milford-Haven. Let it be borne in mind that the predominance of rich extracts quoted in these essays are lavished upon the second and third rate characters of our poet; "The greatest is yet behind." Be it repeated again and again that, to come at something like an estimate of the wealth of his mind, we have but to notice its prodigality, as heaped upon the less consequential, and even the insignificant, members of his dramatis personæ.

No being that ever lived studied less than Shakespeare the art of reserving his strength for the purpose of "making points," as the actors term it. He had no occasion to do this, and he must have known it; for his strength was ever at the flood; and as the event arose, so he grappled with and overcame it; like a mighty river that rolls on, resistless, now bearing all before it — rocks, trees, and spars whirled aloft in its mountain foam — or equally prevailing when it meanders through some flowery dale, calm as its own face,

> "And makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> It overtaketh in its pilgrimage;
> And so, by many winding nooks it strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Such was the genius of Shakespeare. In other plays he has doubtless manifested sublimer bursts of passion; but in no one of them has he set forth the prevailing power of his own bland and sweet disposition in the omnipotence of meek forbearance and untiring affection as in the play of *Cymbeline.*

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
ARVIRAGUS, } names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gentleman.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gentleman.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gentleman.* None but the king?

1 *Gentleman.* He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gentleman.* And why so?

1 *Gentleman.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gentleman.* You speak him far.

1 *Gentleman.* I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gentleman.* What 's his name and birth?

1 *Gentleman.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest, liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gentleman.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gentleman.* His only child.
He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gentleman.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gentleman.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gentleman.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gentleman.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gentleman.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gentleman.* We must forbear; here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you; you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Posthumus. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
Imogen. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Posthumus. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you.
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,—
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Posthumus. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imogen. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—[*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on.—And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imogen. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Posthumus. Alack, the king!
Cymbeline. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Posthumus. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imogen. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cymbeline. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imogen. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cymbeline. Past grace? obedience?
Imogen. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cymbeline. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imogen. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cymbeline. Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imogen. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cymbeline. O thou vile one!
Imogen. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cymbeline. What, art thou mad?
Imogen. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cymbeline. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together; you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cymbeline. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
Pisanio. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pisanio. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imogen. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together.
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

Pisanio. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pisanio. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imogen. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Cloten. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Cloten. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Cloten. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Cloten. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together; she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Cloten. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cloten. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

Cloten. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imogen. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisanio. It was his queen, his queen!

Imogen. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pisanio. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imogen. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pisanio. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imogen. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pisanio. Madam, so I did.
Imogen. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pisanio. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imogen. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imogen. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pisanio. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iachimo. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Philario. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

Frenchman. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iachimo. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Frenchman. And then his banishment—

Iachimo. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less

quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Philario. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton; let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Frenchman. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Posthumus. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

Frenchman. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Posthumus. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Frenchman. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iachimo. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Frenchman. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody

affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iachimo. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Posthumus. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iachimo. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Posthumus. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iachimo. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Posthumus. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iachimo. What do you esteem it at?

Posthumus. More than the world enjoys.

Iachimo. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Posthumus. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iachimo. Which the gods have given you?

Posthumus. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iachimo. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Posthumus. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the

holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Philario. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Posthumus. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iachimo. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Posthumus. No, no.

Iachimo. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Posthumus. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iachimo. What 's that?

Posthumus. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Philario. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iachimo. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Posthumus. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iachimo. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Posthumus. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iachimo. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you,—that you fear.

Posthumus. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iachimo. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Posthumus. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between 's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here 's my ring.

Philario. I will have it no lay.

Iachimo. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Posthumus. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iachimo. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Posthumus. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

Frenchman. Will this hold, think you?

Philario. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste. Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cornelius. Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, madam. [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cornelius. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cornelius. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cornelius. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cornelius. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master,—greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is; to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box; Pisanio takes it up.*]—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words.— [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pisanio. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself; there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious; blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have ~~their~~ honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pisanio. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iachimo. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imogen. Thanks, good sir;
You 're kindly welcome.
Iachimo. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imogen. [Reads] '*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.
Iachimo. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imogen. What makes your admiration?
Iachimo. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imogen. What is the matter, trow?
Iachimo. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imogen. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iachimo. Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.
Pisanio. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imogen. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iachimo. Well, madam.
Imogen. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iachimo. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imogen. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iachimo. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'
Imogen. Will my lord say so?
Iachimo. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imogen. Not he, I hope.
Iachimo. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,

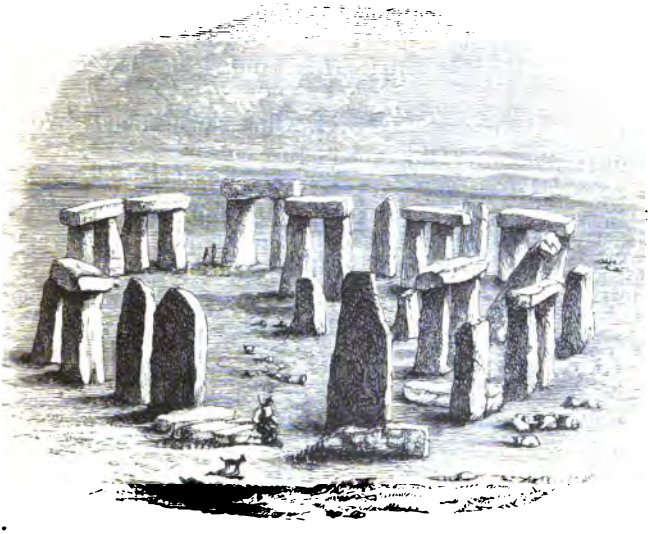
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imogen. What do you pity, sir?
Iachimo. Two creatures heartily.
Imogen. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iachimo. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imogen. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iachimo. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imogen. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iachimo. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light

That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imogen. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iachimo. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.
Imogen. Let me hear no more.
Iachimo. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imogen. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iachimo. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imogen. What ho, Pisanio!
Iachimo. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imogen. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!
Iachimo. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imogen. You make amends.
Iachimo. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imogen. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.
Iachimo. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.
Imogen. Pray, what is 't?
Iachimo. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imogen. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.
Iachimo. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imogen. O, no, no.
Iachimo. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imogen. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!
Iachimo. O, I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night;
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imogen. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*



STONEHENGE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Cloten. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Cloten. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Cloten. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Cloten. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Cloten. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Cloten. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Cloten. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloten. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Cloten. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloten. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Cloten. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.—

[*Exeunt Cloten and* 1 *Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Imogen's Bedchamber; a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imogen. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imogen. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen. I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.—

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iachimo. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design,
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras-figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three;—time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Cloten. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Cloten. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Cloten. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it;—and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Cloten. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Cloten. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cymbeline. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Cloten. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cymbeline. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended

With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Cloten. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymbeline. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Cloten. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. — [*Knocks.*] By your leave, ho!—
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
[*Knocks.*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Cloten. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Cloten. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That 's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Cloten. Your lady's person; is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Cloten. There is gold for you; 80
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Cloten. Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit Lady.*
Imogen. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
Cloten. Still, I swear I love you.
Imogen. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me;
If you swear still, your recompense is still 90
That I regard it not.
Cloten. This is no answer.
Imogen. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Cloten. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin;
I will not.

Imogen. Fools are not mad folks.
Cloten. Do you call me fool?
Imogen. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
Cloten. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imogen. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Cloten. The south-fog rot him!

Imogen. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Cloten. His garment! Now the devil—
Imogen. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
Cloten. His garment!
Imogen. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pisanio. 'T will not be lost.
Imogen. I hope so; go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Cloten. You have abus'd me.—
His meanest garment!
Imogen. Ay, I said so, sir;
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Cloten. I will inform your father.
Imogen. Your mother too;
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Cloten. I 'll be reveng'd!
His meanest garment!—Well. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Posthumus. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Philario. What means do you make to him?
Posthumus. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Philario. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly; and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Posthumus. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at; their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Philario. See! Iachimo!

Posthumus. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Philario. Welcome, sir.
Posthumus. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iachimo. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Posthumus. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.
Iachimo. Here are letters for you.
Posthumus. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iachimo. 'T is very like.
Philario. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iachimo. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Posthumus. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iachimo. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
Posthumus. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iachimo. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Posthumus. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iachimo. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Posthumus. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iachimo. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Posthumus. Proceed.
Iachimo. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Posthumus. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iachimo. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Posthumus. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iachimo. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb,—outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Posthumus. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iachimo. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Posthumus. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iachimo. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 't is up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
Posthumus. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it; is it that
Which I left with her?
Iachimo. Sir—I thank her—that.
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Posthumus. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iachimo. She writes so to you, doth she?

Posthumus. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Philario. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Posthumus. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iachimo. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Posthumus. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true;—nay, keep the ring—'t is true. I am sure
She would not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Philario. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—
Iachimo. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging; by my life,

I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Posthumus. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iachimo. Will you hear more?
Posthumus. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iachimo. I 'll be sworn—
Posthumus. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iachimo. I 'll deny nothing.
Posthumus. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Philario. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iachimo. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Room in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Posthumus. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all,—but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell (iii. 4. 185).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A Hall in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* Lords *at one door, and at another* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lucius. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Cloten. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of 'Came and saw and overcame.' With shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Cloten. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cymbeline. Son, let your mother end.

Cloten. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cymbeline. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Cloten. We do.

Cymbeline. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Lucius. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cymbeline. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,

Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Lucius. Let proof speak.

Cloten. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Lucius. So, sir.

Cymbeline. I know your master's pleasure and he mine;
All the remain is, Welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pisanio. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser!—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No;
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] '*Do 't: the letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. How now, Pisanio!
Pisanio. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imogen. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love:—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[Reads] '*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'
O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me

How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate!—but not like me,—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind,—O, not like me,
For mine 's beyond beyond!—say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse,—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisanio. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you,—and too much too.

Imogen. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow; I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father; and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pisanio. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imogen. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales: a Mountainous Country with a Cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guiderius. Hail, heaven!

Arviragus. Hail, heaven!

Belarius. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill!
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him who makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guiderius. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arviragus. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Belarius. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. — O boys, this story
The world may read in me; my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guiderius. Uncertain favour!

Belarius. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.—

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands.—Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imogen. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication; put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,

And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pisanio. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen. [Reads] '*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.*'

Pisanio. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imogen. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pisanio. Alas, good lady!

Imogen. I false! Thy conscience witness!—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain, now methinks
Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
Pisanio. Good madam, hear me.
Imogen. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike!
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pisanio. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imogen. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart.
Something 's afore 't.—Soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher; where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pisanio. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.
Imogen. Do 't, and to bed then.
Pisanio. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imogen. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pisanio. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imogen. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pisanio. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imogen. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pisanio. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imogen. Some Roman courtesan.
Pisanio. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imogen. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pisanio. If you 'll back to the court—
Imogen. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pisanio. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imogen. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;

In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.
Pisanio. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
Imogen. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.
Pisanio. Well, then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience, fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imogen. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pisanio. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—

'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he 's honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imogen. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pisanio. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imogen. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Thus far; and so farewell.

Lucius. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cymbeline. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Lucius. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace!
Queen. And you!
Cymbeline. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Lucius. Your hand, my lord.
Cloten. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Lucius. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.
Cymbeline. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Cloten. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cymbeline. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cymbeline. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cymbeline. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cymbeline. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Cloten. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—[*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!

He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Cloten. 'T is certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Cloten. I love and hate her, for she 's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what 's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pisanio. O, good my lord!

Cloten. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—

I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pisanio. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Cloten. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.
Pisanio. O, my all-worthy lord!
Cloten. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word; no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pisanio. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Cloten. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pisanio. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Cloten. Hum!
Pisanio. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
Cloten. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pisanio. Sir, as I think.
Cloten. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee

do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pisanio. Well, my good lord.

Cloten. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine; wilt thou serve me?

Pisanio. Sir, I will.

Cloten. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pisanio. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Cloten. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pisanio. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cloten. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.—

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pisanio. Ay, my noble lord.

Cloten. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pisanio. She can scarce be there yet.

Cloten. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pisanio. Thou bid'st me to my loss; for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imogen. I see a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!—
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

Here is a path to 't; 't is some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? Then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match.
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guiderius. I am throughly weary.

Arviragus. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guiderius. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Belarius. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guiderius. What 's the matter, sir?

Belarius. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imogen. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.—Good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guiderius. Money, youth?

Arviragus. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imogen. I see you 're angry;
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Belarius. Whither bound?

Imogen. To Milford-Haven.

Belarius. What 's your name?

Imogen. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Belarius. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guiderius. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'd buy.

Arviragus. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother;

And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imogen. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
Belarius. He wrings at some distress.
Guiderius. Would I could free 't!
Arviragus. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
Belarius. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imogen. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain.—Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus ' false.
Belarius. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in.
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Guiderius. Pray, draw near.
Arviragus. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.
Imogen. Thanks, sir.
Arviragus. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Senator.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
1 *Tribune.* Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Senator.* Ay.
1 *Tribune.* Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Senator.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant; the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
1 *Tribune.* We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this impersever-

ant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe; out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Belarius. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arviragus. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here;
Are we not brothers?
Imogen. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Guiderius. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imogen. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here;
I 'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Guiderius. I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Belarius. What! how! how!
Arviragus. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say
My father, not this youth.
Belarius. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base.
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I' m not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arviragus. Brother, farewell.
Imogen. I wish ye sport.
Arviragus. You health.—So please you, sir.
Imogen. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*
Guiderius. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arviragus. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Belarius. To the field, to the field!—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arviragus. We 'll not be long away.

Belarius. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our huswife.
Imogen. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Belarius. And shalt be ever.—
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arviragus. How angel-like he sings!
Guiderius. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.
Arviragus. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Guiderius. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arviragus. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Belarius. It is great morning. Come, away! — Who 's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Belarius. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he.—We are held as outlaws; hence!

Guiderius. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Cloten. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Guiderius. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Cloten. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guiderius. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Cloten. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Guiderius. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Cloten. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Guiderius. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Cloten. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guiderius. What 's thy name?
Cloten. Cloten, thou villain.
Guiderius. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Cloten. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Guiderius. I am sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Cloten. Art not afeard?
Guiderius. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Cloten. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. No companies abroad?
Arviragus. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.
Belarius. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.
Arviragus. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Belarius. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—But, see, thy brother!

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Guiderius. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Belarius. What hast thou done?
Guiderius. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Belarius. We are all undone.
Guiderius. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Belarius. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone. Although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arviragus. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Belarius. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Guiderius. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten.
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Belarius. I fear 't will be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arviragus. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
Belarius. Well, 't is done.
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arviragus. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Belarius. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guiderius. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Belarius. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guiderius. Is he at home?

Belarius. He went hence even now.

Guiderius. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Belarius. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *with* IMOGEN, *as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Arviragus. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guiderius. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Belarius. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
Arviragus. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Guiderius. Where?
Arviragus. O' the floor,
His arms thus leagued; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Guiderius. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arviragus. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Guiderius. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!
Arviragus. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Guiderius. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arviragus. Be 't so;
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Guiderius. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arviragus. We 'll speak it, then.
Belarius. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guiderius. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
Arviragus. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Guiderius. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arviragus. 'T is true.
Guiderius. Come on then, and remove him.
Arviragus. So, begin.

Song.

Guiderius. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. *Fear no more the frown o' the great;*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arviragus. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Guiderius. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arviragus. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arviragus. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guiderius. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arviragus. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Guiderius. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Belarius. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imogen. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream,
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.—
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven?—How!—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'T is he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murtherous to the senses? That confirms it home;
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's.—O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us! O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Captain. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships;
They are in readiness.
Lucius. But what from Rome?
Captain. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Lucius. When expect you them?
Captain. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Lucius. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Soothsayer. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.
Lucius. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.
Captain. He 's alive, my lord.
Lucius. He 'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imogen. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There is no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Lucius. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.
Imogen. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?
Lucius. Thy name?
Imogen. Fidele, sir.
Lucius. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee; go with me.
Imogen. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Lucius. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave; come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life 's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pisanio. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here;
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cymbeline. The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cymbeline. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of; come more, for more you 're ready.
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cymbeline. I thank you. Let 's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away! [*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
Pisanio. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'T is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Guiderius. The noise is round about us.
Belarius. Let us from it.
Arviragus. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guiderius. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Belarius. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guiderius. That is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arviragus. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Belarius. O, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Guiderius. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arviragus. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither! What thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guiderius. By heavens, I 'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
Arviragus. So say I; amen!
Belarius. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie.
Lead, lead. — [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

IACHIMO AND POSTHUMUS (SCENE II.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Posthumus. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'T is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman Army; *from the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS; *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iachimo. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Guiderius. }
Arviragus. } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons; *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS *and* IACHIMO, *with* IMOGEN.

Lucius. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iachimo. 'T is their fresh supplies.
Lucius. It is a day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Posthumus. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Posthumus. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Posthumus. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant,—who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!'—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Posthumus. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Posthumus. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry.

Posthumus. Still going?—[*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord!
O noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!

To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

1 *Captain.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Captain.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 *Captain.* So 't is reported;
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who 's there?
Posthumus. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Captain.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler; *then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.* You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
2 *Gaoler.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Posthumus. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd; to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that 's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine: and though

'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round as he lies sleeping.*

Sicilius. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law;
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sicilius. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Brother.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sicilius. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Brother.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1 *Brother.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicilius. Thy crystal window ope, look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sicilius. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Brothers. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupiter. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away! no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sicilius. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us. His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sicilius. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*
Posthumus. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.
[Reads] '*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,*

being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Posthumus. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

1 *Gaoler.* Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Posthumus. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

1 *Gaoler.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Posthumus. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

1 *Gaoler.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Posthumus. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

1 *Gaoler.* Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Posthumus. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

1 *Gaoler.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Posthumus. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

1 *Gaoler.* I 'll be hanged then.

Posthumus. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but* 1 *Gaoler.*

1 *Gaoler.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Belarius. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cymbeline. No tidings of him?
Pisanio. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cymbeline. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Belarius. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cymbeline. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There 's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cornelius. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cymbeline. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cornelius. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you; these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cymbeline. Prithee, say.

Cornelius. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cymbeline. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cornelius. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cymbeline. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cornelius. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,

Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you; in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cymbeline. Heard you all this, her women?

1 *Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

Cymbeline. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Lucius. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cymbeline. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore,
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live.
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imogen. I humbly thank your highness.
Lucius. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imogen. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand.—I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Lucius. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cymbeline. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak.
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imogen. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cymbeline. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imogen. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cymbeline. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imogen. Fidele, sir.
Cymbeline. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Belarius. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arviragus. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
Guiderius. The same dead thing alive.
Belarius. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike; were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Guiderius. But we saw him dead.
Belarius. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pisanio. [*Aside*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cymbeline. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imogen. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Posthumus. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cymbeline. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iachimo. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cymbeline. How! me?
Iachimo. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cymbeline. All that belongs to this.
Iachimo. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.
Cymbeline. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength;
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.
Iachimo. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cymbeline. I stand on fire;
Come to the matter.
Iachimo. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
Cymbeline. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iachimo. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design; well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely,—for my vantage, excellent,—

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Posthumus. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't: the temple
Of virtue was she,—yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imogen. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Posthumus. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pisanio. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cymbeline. Does the world go round?
Posthumus. How comes these staggers on me?
Pisanio. Wake, my mistress!
Cymbeline. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pisanio. How fares my mistress?
Imogen. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cymbeline. The tune of Imogen!
Pisanio. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cymbeline. New matter still?
Imogen. It poison'd me.
Cornelius. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest; 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.'
Cymbeline. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cornelius. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imogen. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Belarius. My boys,
There was our error.
Guiderius. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imogen. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Posthumus. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cymbeline. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imogen. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.
Belarius. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
Cymbeline. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imogen. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cymbeline. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pisanio. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him
I further know not.
Guiderius. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.
Cymbeline. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence; prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Guiderius. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cymbeline. He was a prince.
Guiderius. A most incivil one; the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like, for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cymbeline. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law; thou 'rt dead.
Imogen. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cymbeline. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Belarius. Stay, sir king!
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
Cymbeline. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arviragus. In that he spake too far.

Cymbeline. And thou shalt die for 't.
Belarius. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arviragus. Your danger 's ours.
Guiderius. And our good his.
Belarius. Have at it then, by leave.—
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cymbeline. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Belarius. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how a traitor.
Cymbeline. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Belarius. Not too hot!
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cymbeline. Nursing of my sons!
Belarius. I am too blunt and saucy; here 's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cymbeline. How! my issue!
Belarius. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved her to 't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then; beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cymbeline. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Belarius. Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cymbeline. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Belarius. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cymbeline. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imogen. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cymbeline. Did you e'er meet?
Arviragus. Ay, my good lord.
Guiderius. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cornelius. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cymbeline. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances,
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imogen. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cymbeline. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imogen. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Lucius. Happy be you!

Cymbeline. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Posthumus. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iachimo. [*Kneeling*] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Posthumus. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cymbeline. Nobly doom'd!
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arviragus. You holp us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Posthumus. Your servant, princes. — Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Lucius. Philarmonus!

Soothsayer. Here, my good lord.

Lucius. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer. [Reads] '*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.*'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.—
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cymbeline. This hath some seeming.

Soothsayer. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point

Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cymbeline. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Soothsayer. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cymbeline. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify, seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

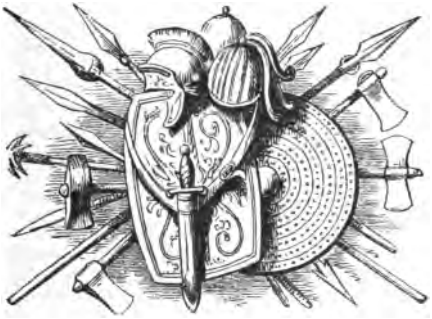
Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" ed).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *Cymb.* (London, 1878).
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the American reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



ROMAN AND BRITISH WEAPONS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts from Holinshed (see p. 11 above) include all the portions of the chronicle which Shakespeare can have used in writing the play:

"After the death of Cassibelane, Theomantius or Lenantius, the youngest son of Lud, was made king of Britain in the year of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the coming of Christ 45.... Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibelane had granted, and finally departed this life after he had reigned twenty-two years, and was buried at London.

"Kymbeline or Cimbeline, the son of Theomantius, was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not.... Touching the continuance of the years of Kymbeline's reign some writers do vary, but the best approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. But here is to be noted that, although our

histories do affirm that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom; at length, to wit, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, which was about the thirteenth year of the said Theomantius, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France.

"But here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom now we call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebels near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain, whereby the land remained without fear of any invasion to be made by the Romans till the year after the building of the city of Rome, 725, and about the nineteenth year of Theomantius' reign, that Augustus with an army departed once again from Rome to pass over into Britain there to make war. But after his coming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certain ambassadors to treat with him of peace, he staid there to settle the state of things among the Galles, for that they were not in very good order.... But whether this controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to avouch: for that by our writers it is reported that Kymbeline, being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever showed himself a friend to the Romans, and chiefly was loth to break with them, because the youth of the British nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learn both to behave themselves like civil men, and to attain to the knowledge of feats of war....

"Mulmucius Dunwallo, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers: and after his father's decease began his reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. This Mulmucius Dunwallo proved a right worthy prince. He builded within the city of London, then called Troinovant, a temple, and called it the Temple of Peace. He also made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmucius' laws. After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordained him by the advice of his lords a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan laws then in use: and because he was the first who bare a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *Bloods.* Temperaments, dispositions; as in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 38: "When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth," etc. The plural is used, as often, because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights.*

3. *Still seem as does the king.* The folios have "kings," and some modern editors read "king's" (that is, the king's blood). *King* is Tyrwhitt's conjecture (also in the Coll. MS.), and is adopted by K., Coll., D., W., Clarke, and others.

The sense is: Our temperaments are not more surely controlled by planetary influences than the aspect of our courtiers is by that of the king; their looks reflect the sadness of his. Cf. 13 just below.

4. *Of 's.* Such contractions are especially frequent in the latest plays of S. See many instances below.

10. *None but the king?* "Are all but the king in *outward* sorrow only? none else touched at heart?" (J. H.).

13. *To the bent.* According to the cast or aspect. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 36:

> "Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
> Bliss in our brows' bent," etc.

23. *Outward.* For the noun, cf. *Sonn.* 69. 5: "Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;" *T. and C.* iii. 2. 169: "Outliving beauty's outward," etc.

24. *But he.* Changed by Rowe to "but him." Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 18: "my father hath no child but I." See also Gr. 205 fol.

You speak him far. You go far in what you say of him. Cf. v. 5. 309 below.

25. *I do extend him, sir, within himself.* That is, *far* as I speak him, I keep within the bounds of his merit. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is abbreviated rather than expanded."

29. *Did join his honour.* Gave his noble aid or alliance. The passage has troubled many of the commentators, who have suggested "win," "gain," and "earn" for *join*, and "banner" for *honour;* but no change seems really called for.

30. *Cassibelan.* Lud's younger brother, while *Tenantius*, whom Holinshed (see p. 163 above) calls "Theomantius or Lenantius," was Lud's son. On the death of his brother, Cassibelan usurped the throne.

31. *But had his titles*, etc. That is, though he had joined the party of the usurper, he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king.

33. *Sur-addition.* Surname; used by S. only here. "The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia.* Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund is formed in *King Lear*" (Malone). Cf. *Lear*, p. 159.

37. *Fond of issue.* The Coll. MS. has "of 's" for *of;* but, as Coll. remarks, the change is needless.

41. *Leonatus.* Omitted by Pope for the sake of the metre; but proper

names are often used in this loose way at the end of a line. See Gr. 469.

43. *Learnings.* The only instance of the plural in S. *His time*=his age.

46. *In 's.* See on 4 above. Pope changed *in 's* to "his."

47. *Which rare it is to do.* "This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*" (Johnson).

49. *Feated.* Fashioned, "featur'd" (Rowe's reading); used by S. only here. Sr. quotes Palsgrave, 1530: "I am well feted or shapen of my lymmes; je suis bien aligné."

Steevens compares 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 21 [see also 31]:

> "he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves;"

and *Ham.* iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

50. *To his mistress.* Mason says that *to* is="*as* to." We prefer to consider the passage an instance of "construction changed by change of thought" (Gr. 415).

58. *Mark it.* "Shakespeare's dramatic art uses this expedient, naturally introduced into the dialogue, to draw special attention to a circumstance that it is essential should be borne in mind, and which otherwise might escape notice in the course of narration" (Clarke).

63. *Convey'd.* Stolen. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 317: "O, good! Convey?—conveyers are you all;" and see our ed. p. 206.

70. *Enter the Queen*, etc. The folio begins "Scena Secunda" here, and some modern editors follow it. Rowe was the first to continue the scene.

74. *Posthumus.* Accented by S. on the second syllable. V. remarks: "Well-educated men in England have an accuracy as to Latin quantity, and lay a stress upon it, such as are elsewhere found only among professed scholars. On this account Steevens and other critics have considered the erroneous quantity or accentuation of Posthúmus and Arvirágus as decisive of Shakespeare's want of learning. But the truth is, that in his day, great latitude, in this respect, prevailed among authors; and it is probable that Latin was taught in the schools, as it still is in Scotland and many parts of the United States, without any minute attention to prosody. Steevens himself has shown that the older poets were careless in this matter. Thus the poetical Earl of Stirling has Darius and Euphrates with the penultimate short. Warner, who was, I believe, a scholar, in his 'Albion's England,' has the same error with Shakespeare, as to both names."

78. *Lean'd unto.* Bowed to, submitted to.

86. *Something . . . nothing.* Both often used adverbially. Cf. i. 4. 66, 101, i. 6. 190, iv. 4. 15, etc., below. Gr. 55, 68.

87. *Always reserv'd my holy duty.* "So far as I may say it without breach of duty" (Johnson).

96. *Loyal'st.* For the contracted superlative, cf. iii. 5. 44, iv. 2. 175, 191, etc., below. Gr. 473.

101. *Gall.* Johnson says: "Shakespeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink with the animal *gall*, sup-

posed to be bitter;" but Steevens reminds him that the vegetable gall is also bitter. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 52: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink."

105. *He does buy my injuries to be friends.* "He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity and make us friends again" (Malone).

113. *Till you woo another wife.* Mrs. Jameson says on this and what follows: "Imogen, in whose tenderness there is nothing jealous or fantastic, does not seriously apprehend that her husband will woo another wife when she is dead. It is one of those fond fancies which women are apt to express in moments of feeling, merely for the pleasure of hearing a protestation to the contrary. When Posthumus leaves her, she does not burst forth in eloquent lamentation; but that silent, stunning, overwhelming sorrow, which renders the mind insensible to all things else, is represented with equal force and simplicity."

116. *Sear.* "Cere" and "seal" have been suggested, but we think it probable, with Clarke, that "*sear* is here used to express the dry withering of death, as well as the closing with wax by those *bonds of death*, cerecloths [cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 51], sometimes written *seare-cloths*."

118. *While sense can keep it on.* Steevens took this to be="While sense can maintain its operations, or continues to have its usual power;" but *it* probably refers to the ring, as others have explained it. For the change of person, Malone compares iii. 3. 103 below:

> "Euriphile,
> Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
> And every day do honour to *her* grave."

Pope reads "thee" for *it*, and W. conjectures "it own" (cf. *W. T.* p. 172).

124. *When shall we see again?* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 2: "Since last we saw in France." See also *T. and C.* iv. 4. 59. Gr. 382.

125. *Avoid!* Begone! Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48: "Satan, avoid!" See also *Temp.* p. 137.

126. *Fraught.* Burden. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 13: "The fraughting souls within her" (that is, the ship). See also *M. of V.* p. 145. *Freight* is not used by S. or Milton, either as verb or noun.

129. *The good remainders*, etc. "That is, the court which now gets rid of my *unworthiness*" (Schmidt).

130. *A pinch.* A pang. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 77: "Whose inward pinches [the pangs of remorse] therefore are most strong."

133. *A year's age.* As the passage stands this seems an impotent conclusion, and the defective measure of the preceding line suggests that something may have been lost. Hanmer gave "heapest many," and Capell "heap'st instead." Theo. changed *year's* to "yare" (=speedy), and Johnson conjectured "Years, ages." Schmidt would read "a years' age"="an age advanced in years, old age." V. accepts the old reading, and says: "The aged king, to whom every added year is a serious burden, tells his daughter that in her present act of fond sorrow she takes away a year of his life."

135. *Senseless of.* Insensible to. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 55: "to seem senseless of the bob" (that is, seem not to feel the blow), etc.

A touch more rare. A more exquisite sensibility. Malone quotes *Lear*, iii. 4. 8:

> "But where the greater malady is fix'd,
> The lesser is scarce felt."

140. *A puttock.* A kite, or a worthless species of hawk. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 191:

> "Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest
> But may imagine how the bird was dead,
> Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?"

and *T. and C.* v. 1. 68: "a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock," etc.

146. *Overbuys me*, etc. Pays a price that exceeds by almost the full amount what he gets in return; that is, he gives himself *worth any woman*, even the best of her sex, and gets only my almost worthless self in return.

153. *Beseech your patience.* That is, *I* beseech it; a common ellipsis. Cf. *prithee*=I pray thee. See Gr. 401.

156. *Your best advice.* Your most careful consideration. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 233: "Thy son is banish'd upon good advice" (that is, after due deliberation); *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6: "upon more advice" (upon reflection), etc.

157. *A drop of blood a day.* Steevens compares *Oth.* v. 2. 155:

> "may his pernicious soul
> Rot half a grain a day!"

164. *On 't.* Of it. Cf. v. 5. 311 below: "two on 's," etc. Gr. 182.

167. *In Afric.* That is, where no one would be at hand to part them. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 23:

> "I would my son
> Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
> His good sword in his hand!"

Macb. iii. 4. 104: "And dare me to the desert with thy sword;" and *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 74: "I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness" (see our ed. p. 202). On *Afric*, cf. *Cor.* p. 211.

171. *Bring.* Accompany. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 122: "Shall I bring thee on the way?" See also *Gen.* xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Cor.* i. 16, etc.

176. *Walk.* Retire, withdraw. See *Lear*, p. 222.

SCENE II.—5. *Then to shift it.* Then I would shift it. Some follow Rowe in pointing "then to shift it—"

8. *Passable.* Affording free passage; no more to be wounded than "the still-closing waters" in *Temp.* iii. 3. 64.

9. *Throughfare.* Thoroughfare; as in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 42. *Throughfare* does not occur in the folio, though many of the modern eds. follow Pope in reading it here. Cf. Gr. 478.

14. *He fled forward.* Steevens compares *T. and C.* iv. 1. 20:

> "And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
> With his face backward."

17. *Having.* Possession, property. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 379: "My having is not much." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 178. The quibble in *gave you some ground* is obvious.

19. *Puppies.* Referring to "his disgust at the swagger of Cloten and the sycophancy of the first lord, who plies the swaggerer with spaniel flattery and fawning" (Clarke).

25. *A true election.* A right choice. W. thinks there is an allusion to the Calvinistic doctrine of election.

27. *Her beauty and her brain*, etc. Johnson conjectured "beauty and brain;" but the meaning is simply that her beauty and wit are not equal.

28. *She 's a good sign*, etc. "She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit" (Edwards). Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 34: "She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour." Malone cites what Iachimo says of Imogen in i. 6. 15:

> "All of her that is *out of door*, most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,
> She is alone the Arabian bird."

SCENE III.—4. *As offer'd mercy is.* "As a pardon that has miscarried, or arrived too late to stay the execution of a prisoner" (J. H.). St. would read "deferr'd."

9. *This.* The folios have "his;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). Coleridge suggests "the," and W. "or." Hanmer reads "mark me with his eye, or I," etc.

12. *Of 's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

16. *After-eye.* Look after; used by S. only here.

17. *Crack'd.* Not a weaker word than *broke*, as S. uses it. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 72:

> "Cracking ten thousand curbs
> Of more strong link asunder than can ever
> Appear in your impediment;"

and see our ed. p. 196.

18. *The diminution of space.* The diminution due to space, or distance.

24. *Vantage.* Opportunity. Cf. ii. 3. 43 below.

29. *Shes.* Cf. i. 6. 39 below: "two such shes." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 170. Gr. 224.

32. *To encounter.* To meet, or join with.

33. *I am in heaven.* My prayers will be rising to heaven.

35. *Two charming words.* Imogen does not tell us these words, but Warb. informs us that they were "Adieu, Posthumus!" *Charming*= that should be as a *charm* to preserve him from evil.

36. *The north.* Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 220: "No, I will speak as liberal as the north;" that is, as freely as the north wind blows.

37. *Our buds.* "Our buds of *love*," as Malone is kind enough to tell us. Warb. wanted to read "blowing" for *growing;* which drew forth this ponderous comment from Johnson: "A *bud* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing

incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits." Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 121:

> "This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
> May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

SCENE IV.—"It has been observed that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. 'What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen,' that they should speak of her?" (V.). W. remarks that "their mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this scene takes place."

2. *A crescent note.* A growing reputation. For *crescent*, cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 11 and *A. and C.* ii. 1. 10; and for *note* (=distinction), i. 6. 22 below: "of the noblest note," etc. The 3d and 4th folios have "none" for *note;* and Pope (ed. 2) reads: "then but crescent, none expected him," etc.

4. *Admiration.* Wonder, astonishment; as in i. 6. 37 below.

8. *Makes him.* "In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you" (Johnson).

14. *Words him . . . a great deal from the matter.* "Makes the description of him very distant from the truth" (Johnson). For *from* = away from, see *Rich. III.* p. 233, or *T. N.* p. 130. Gr. 158.

18. *Under her colours.* "Under her banner; by her influence" (Johnson).

Are wonderfully to extend him. Tend greatly to increase his reputation. Cf. the use of *extend* in i. 1. 25 above. *Are* is probably an instance of "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412), as Malone explains it; but Steevens includes the preceding *matter* (in 12) and *banishment* in the subject. The Coll. MS. has "are wont."

20. *Without less.* Changed by Rowe to "without more." W. conjectures "with less" or "without this," and Lloyd "without other." It is probably one of the peculiar "double negatives" of which so many examples are to be found in S. See *Lear*, p. 210 (note on *You less know how*, etc.), or *A. Y. L.* p. 156 (on *No more do yours*). Cf. Schmidt, p. 1420.

26. *Knowing.* Knowledge, experience; as in ii. 3. 95 below.

30. *Story.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1013: "and stories His victories;" and *R. of L.* 106: "He stories to her ears her husband's fame." S. uses the verb only three times.

32. *Have known together.* Have been acquainted. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 86: "You and I have known, sir." Pope thought it necessary to read "been known."

34. *Which I will be ever to pay*, etc. Malone misquotes *A. W.* iii. 7. 16: "Which I will overpay ["ever pay," he gives it] and pay again."

36. *Atone.* Make *at one*, reconcile; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc. See our ed. p. 156. For other meanings of *atone*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 199.

37. *Mortal.* Deadly; as in iii. 4. 18, v. 3. 51, v. 5. 50, 235 below.

38. *Importance.* Import, matter, subject. Malone and Steevens make it=importunity; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 371 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 7.

41. *Go even.* Agree, act in accordance. It is used without *with* (=agree, coincide) in *T. N.* v. 1. 246: "Were you a woman as the rest goes even," etc.

43. *Offend not.* The *not* is omitted in the folios; inserted by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "not offend" (cf. Gr. 305).

46. *Such . . . that.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 263:

> "these, my lord,
> Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
> Is never free of."

See also i. 6. 129, etc., below. Gr. 279.

47. *Confounded.* Destroyed; as often. See *Macb.* p. 189. Cf. *confusion* in iii. 1. 64 and iv. 2. 93 below.

51. *Which may without contradiction*, etc. "Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told" (Johnson).

54. *Upon warrant of bloody affirmation.* That is, pledging himself to seal the truth of it with his blood. S. uses *affirmation* nowhere else.

55. *Constant-qualified.* Faithful. The folios have "Constant, Qualified."

56. *Attemptable.* Liable to be *attempted*, or seduced; the only instance of the word in S.

63. *Though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.* This may be =though I profess to be only her disinterested admirer, not her personal friend. Johnson explained it thus: "Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but with the reverence of an adorer." Mason suggested transposing *adorer* and *friend*. Steevens took friend to be=lover (as in *A. and C.* iii. 12. 22, etc.), and Schmidt gives the same explanation. W. reads "adorer and her friend;" making *friend*="accepted lover." Clarke takes *not her friend* to be="not merely her friend," and *though*= "inasmuch as, since." St. says: "Posthumus, we apprehend, does not mean,—I avow myself, not simply her admirer, but her worshipper; but, stung by the scornful tone of Iachimo's remark, he answers,—Provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though the declaration of my opinion proclaimed me her idolater rather than her lover."

69. *Could not but.* The folios omit *but*, which Malone supplied.

77. *If there were*, etc. The folios have "or if," etc. If it were not for the *or* immediately preceding, which probably led to the accidental repetition of the word, we might take "or if" to be="either if," as J. H. does.

89. *To convince.* As to overcome. For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281; and for *convince*, cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 64:

> "his two chamberlains
> Will I with wine and wassail so convince
> That memory, the warder of the brain,
> Shall be a fume," etc.

90. *Nothing.* For the adverbial use, see on i. 1. 86 above.

93. *Leave.* Leave off, desist. Cf. ii. 2. 4 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 211.

97. *Go back.* Give way. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 155: "What, goest thou back?"

98. *To friend.* For my friend, to befriend me. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend," etc. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen.* Gr. 189.

100. *Moiety.* Here=half, but often used for other fractions. See *Ham.* p. 174.

101. *Something.* See on i. 1. 86 above.

103. *Herein too.* The reading of the 3d folio. The earlier folios have "to" for *too.* W. reads "herein-to," and "hereunto" is an anonymous conjecture noted in the Camb. ed.

105. *A great deal abused.* Much deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc. See also iii. 4. 102, 120 below.

115. *Approbation.* Proving, establishing. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 19:

> "For God doth know how many, now in health,
> Shall drop their blood in approbation
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to!"

See our ed. p. 146.

117. *Whom in constancy you think stands,* etc. For the "confusion of construction," cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 92: "Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drown'd;" *K. John*, iv. 2. 165: "Of Arthur whom they say is kill'd to-night," etc. Gr. 410.

123. *Wage.* Wager, stake. Cf. *Lear*, p. 172.

125. *Afraid.* The folios have "a friend;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). The Coll. MS. has "afeard." Clarke retains "a friend," as a sneering allusion to what Posthumus has said in 63 above, and takes the meaning to be: "You are a friend (or lover), not an adorer, and therein the wiser, since women are not worthy of adoration and worship, as immaculate beings." He considers that the use of *religion* favours this interpretation.

131. *Undergo.* Undertake, maintain. Cf. iii. 5. 109 below.

134. *Between's.* Changed by Pope to "between us." See on i. 1. 4 above.

137. *Lay.* Wager; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 330: "my fortunes against any lay worth naming," etc.

138. *If I bring you,* etc. "This is in accordance with Iachimo's designing manner. He affects to state the terms of the wager on both sides; but he, in fact, proposes them so that they shall suggest, either way, Posthumus's winning" (Clarke).

142. *Jewel.* Applied in the time of S. to any personal ornament of gold or precious stones; as here, and in *M. of V.* v. 1. 224, to a ring. In ii. 3. 139 below it means a bracelet. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 117.

143. *Provided I have,* etc. That is, provided you will commend (or introduce) me to her so that I may be readily received or entertained. Cf. 119 above. J. H. explains it thus: "Provided I shall receive commendation from you, in the event of my obtaining a more free reception."

145. *Articles.* A written agreement. Cf. 152 just below.

147. *Your voyage upon her.* "Your venture upon her" (W.). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 189: "If he should intend this voyage towards my wife," etc. See also *T. N.* iii. 1. 86.

154. *Starve.* Perish with cold; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343:

> "I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
> Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts."

See also Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Feb.: "The rather Lambes bene starved with cold" (where *rather*=earlier-born), etc. The 1st and 2d folios have "sterue," for which form see *Cor.* p. 233, or *M. of V.* p. 158.

158. *Will not from it.* Will not recede from it, will not "back out."

SCENE V.—1. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while*, which Rowe substituted here. Gr. 137.

2. *Note.* List; or perhaps "prescription, receipt," as Schmidt explains it. It has this latter sense in *A. W.* i. 3. 232.

5. *Pleaseth.* If it please. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184. Gr. 361.

12. *Learn'd.* Taught; as often. See *Rich. II.* p. 203, or Gr. 291. Cf. *Ps.* xxv. 4, 8, cxix. 66 (Prayer-Book version).

18. *Conclusions.* Experiments; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 358:

> "her physician tells me
> She hath pursued conclusions infinite
> Of easy ways to die," etc.

22. *Act.* Action. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 328:

> "Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
> Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
> But with a little act upon the blood
> Burn like the mines of sulphur."

26. *Content thee.* Be at ease, do not trouble yourself. It is generally =compose yourself, keep your temper. See *R. and J.* p. 160.

32. *Hark thee.* Here *thee* is probably a corruption of *thou.* Gr. 212.

33. *I do not like her,* etc. Johnson criticises this soliloquy as "very inartificial," merely "a long speech to tell himself what himself knows;" but, as Clarke remarks, it is characteristic in "a reflective man, a student, one accustomed to ponder upon his experiments, and to render himself an account of the effects they will produce." It also serves the purpose of "informing the audience what is the nature of the drugs thus entrusted to the queen's power, and prepares for the incident of Imogen's return to life after having swallowed them."

43. *Truer.* Truer to myself, more honest.

47. *Quench.* "That is, grow cool" (Steevens).

54. *Shift his being.* "Change his abode" (Johnson).

56. *Decay.* Destroy. For the transitive use, cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 82: "infirmity, that decays the wise," etc.

58. *That leans.* "That inclines towards its fall" (Johnson).

64. *Cordial.* Reviving; as in iv. 2. 327 below.

68. *What a chance thou changest on.* "With what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service" (Steevens). Rowe has "chancest" for *changest*, and Theo. "change thou chancest." W. adopts the latter, which is very plausible.

76. *Shak'd.* For the form cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124, and *T. and C.* i. 3. 101. See also *unshak'd* in ii. 1. 61 below. *Shaken* occurs five times, but the common form in S. is *shook*. Cf. Gr. 343.

77. *The remembrancer*, etc. "One who admonishes her to maintain the matrimonial pledge towards her lord" (J. H). *Hand-fast* is used by S. only here and in *W. T.* iv. 4. 795, where it means confinement, custody.

80. *Liegers.* "A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest" (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 59:

> "Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
> Intends you for his swift ambassador,
> Where you shall be an everlasting lieger."

83. *The violets, cowslips*, etc. "The art with which the poet and dramatist has placed these words in the mouth of this queen miscreant is worthy of remark. He makes her use these beauteous and innocent products of earth as mere cloaks to her wickedness; she concocts 'perfumes' and 'confections' from them as a veil to the 'drugs' and 'poisonous compounds' which she collects for the fellest purposes. It enhances the effect of her guilt, her thus forcing these sweet blossoms to become accomplices in her vile schemes; and we loathe her the more for her surrounding her unhallowed self with their loveliness. Moreover, she is untouched by their grace; she has learned no lesson from their exquisite structure, colour, fragrance; she looks upon them as mere means to an end—and that end a bad one. Observe, too, how skilfully S. has made this evil woman order her ladies to 'gather these flowers'—how she desires that they shall be borne to her *closet*—her laboratory; not gathering or caring for them herself; not caring for the touch, and scent, and sight of these gentle things—that all good people instinctively love, and cherish, and caress. How different is the poet's treatment of the subject, where he makes the virtuous Friar Laurence rise with the dawn, *himself* to gather the 'precious-juiced flowers,' 'ere the sun advance his burning eye;' and dilating with fond enthusiasm on their 'many virtues excellent,' and philosophizing on their varied qualities and purposes! Supplementary to this higher ethical teaching of the great moralist, how truly we see the man of rural natural knowledge, in his being aware of the fact that *morning-gathered* flowers remain longest fresh and unwithered!" (Clarke).

SCENE VI.—4. *Supreme.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly *before* a noun. Cf. *Cor.* p. 268. See also on *divine*, ii. 1. 55 below; and cf. *profane* in ii. 3. 122.

6. *Most miserable*, etc. "Most doomed to disappointment is the exalted aspiration" (Clarke). The 1st folio has "desires;" corrected in the 2d. Hanmer changed the word to "degree."

8. *That have their honest wills*, etc. "Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments" (Johnson). "Who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself" (Steevens). *Seasons comfort* is clearly =gives a zest to happiness. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 278: "the spice and salt that season a man."

11. *Change you, madam?* "How by these three little words the dramatist lets us behold the sudden pallor and as sudden flush of crimson that bespread the wife's face at this instant" (Clarke).

17. *The Arabian bird.* The phœnix. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 189, note on *As rare as phœnix.*

22. *Note.* See on i. 4. 2 above.

24. *Truest.* The folios have "trust," which some retain, pointing it as an unfinished sentence ("trust—"); but on the whole Hanmer's emendation of *truest* seems preferable. As W. remarks, "what Imogen reads is certainly the end, not the beginning, of the letter; the first word that she reads, *he*, necessarily implying a previous mention and introduction of Iachimo." *So far*, as he adds, may very properly be taken as = "so much;" and *the rest* may refer as well to what has gone before as to what comes after. If "your trust" be what S. wrote, it must mean, as Clarke makes it, "the trust I repose in you;" but, even with that interpretation, the expression seems an odd one here.

31. *What, are men mad?* Mrs. Jameson remarks on this scene: "In the interview between Imogen and Iachimo, he does not begin his attack on her virtue by a direct accusation against Posthumus; but by dark hints and half-uttered insinuations, such as Iago uses to madden Othello, he intimates that her husband, in his absence from her, has betrayed her love and truth, and forgotten her in the arms of another. All that Imogen says in this scene is comprised in a few lines—a brief question, or a more brief remark. The proud and delicate reserve with which she veils the anguish she suffers is inimitably beautiful. The strongest expression of reproach he can draw from her is only, 'My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain.' When he continues in the same strain, she exclaims in an agony, 'Let me hear no more.' When he urges her to revenge, she asks, with all the simplicity of virtue, 'How should I be revenged?' And when he explains to her how she is to be avenged, her sudden burst of indignation, and her immediate perception of his treachery, and the motive for it, are powerfully fine: it is not only the anger of a woman whose delicacy has been shocked, but the spirit of a princess insulted in her court. It has been remarked [by Hazlitt] that 'her readiness to pardon Iachimo's false imputation, and his designs against herself, is a good lesson to prudes, and may show that where there is a real attachment to virtue, there is no need of an outrageous antipathy to vice.' This is true; but can we fail to perceive that the instant and ready forgiveness of Imogen is accounted for, and rendered more graceful and characteristic, by the very means which Iachimo employs to win it? He pours forth the most enthusiastic praises of her husband, professes that he merely made this trial of her out of his exceeding love for Posthumus, and she is pacified at once; but, with exceeding delicacy of feeling, she is represented as maintaining her dignified reserve and her brevity of speech to the end of the scene."

32. *Crop.* Produce. The word troubled Warb., who substituted "cope."

34. *Twinn'd.* "As like as twins" (Steevens). Johnson did not "understand" the word, and conjectured "twin'd" = "twisted, convoluted,"

though, as he added, "this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones."

35. *The unnumber'd.* The folios have "the number'd;" corrected by Theo. Cf. the parallel passage in *Lear*, iv. 6. 21:

> "The murmuring surge
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high."

Some, however, retain "number'd," which Clarke explains as "composed of numbers," and Schmidt as "rich in numbers, abundantly provided." Other emendations proposed are "the humbled," "the humble," "the umber'd," "the cumber'd," and "Unnumber'd, on the beach."

36. *Spectacles.* Organs of vision, eyes; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 112:

> "And even with this I lost fair England's view,
> And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
> And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
> For losing ken of Albion's wished coast."

37. *Makes your admiration.* Causes your astonishment. See on i. 4. 4 above.

39. *Shes.* Cf. i. 3. 29 above.

40. *Mows.* Grimaces. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 47:

> "Each one, tripping on his toe,
> Will be here with mop and mow."

We find the verb in *Id.* ii. 2. 9: "Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me." See also *Lear*, p. 234, note on *Mopping and mowing.*

41. *Favour.* Beauty; as in *Ham.* iv. 5. 189 and *Oth.* iv. 3. 21. It is often = personal appearance, aspect; as in iii. 4. 48 and iv. 2. 105 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 131, note on *Your outward favour.*

42. *Be wisely definite.* Be wise in deciding, or "wisely free from hesitation" (Schmidt). S. uses *definite* nowhere else.

44. *Vomit emptiness.* Warb. explained the passage thus: "That appetite which is not allured to feed on such excellence can have no stomach at all, but, though empty, must nauseate every thing." Johnson, on the other hand, interpreted it thus: "*Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object." Later, in defending his explanation, he added this thoroughly Johnsonian definition: "*To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." Malone remarks that "no one who has been ever sick at sea can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness.*" Johnson evidently had the right idea of the passage, which must mean that desire would turn to disgust and nausea, not from satiety, but before it was gratified. The Coll. MS. has "to emptiness," which W. adopts.

48. *Ravening.* Ravenously devouring. Cf. *Macb.* p. 204, note on *Ravin up.* Here the spelling of the folio is "Rauening." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 76, where it has "Woluish-rauening Lambe."

50. *Raps.* Apparently the verb of which *rapt* (=transported) is the

participle, though rarely found in the indicative. Cf. Wb. W. reads "wraps."

51. *Desire my man's abode.* That is, ask him to remain.

53. *Strange and peevish.* "A foreigner and a simpleton" (Clarke). For *strange*, cf. 190 below; and for *peevish*=silly, foolish, see *Hen. V.* p. 171. For a very clear instance of this sense, see Lyly, *Endymion* (quoted by Nares): "There never was any so peevish to imagine the moone either capable of affection or shape of a mistris." Steevens explained *strange* as "shy, or backward."

58. *None a.* Changed by Hanmer to "Not a." Cf. i. 4. 88 above: "none so accomplished a courtier," etc.

60. *Briton.* The folios have "Britaine" or "Britain."

65. *Gallian.* The word occurs again in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 139. S. does not use *Gallic.*

Furnaces. The only instance of the verb in S. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 148:

> "And then the lover,
> Sighing like furnace," etc.

67. *From's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

69. *Proof.* Experience; as in iii. 3. 27 below.

71. *Languish for.* As arranged by Steevens; in the folio *for* begins the next line. Pope reads "languish out For assured," etc. Clarke thinks that *his* may be a misprint for "in 's."

75, 76. *And hear . . . blame.* Pope's arrangement; two lines in the folio, the first ending with *Frenchman.*

79. *Account his.* The Coll. MS. omits *his.* Clarke points the line thus: "In you,—which I count his,—beyond all talents" (that is, *heaven's bounty* is in you "beyond all sums of wealth").

83. *Wrack.* The only spelling of *wreck* in the early eds. It rhymes to *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12, and to *back* in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51.

84. *Deserves.* For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

85. *Solace.* Find solace or happiness. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 30: "This sickly land might solace as before;" and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 47: "But one thing to rejoice and solace in."

86. *Snuff.* That is, a snuffed candle. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 116; and see also *Lear*, p. 244.

91. *Venge.* Not "'venge," as often printed. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 158.

94. *Doubting things go ill.* Suspecting or fearing that things go ill. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 19:

> "but that I doubt
> My uncle practises more harm to me."

See also *Ham.* pp. 187, 202.

96. *Or, timely knowing*, etc. Elliptically expressed, though the sense is clear. Hanmer changed *knowing* to "known," and *remedy* to "remedy's."

98. *What both you spur and stop.* "What it is that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it" (Johnson); or "what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold" (Mason). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 187: "Shall stop or spur me."

100. *Every.* Changed in the 3d folio to "very."

103. *Fixing.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "Fiering."

107. *By-peeping.* Giving sidelong glances. The hyphen was inserted by K. The Coll. MS. has "bo-peeping."

108. *Unlustrous.* Rowe's emendation of the "illustrious" of the folios. Coll. reads "illustrous;" but, as D. notes, that word, in the only instance that has been cited (in Chapman's *Odyssey*), is = illustrious.

111. *Encounter such revolt.* "Meet such apostasy" (J. H.). *Revolt* is often used of faithlessness in love; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 58, *Oth.* iii. 3. 188, etc. Cf. iii. 4. 54 below.

115. *Mutest.* That would otherwise be most silent. Abbott (Gr. 8) thinks it may mean "the mutest part or corner of my conscience."

116. *Charms.* The plural relative often takes a singular verb. See Gr. 247.

119. *Empery.* Empire; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 136: "Your right of birth, your empery, your own," etc.

120. *Great'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

121. *Tomboys.* Hoidens; the only instance of the word in S.

That self exhibition. "The very pension which you allow your husband" (Johnson). For *self* = same, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 148: "that self way;" *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20. For *exhibition* = allowance (the only sense in S.), cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69:

> "What maintenance he from his friends receives,
> Like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

See also *Lear*, i. 2. 25, *Oth.* i. 3. 238, iv. 3. 75, etc.

123. *Play.* The Coll. MS. has "pay."

127. *Recoil.* Fall off, prove degenerate; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 19:

> "A good and virtuous nature may recoil
> In an imperial charge."

129. *As.* For. For *such . . . that*, see on i. 4. 46 above. Gr. 279.

130. *Abuse.* Deceive. See on i. 4. 105 above. "Noble Imogen!" exclaims Clarke, "model to your sister women, for love with warmth of impulse in it, yet not such impulse as carries temper and judgment away!"

131. *Me.* W. reads "thee;" but Iachimo is putting himself in Imogen's place. The change of person in the latter part of the sentence is not uncommon in S. Cf. 31–35 above, and see on i. 1. 118.

132. *Priest, betwixt.* Changed by Hanmer to "priestess, 'twixt;" but cf. *Per.* v. 1. 243: "my maiden priests," etc.

133. *Ramps.* "Leaps" (Schmidt). Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 139: "Fled from his lion ramp" (spring, or attack). So the verb = leap, in *P. L.* iv. 343: "Sporting the lion ramp'd." Cf. *K. John*, p. 154. Some take the noun here to be = harlots. S. uses it nowhere else.

138. *What ho, Pisanio!* "Observe how, upon the villain revealing himself, she does not even answer him, but calls her faithful servant to her side before replying" (Clarke).

148. *Acquainted of.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 40: "to acquaint her of it," etc.

150. *Saucy.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than the modern one. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 129: "bold and saucy wrongs;" *J. C.* i. 3. 12:

> "Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
> Incenses them to send destruction," etc.

151. *Romish.* Apparently contemptuous for *Roman*, but not always so used. Steevens cites Glapthorne, *Wit in a Constable:* "A Romish cirque or Grecian hippodrome;" and Drant, *Horace:* "The Romishe people wise in this," etc.

153. *Who.* Changed to "whom" in the 2d fol. Cf. iv. 2. 77 below, and see Gr. 274.

154. *Not respects.* A common transposition. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt," etc. See also iv. 4. 23 below. Gr. 305.

159. *Sir.* Cf. 174 and v. 5. 145 below. It is sometimes ironical, as in i. 1. 166 above.

161. *Most worthiest.* For the double superlative, see Gr. 11. Pope "corrected" it into "most worthy." Cf. ii. 3. 2 and iv. 2. 319 below.

162. *Affiance.* Faith, fidelity. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 127: "The sweetness of affiance," etc.

165. *Witch.* For the masculine use, cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 160 and *A. and C.* i. 2. 40.

166. *Into.* Changed by Hanmer to "unto." Clarke remarks that the word "accords with the image presented of enchanting those around him into his magic circle."

168. *Descended.* The first folio has "defended;" corrected in the 2d.

169. *Sets.* For the omission of the relative, cf. 84 above.

171. *Adventur'd.* Ventured; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 470, *R. and J.* v. 3. 11, etc.

176. *Fan.* The metaphor is taken from the process of winnowing grain, as *chaffless* shows. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. i. 111:

> "I humbly thank your highness;
> And am right glad to catch this good occasion
> Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
> And corn shall fly asunder."

190. *Curious.* Careful. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20: "Frank nature, rather curious than in haste;" and see our ed. p. 138. For *strange*, see on 53 above.

199. *Short.* Impair, infringe. For the antithesis, cf. *P. P.* 210: "Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow."

206. *Outstood.* "Outstaid" (the reading of the Coll. MS.). S. uses the word only here, and *outstay* only in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 90.

207. *The tender of our present.* The presentation of our gift.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Kissed the jack*, etc. "He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage" (John-

son). *Upon an up-cast* means "by a throw from another bowler directed straight up."

3. *Take me up.* Rebuke, scold; with a play upon the expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 148, and *A. W.* p. 154 (note on 205).

16. *Smelt.* For the quibble on *rank*, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 113.

20. *Jack-slave.* A term of contempt; like *Jack* in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72:

> "Since every Jack became a gentleman,
> There 's many a gentle person made a Jack."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 164.

22. *And capon too.* Perhaps with a play on "cap on," that is, the fool's coxcomb (Schmidt). See *Lear*, p. 186.

24. *Sayest thou?* What do you say? Cf. iv. 2. 379 below: "Say you, sir?" See also *Oth.* iii. 4. 82, etc.

25. *Undertake every companion.* Give satisfaction to every fellow. For the contemptuous use of *companion*, see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.* Johnson transferred this speech to the first lord, but it is probably an ironical reply to Cloten's question as to what he is saying to himself.

46. *Issues.* Proceedings, acts.

50. *As is.* Pope omitted *is.*

53. *For his heart.* For his life, as we should say. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 165, *T. of S.* i. 2. 38, etc.

55. *Divine.* Accented on the first syllable, probably because preceding the noun. Cf. iv. 2. 170 below, and see *Cor.* p. 255. See also on *supreme*, i. 6. 4 above.

61. *Unshak'd.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 70: "Unshak'd of motion." Elsewhere (twice) we have *unshaken.* Cf. *shak'd* in i. 5. 76 above.

SCENE II.—4. *Left.* Left off; as in i. 4. 93 above.

9. *Fairies.* For malignant fairies, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 163, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 191, iv. 2. 35 (see our ed. p. 136), etc.

13. *Rushes.* In the time of S. floors were strewn with rushes. See *Rich. II.* p. 167, note on *The presence strew'd.* S. transfers the custom to Rome, as in *R. of L.* 316: "He takes it [a glove] from the rushes where it lies."

14. *Cytherea.* Venus. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 53 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 122.

15. *Bravely.* Well, admirably; as in ii. 4. 73 below. Cf. the adjective in iv. 2. 319 below.

16. *Whiter than the sheets.* Cf. *V. and A.* 398: "Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white;" and *R. of L.* 472: "Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin."

22. *Windows.* The eyelids; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100 (see our ed. p. 172, note on *Grey eye*), *Rich. III.* v. 3. 116, etc. The *white and azure*, etc., refers to the white skin *laced* with blue veins. Exquisite as the description is, the commentators have not been willing to let it alone. Hanmer reads "those curtains white with azure lac'd, The blue," etc.; and Warb. "these windows: white with azure lac'd, The blue," etc.

23. *Tinct.* Dye; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 91: "will not leave their tinct." In *A. W.* v. 3. 102 and *A. and C.* i. 5. 37, the word means the "tincture" or "grand elixir" of the alchemists.

Design. In the 1st folio some copies have an interrogation-point and some a period after the word. The 3d folio has "designe's," and the 4th "design's."

26. *The arras-figures.* The folio has "the Arras, Figures," which is followed by some of the modern editors; but Mason's emendation in the text is to be preferred. It is the *figures* of the tapestry that he wishes particularly to note; though he remembers the material also, as we see by ii. 4. 69 below.

31. *Ape.* Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 108: "Julio Romano, who . . . would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape."

32. *As a monument.* S. was thinking of the recumbent full-length figures so common on the tombs of his day. Cf. *R. of L.* 391: "Where like a virtuous monument she lies."

34. *The Gordian knot.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 46: "The Gordian knot of it he will unloose."

37. *Madding.* Cf. iv. 2. 314 below. S. does not use *madden.*

38. *Cinque-spotted.* Having five spots. For the position of the *mole* see p. 11 (foot-note) above.

41. *Force him think.* For the omission of the infinitive *to*, see Gr. 349.

45. *The tale of Tereus.* Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 26 fol., iv. 1. 48 fol., and *R. of L.* 1128 fol.

48. *Dragons of the night.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379: "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;" *T. and C.* v. 8. 17: "The dragon wing of night;" Milton, *Il Pens.* 59: "While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke," etc.

49. *Bare.* The folios have "beare" or "bear." Pope reads "ope," and the Coll. MS. has "dare."

50. *This.* Walker plausibly conjectures "this'" (this is). See *Lear*, p. 246.

SCENE III.—2. *Most coldest.* See on i. 6. 161 above.

13. *So.* Be it so, well and good; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 136.

15. *After.* Often = afterwards. See Gr. 26.

17. *At heaven's gate sings.* Cf. *Sonn.* 29. 11:

> "Like to the lark, at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

See also Milton, *P. L.* v. 198:

> "ye birds,
> That singing up to heaven-gate ascend."

Reed suggests that S. had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* in mind:

> "who is 't now we hear?
> None but the lark so shrill and clear;
> Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings.
> Hark, hark," etc.

18. *Gins.* Begins; but not a contraction of that word. See *Macb.* p. 153.

20. *Lies.* For the form, see on *charms*, i. 6. 116 above. Cf. *V. and A.* 1128: "two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies."

21. *Winking.* Often = with shut eyes. Cf. ii. 4. 89, v. 4. 182, 186 below. *Mary-buds* = marigolds.

23. *With every thing that pretty is.* Hanmer reads "With all the things that pretty bin;" and Warb. also has "bin" for *is*. The rhyme is not necessary in this ballad measure.

26. *Consider.* Pay, requite; with possibly a quibbling reference to the other sense, as Clarke believes. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 825: "being something gently considered [if I have a gentlemanlike consideration given me], I 'll bring you where he is aboard." So in *The Ile of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there 's twenty crowns in earnest."

27. *Vice.* The folios have "voyce" or "voice;" corrected by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "fault."

28. *Calves'-guts.* Changed by Rowe to "cat's-guts;" but, according to Sir John Hawkins, Mersennus, in his *De Instrumentis Harmonicis*, says that chords of musical instruments are made of "metal and the intestines of sheep or any other animals."

33. *Fatherly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Gr. 1.

39. *Minion.* Favourite, darling (Fr. *mignon*); with a touch of contempt. See *Temp.* p. 136, or *Macb.* p. 153.

43. *Vantages.* Opportunities; as in i. 3. 24 above.

44. *Prefer.* Recommend; as in iv. 2. 386, 400 below. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 140.

45. *Solicits.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "solicity." Coll. reads "soliciting." For *be friended*, Pope has "befriended," referring to *solicits:* "with solicitations not only proper but well timed" (Mason).

51. *Senseless.* "The cunning queen uses this word with the signification of unconscious; her obtuse son affrontedly disclaims it, as signifying stupid, devoid of sense. The angry susceptibility and tetchiness of ignorance, just sufficiently aware of its own incapacity to be perpetually afraid that it is found out and insulted by others, blended with the stolid conceit that invariably accompanies this inadequate self-knowledge, are all admirably delineated in Cloten: he is a dolt striving to pass for an accomplished prince, a vulgar boor fancying himself, and desirous of being taken for, a thorough gentleman" (Clarke).

52. *So like you.* If it please you. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 33: "Here, if it like your honour," etc. Cf. *Ham.* p. 202, note on *Likes.* Gr. 297.

57. *His goodness forespent on us.* "The good offices done by him to us heretofore" (Warb). Elsewhere *forespent* means past, foregone (*Hen. V.* ii. 4. 36) and exhausted (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 37). "*According to*, before *the honour*, allows *according to* or *for the sake of* to be elliptically understood before *his goodness*" (Clarke).

65. *Line.* Cf. *Per.* iv. 6. 63: "He will line your apron with gold."

67. *Diana's rangers.* Diana's nymphs; literally, her forest rangers, or game-keepers. For *false* as a verb, cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 95: "a thing falsing;" and see our ed. p. 120.

68. *Stand.* "The station of huntsmen waiting for game" (Schmidt). Cf. iii. 4. 108 below. See also *M. W.* v. 5. 248, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, etc.

69. *True.* Honest. For the antithesis to *thief*, cf. *V. and A.* 724: "Rich preys make true men thieves;" *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true

man's apparel fits your thief;" *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 54: "If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man," etc.

73. *Yet not understand.* For the transposition of *yet*, see Gr. 76. Cf. v. 5. 468 below.

79. *Is she ready?* Is she dressed? *Ready* was often used in this special sense (cf. *Macb.* p. 202, note on *Put on manly readiness*), but the lady chooses to take it in its more general signification.

85. *You lay out too much pains*, etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "Cloten is odious;* but we must not overlook the peculiar fitness and propriety of his character, in connection with that of Imogen. He is precisely the kind of man who would be most intolerable to such a woman. He is a fool,—so is Slender, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: but the folly of Cloten is not only ridiculous, but hateful; it arises not so much from a want of understanding as a total want of heart; it is the perversion of sentiment, rather than the deficiency of intellect; he has occasional gleams of sense, but never a touch of feeling. Imogen describes herself not only as 'sprighted with a fool,' but as 'frighted and anger'd worse.' No other fool but Cloten—a compound of the booby and the villain—could excite in such a mind as Imogen's the same mixture of terror, contempt, and abhorrence. The stupid, obstinate malignity of Cloten, and the wicked machinations of the queen—

> 'A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady'—

justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character: particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, sweetness, and submission.

"In the scene with her detested suitor, there is at first a careless majesty of disdain, which is admirable. . . . But when he dares to provoke her, by reviling the absent Posthumus, her indignation heightens her scorn, and her scorn sets a keener edge on her indignation."

89. *'T were as deep with me.* It would make as deep an impression upon me. *Deep* is elsewhere associated with swearing; as in *Sonn.* 152. 9: "I have sworn deep oaths;" *R. of L.* 1847: "that deep vow;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 231: "deep-sworn faith."

94. *Equal discourtesy*, etc. That is, discourtesy equal to your best kindness. For the transposition, see Gr. 419*a*.

95. *Knowing.* See on i. 4. 26 above.

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* The character of Cloten has been pronounced by some unnatural, by others inconsistent, and by others obsolete. The following passage occurs in one of Miss Seward's letters, vol. iii. p. 246: "It is curious that Shakspeare should, in so singular a character as Cloten, have given the exact prototype of a being whom I once knew. The unmeaning frown of countenance, the shuffling gait, the burst of voice, the bustling insignificance, the fever-and-ague fits of valor, the froward tetchiness, the unprincipled malice, and, what is more curious, those occasional gleams of good sense amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character; but in the sometime Captain C——, I saw that the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

96. *Should learn, being taught*, etc. "A man who is *taught* forbearance should *learn* it" (Johnson).

99. *Fools are not mad folks.* "This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, 'Fools are not mad folks'" (Steevens). Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.) changed *are* to "cure," which W. adopts. It certainly gives a simpler sense, and is favoured by the *cures* just below, but no change is imperatively demanded.

104. *Verbal.* "Verbose, full of talk" (Johnson). Schmidt makes it = "plain-spoken, wording one's thoughts without reserve;" and Clarke thinks it implies "so explicit, so expressing in speech that which I think of you."

105. *Which.* Changed by Pope to "who;" but *which* is often = *who* in Elizabethan English. Gr. 265.

117. *S'f-figur'd.* Formed by themselves (Johnson). Warb. called it "nonsense," and adopted "self-fingered" (the conjecture of Theo.).

118. *Curb'd from that enlargement.* Restrained from that liberty.

119. *Consequence.* Succession. Schmidt thinks it may possibly mean "considerations affecting the crown."

For *soil* the folios have "foyle;" corrected by Hanmer.

120. *Note.* Distinction, eminence. Cf. i. 4. 2 and i. 6. 22 above.

121. *Hilding.* Hireling, menial. See *R. and J.* p. 172; and for the adjective use, *Hen. V.* p. 176. *For* = only fit for. *A squire's cloth* = a lackey's dress.

122. *Pantler.* The servant who had charge of the pantry. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 56: "pantler, butler, cook;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 258: "a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well."

Profane. Accented on the first syllable, because preceding the noun. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 115: "What profane wretch art thou?" See on *divine*, ii. 1. 55 above.

127. *Comparative for your virtues.* That is, if the office were given you in comparison with, or with regard to, your merits.

129. *Preferr'd.* Promoted, advanced; as in v. 5. 326 below. See also *Oth.* p. 175.

The south-fog rot him! Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 21: "the rotten diseases of the south;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392: "the south borne with black vapour," etc. See also iv. 2. 350 below, and cf. *Cor.* p. 206.

132. *Clipp'd.* Embraced. Cf. v. 5. 450 below; and see *W. T.* p. 210, or *Oth.* p. 192.

133. *Above.* Changed by Sr. (2d ed.) to "about."

134. *How now, Pisanio.* Hanmer transferred *How now?* to Cloten.

136. *Presently.* Immediately; the most common sense in S. Cf. iii. 2. 74 and iv. 2. 167 below. So *present* = immediate; as in ii. 4. 136 below.

137. *Spirited with.* Haunted by. For *with* = by, see Gr. 193.

139. *Jewel.* See on i. 4. 142 above.

140. *'Shrew me.* Beshrew me; a mild form of imprecation, often used as a mere asseveration. See *M. N. D.* p. 152.

141. *Revenue.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. See *M. N. D.* p. 125, or Gr. 490.

142. *King's.* The folios have "kings," and Pope reads "king." *King's* is due to Rowe.

144. *Kiss'd.* Pope reads "kissed" (dissyllabic) for the measure, and Keightley "for I kiss'd it."

149. *If you*, etc. Hanmer reads "Call witness to 't, if you will make 't an action."

151. *She 's my good lady.* She 's my good friend; spoken ironically (Malone).

SCENE IV.—2. *Bold.* Confident; as in *A. W.* v. 1. 5: "Be bold you do so grow in my requital," etc.

6. *Fear'd.* Mingled with fear. K. and Clarke adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture of "sear'd."

12. *Throughly.* Thoroughly; as in iii. 6. 36 below. Cf. *throughfare* in i. 2. 9 above.

14. *Or look upon.* Before he will face. For *or*=before, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 183:

> "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
> Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!"

It is often combined with *ere*, as in iii. 2. 64 and v. 3. 50 below. See *Temp.* p. 112, note on *Or ere*, and cf. Gr. 131.

16. *Statist.* Statesman. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 33: "as our statists do;" and see our ed. p. 268.

18. *Legions.* The folios have "legion;" corrected by Theo.

21. *More order'd.* Better disciplined.

24. *Courages.* For the plural, see on i. 1. 1 above. D. reads "courage." For *mingled* the 1st folio has "wing-led;" corrected in the 2d.

25. *Their approvers.* Those who make trial of their valour. Cf. *approve*=try; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 68, *W. T.* iv. 2. 31, etc. The noun is used by S. only here.

26. *That.* For its use with *such*, see on i. 4. 46 above. Cf. 44 below.

28. *Winds of all the corners.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 103: "Sits the wind in that corner?"

37. *Was Caius*, etc. The folios give this speech to "*Post.*;" corrected by Capell.

39. *But not approach'd.* To fill out the line Hanmer reads "But was not yet approach'd."

49. *Must not continue friends.* See i. 4. 149 fol. above.

56. *Apparent.* Evident. See *Rich. II.* p. 150.

58. *Is.* Changed in the Coll. MS. to "are;" but the singular verb is often found with two singular subjects (Gr. 336). Cf. iii. 3. 99 and v. 2. 2 below.

61. *My circumstances.* That is, the particulars I shall give.

68. *Watching.* Keeping awake *for.* Gr. 394. For *watching*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 208: "She shall watch all night," etc. See also the noun in iii. 4. 40 below.

70. *When she met her Roman*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 191 fol.

Johnson remarks: "Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use—a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety; and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art."

73. *Bravely.* See on ii. 2. 15 above.

That it did strive, etc. That is, it was doubtful whether the workmanship or the value was the greater.

76. *Since the true life on 't was*—. This is the folio pointing, and removes all difficulty from the passage. Capell reads "Since the true life was in it;" and the Coll. MS. has "on 't 't was." Other attempts at emendation are unworthy of notice.

83. *So likely to report themselves.* That is, they were so lifelike that one might expect them to speak.

84. *Was as another nature*, etc. "The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*" (Johnson).

88. *Cherubins.* The folio reading, changed by Rowe to "cherubims." For the singular *cherubin*, see *Temp.* p. 115. *Fretted*=embossed. See *Ham.* p. 205.

89. *Winking.* With eyes shut or blind. See on ii. 3. 21 above.

91. *Depending on their brands.* Leaning on their inverted torches. Cf. *Sonn.* 153. 1: "Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep;" and *Id.* 154. 2: "Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand." Some have taken *brands* to mean the part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire is put.

This is her honour! The expression is ironical: "And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour!" (Johnson).

95. *Then, if you can*, etc. K., followed by V., points the passage thus:

> "Then, if you can
> Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel;"

that is, seeing that he has produced no effect upon Posthumus as yet, he now says, "If you *can* be pale, I will see what this jewel will do to make you change countenance."

97. *'T is up.* That is, put up.

102. *Outsell.* The verb occurs again (the only other instance in S.) in iii. 5. 74 below.

107. *Basilisk.* The fabulous serpent that was supposed to kill by its look. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 388: "Make me not sighted like the basilisk." See also *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*), or *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Death-darting eye*).

111. *Bondage.* Binding force, fidelity.

116. *One of her.* The reading of 2d folio; the 1st omits *of.*

117. *Hath stol'n.* Hanmer reads "Might not have stol'n."

127. *Cognizance.* "The badge, the token, the visible proof" (Johnson). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 108: "As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate."

146. *Limbmeal.* Limb from limb; a compound like *dropmeal, inchmeal* (see *Temp.* ii. 2. 3), and *piecemeal*, which is still in use.

150. *Pervert.* Avert, turn aside.

SCENE V.—1. *Is there no way*, etc. Steevens compares Milton, *P. L.* x. 888 fol.

8. *Nonpareil.* Paragon; as in *Temp.* iii. 2. 108, *T. N.* i. 5. 273, etc.

11. *Pudency.* Modesty; the only instance of the word in S.

14. *Motion.* Impulse. Cf. *K. John*, p. 137.

19. *Change.* Caprice; as in *Lear*, i. 1. 291, etc. Perhaps *change of prides* = variety of prides, as W. explains it. Cf. "change of honours" in *Cor.* ii. 1. 214, and see our ed. p. 222.

20. *Nice.* Squeamish, affected. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 185.

21. *That may be nam'd.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "that name." D. conjectures "that have a name," and Walker "that man can (or "may") name."

26. *Write against them.* "Denounce them, protest against them" (Clarke).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—11. *There be.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 1: "There be some sports are painful," etc. Gr. 300.

15. *From 's.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

18. *Bravery.* "State of defiance" (Schmidt).

19. *Paled in.* Enclosed. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74: "Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips," etc.

20. *Rocks.* The folios have "Oakes" or "Oaks;" corrected by Hanmer.

24. *Came and saw and overcame.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 45: "I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame."

27. *Ignorant.* "Unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas" (Johnson).

30. *At point.* On the point, about; as in iii. 6. 17 below. See also *Cor.* p. 240.

31. *Giglot.* False, fickle. For the noun (=harlot), see *M. for M.* v. 1. 352: "Away with those giglots," etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 61 (and *Ham.* ii. 2. 515): "strumpet fortune."

As Malone remarks, S. has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same history," says Holinshed, "also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him." Nennius died a fortnight after the battle of the hurt he had received at Cæsar's hand, and was buried with great pomp. Cæsar's sword was placed in his tomb.

32. *Lud's town.* London. Cf. iv. 2. 100, 124, and v. 5. 480 below.

36. *Moe.* More; used only with a plural or a collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

37. *Owe.* Own; as often. Gr. 290.

46. *Injurious.* Often used as a personal term of reproach = unjust, insolent, malicious, etc. Cf. iv. 2. 87 below, and see *Cor.* p. 247.

49. *Against all colour.* Contrary to all show of right. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 100: "of no right, nor colour like to right," etc.

52. *We do.* The folios make this a part of Cymbeline's speech: "Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæsar*," etc. The reading of the text is that of the Coll. MS., and is adopted by D. and others. It is very like Cloten to break in thus; but W. prefers to follow Malone in reading "Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar," etc.

55. *Franchise.* Free exercise. *Whose* refers of course to *laws*.

58. *The first of Britain*, etc. The title of the first chapter of the third book of Holinshed's *England* is, "Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations, etc."

62. *Moe.* See on 36 above. The form was going out of use in the time of S., as is evident from the frequent substitution of *more* in the 2d folio, printed in 1632.

70. *He to seek of me*, etc. His seeking of me, etc. *Perforce*=by force; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 21 (see our ed. p. 141), etc.

71. *Keep at utterance.* Keep at the extremity of defiance (the Fr. *à outrance*), or defend to the uttermost. See *Macb.* p. 208, note on *Champion me to the utterance.*

I am perfect. I am assured, I know well. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 1:

> "Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
> The deserts of Bohemia?"

See also iv. 2. 119 below.

75. *Let proof speak.* Let the trial show.

84. *Remain.* For the noun, cf. *Cor.* i. 4. 62: "make remain" (=stay).

SCENE II.—2. *Monster's her accuser.* The folios have "monsters her accuse;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "monsters have accus'd her."

6. *Hearing.* Changed by Pope to "ear."

9. *Take in.* Subdue. Cf. *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns" (see also iii. 2. 59); *A. and C.* i. 1. 23: "Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that" (see also iii. 7. 24 and iii. 13. 83), etc. The phrase occurs again in iv. 2. 122 below.

10. *Thy mind to her*, etc. "Thy mind, compared to her fine nature, is as low as were thy fortunes in comparison with her rank" (Clarke).

21. *Fedary.* Accomplice, confederate ("foedary" in the folios). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 122: "If not a fedary," etc. We find *federary* in the same sense in *W. T.* ii. 1. 90: "A federary with her."

23. *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.* "I will appear not to know of this deed which I am commanded to perform" (Clarke). We have no doubt that this is the meaning; but Steevens explains it, "I am unpractised in the arts of murder."

27. *Learn'd.* The usual form in S. is *learned* (dissyllabic), as now. Cf. *Cor.* p. 238.

28. *Characters.* Handwriting. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 38: "the letters of Antigonus, which they know to be his character," etc.

33. *Medicinable.* Spelt "medcinable" in the first three folios, indicating the pronunciation. See *Oth.* p. 210.

34. *For it doth physic love.* "That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour" (Johnson).

35. *Good wax, thy leave.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 103: "By your leave, wax;" and *Lear*, iv. 6. 264: "Leave, gentle wax."

38. *Forfeiters.* That is, those who forfeit the bonds to which they have set their seal.

As V. remarks, the allusion shows technical familiarity with the laws of that day. The seal was essential to the bond, though a signature was not; and *forfeiters* was the technical term for those who had broken a contract and become liable to the legal penalty.

39. *Tables.* Tablets, letters. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3:

> "Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
> Are visibly character'd and engrav'd;"

and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 60:

> "And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
> To every ticklish reader."

41. *Could not be so cruel to me, as you . . . would even renew me with your eyes.* If this is what S. wrote, the meaning seems to be: could not be so cruel to me *but* that the sight of you would revive me. Pope changes *as* to "but," and K. to "an;" and Capell reads "would not even." W. has "could not be cruel to me, so as you," etc. Clarke may be right in assuming that "the phraseology is purposely obscure and enigmatical, and conveys a double idea"—the one given above, and "a secondary one (perceptible to the reader of the play), 'could not be so cruel to me as you' (in the supposed wrong she has done him who writes to her)." St. also thinks that the passage may have been "intended to be enigmatical."

47. *O, for a horse*, etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "In the eagerness of Imogen to meet her husband there is all a wife's fondness, mixed up with the breathless hurry arising from a sudden and joyful surprise; but nothing of the picturesque eloquence, the ardent, exuberant, Italian imagination of Juliet, who, to gratify her impatience, would have her heralds thoughts; press into her service the nimble-pinioned doves, and wind-swift Cupids; change the course of nature, and lash the steeds of Phœbus to the west. Imogen only thinks 'one score of miles, 'twixt sun and sun,' slow travelling for a lover, and wishes for a horse with wings."

49. *Mean affairs.* Ordinary business.

53. *Bate.* Abate (but not that word contracted), qualify what I say. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 250: "bate me a full year," etc.

55. *Beyond beyond.* "Further than beyond; beyond anything that desire can be said to be beyond" (Reed). It is not a mere repetition of *beyond*, as pointed in the folios and some modern eds.

Speak thick. Speak fast. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 24: "And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish," etc. See our ed. p. 165.

63. *And our return.* Changed by Pope to "Till our return," and by Capell to "To our return." Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 240:

> "He cannot temperately transport his honours
> From where he should begin and end;"

and see our ed. p. 225. In the present passage the irregular construction is in keeping with the rest of the speech. "The elliptical style, the parenthetical breaks, the fluttering from point to point in the varied clauses, all serve admirably to express the happy hurry of spirits and joyous impatience of the excited speaker" (Clarke).

64. *Or ere.* Before. See on ii. 4. 14 above. The meaning is: "Why should I contrive an excuse before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary?" (Malone).

72. *That run i' the clock's behalf.* That is, the sands of the hour-glass, which serve instead of a clock. Warb. calls it a "fantastical expression." The Coll. MS. has "clocks by half."

76. *Franklin's.* A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*" (Johnson). Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 173: "Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it."

You 're best consider. You were best (it were best for you) to consider. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 143: "you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born," etc. See also *J. C.* p. 166, or Gr. 230, 352 (cf. 190).

77. *I see before me*, etc. I see the course that lies before me; no other, whether here or there, nor what may follow, but is doubtful or obscure. Mason would explain it thus: "When Imogen speaks these words she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford, and when she pronounces the words *nor here, nor here*, she points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this: I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford." This is ingenious, but prosaic withal; and it is hardly possible that *what ensues* can mean "that behind me," though Johnson explained it in the same way.

SCENE III.—1. *Keep house.* Stay in the house. Elsewhere we find *keep the house* (*M. for M.* iii. 2. 75), *keep his house* (*T. of A.* iii. 3. 42), etc. Cf. the use of *housekeeper* (=one who stays at home) in *Cor.* i. 3. 55: "You are manifest housekeepers."

2. *Whose.* For the relative after *such*, see on i. 4. 46 above. For *Stoop*, the folios have "Sleepe" or "Sleep;" corrected by Hanmer.

5. *Jet.* Strut, stalk. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 36: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!" See our ed. p. 142.

6. *Turbans.* As Johnson notes, *giants* in the time of S. were generally represented as Saracens. The word is "Turbonds" or "Turbands" in the folios, and Johnson spells it "turbants."

10. *Vond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121.

12. *Like a crow.* That is, "as little as a crow" (i. 3. 15 above).

16. *This service*, etc. "In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act" (Johnson). Pope changed *This* to "That."

20. *The sharded beetle.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 42: "The shard-borne beetle;" and *A. and C.* iii. 2. 20: "They are his shards, and he their beetle." The reference is to the horny wing-cases of the insect.

21. *Full-wing'd.* "This epithet sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of the day" (Henley).

22. *Attending for a check.* Doing service only to get a rebuke for it. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 67: "To incur a private check," etc. So the verb = rebuke; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc. V. explains it: "attending his prince only to suffer rejection or delay of his suit."

23. *Doing nothing for a bribe.* The folios have "for a Babe." *Bribe* is Hanmer's emendation, and is adopted by K., D., V., W., Clarke, and others. Rowe gave "bauble," which the Camb. editors prefer. Sr. reads "brabe," a conjecture of Johnson's, and = reward (Latin, *brabium*). The Coll. MS. has "bob" (a rap, or blow), for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 164. Chalmers suggests "baubee." V. defends *bribe* thus: "It corresponds better than any other word with the preceding word *richer;* and the mistake might easily have been made even in copying or printing from clearer manuscript than most authors make. The sense is good: 'Such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return.' Such a thought is natural in Belarius, who had seen the vices of the great, and was perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience, who lived in those 'good old times' when the greatest, and sometimes the wisest, were not only accessible to bribes, but expected them; while every concern of life was dependent upon the caprice or the favour of those in power. A note in Knight's edition deduces the whole passage from some well-known lines of Spenser, in his *Mother Hubberds Tale*, much resembling this train of thought. Our Poet had seen enough of this sort of life not to be obliged to describe it at second-hand; yet he may have had Spenser's verses in his mind, and they certainly throw light on his meaning and corroborate the proposed correction of the text. The 'doing nothing for a bribe' corresponds with Spenser's satirical glance at court life:

> 'Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
> The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
> His Master, being one of great regard
> In Court, to compas anie sute not hard.
> In case his paines were recompenst with *reason*,
> So would he worke the silly man by treason
> To buy his Master's frivolous good will,
> *That had not power to doo him good or ill.*'"

The passage in Spenser referred to by K. is the following:

> "Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide:
> To loose good dayes that might be better spent;
> To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;

To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!"

24. *Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.* K. remarks: "As we have had the *nobler* and *richer* life, we have now the *prouder*. The mountain life is compared with that of *rustling in unpaid-for silk*. The illustrative lines which are added mean that such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the courtesy (*gains the cap*) of him that makes him fine, yet he, the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncrossed*. To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age of credit."

25. *Cap.* Cf. *Cor.* ii. i. 77: "You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs" (that is, for their obeisance); 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 168: "The more and less came in with cap and knee," etc.

The folios have "makes him;" corrected by Capell. K. retains "makes him," changing *gain* to "gains." *Him* refers of course to the merchant who has sold the *silk* which *makes them fine*. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 319: "my Katherine shall be fine;" and *Id.* iv. 1. 139:

"There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly."

26. *No life to ours.* That is, that can be compared with ours. For *to* in this sense, see Gr. 187.

27. *Proof.* Experience; as in i. 6. 69 above.

29. *What air 's from home.* What the air is away from home. For *from*, see on i. 4. 14 above.

34. *Prison for.* The folios have "prison, or;" corrected by Pope.

35. *To stride a limit.* "To overpass his bound" (Johnson).

What should we speak of, etc. Johnson remarks: "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."

40. *Beastly.* Like mere beasts.

41. *Like warlike.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 66: "like invulnerable," etc.

58. *Note.* See on i. 4. 2 above.

63. *Hangings.* That is, the fruit hanging on the tree.

73. *Fore-end.* Earlier part; used by S. only here.

83. *I' the cave wherein they bow.* That is, which is so low that they must bow or stoop in entering it. Cf. 2 above. The folios have "I' th' Caue, whereon the Bowe" (or "Bow"); corrected by Warb.

85. *Prince it.* Play the prince, bear themselves like princes. Gr. 226.

87. *Who.* Changed to "whom" in the 2d folio. See on i. 6. 153 above.

90. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic (=*sprite*); as often. Gr. 463.

99. *Knows.* Changed by Pope to "know;" but see on ii. 4. 58 above.

100. *Whereon.* We should now use *whereupon.*

103. *Reft'st.* The folios have "refts." For similar euphonic forms, see Gr. 340.

105. *Her grave.* Changed by Hanmer to "thy grave;" but see on i. 6. 131 above. Malone compares *Acts*, xvii. 2, 3.

SCENE IV.—1. *When we came from horse.* "Serving to show that they have performed the previous portion of their long journey by riding, and have now alighted on account of the more rugged and mountainous district through which their way lies" (Clarke).

3. *Have now.* That is, have now *longed.*

6. *Inward.* For the noun, cf. *Sonn.* 128. 6: "To kiss the tender inward of thy hand." So *outward* in i. 1. 23 above.

9. *Hæviour.* As Steevens notes, this should not be printed as a contraction of *behaviour.* Cf. *R. and J.* p. 166.

11. *Tender'st . . . untender.* This kind of jingle or play upon words of the same or similar sound is common in S. See Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 26 fol. Pope changed *tender'st* to "offer'st."

12. *Summer news.* Cf. *Sonn.* 98. 4:

> "Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
> Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
> Could make me any summer's story tell."

15. *Drug-damn'd.* Alluding to the notoriousness of Italian poisoning (Johnson). Cf. iii. 2. 5 above.

Out-craftied. The folio form; changed by some to "out-crafted." S. uses the word only here.

17. *Take off some extremity.* That is, may break the bad news more gently than the letter.

22. *Lie bleeding in me.* That is, "my heart bleeds inwardly" (2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 51) on account of them.

25. *With.* By. Gr. 193.

32. *What shall I need,* etc. Why need I, etc. This use of *what* (=why) is especially common with *need.* Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 15, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 128, *J. C.* ii. 1. 123, etc. Gr. 253.

34. *Worms.* Serpents. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 3. 243, 256, 261, 268, 282, etc. See also *Macb.* p. 215.

Nile. Like *Nilus*, always without the article in S. except in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 20. Cf. *Tiber* in *Cor.* iii. 1. 262, *J. C.* i. 1. 50, 63, i. 2. 114, iii. 2. 254, etc.

35. *Posting winds.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 4: "making the wind my post-horse."

36. *States.* Explained by Johnson and Steevens as="persons of highest rank." Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 395, etc.

39. *False to his bed!* Mrs. Jameson remarks here: "In her first exclamations we trace, besides astonishment and anguish, and the acute sense of the injustice inflicted on her, a flash of indignant spirit, which we do not find in Desdemona or Hermione. This is followed by that affecting lamentation over the falsehood and injustice of her husband,

in which she betrays no atom of jealousy or wounded self-love, but observes in the extremity of her anguish, that after *his* lapse from truth, 'all good seeming would be discredited,' and she then resigns herself to his will with the most entire submission."

40. *In watch.* Awake. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 148: "Thence to a watch," etc. See our ed. p. 204. Cf. also the verb in ii. 4. 68 above.

41. *If sleep charge nature*, etc. "And if sleep take hold of nature, then to break," etc. (J. H.).

42. *Fearful.* Full of fear, anxious. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 190.

43. *Favour's.* See on i. 6. 41 above.

Jay. Used as a term of reproach (=harlot); as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 44: "we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays." Warb. notes that the Italian *putta* (=jay) is used in the same figurative sense.

49. *Whose mother was her painting.* Who owed her beauty to her painted face; a figure not unlike that in iv. 2. 82 below:

> "No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
> Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
> Which, as it seems, make thee."

Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 60: "a tailor made thee." Theo. conjectured "planting" for *painting*, and Hanmer changed *mother* to "feathers" (Capell, "feather"). Coll. adopts the reading of the Coll. MS.: "Who smothers her with painting." The Camb. editors remark: "If the text be right, the meaning probably is, whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade of seduction." K. suggests "muffler" for *mother*.

51. *For I am richer*, etc. Because (Gr. 151) I am too valuable to be hung up like an old-fashioned garment. Malone saw an allusion to tapestry hangings which "being sometimes wrought with gold and silver, were, it should seem, occasionally ripped and taken to pieces for the sake of the materials;" but the preceding line shows plainly enough that the reference is to ripping up an old *garment*. The play on *ripp'd* is obvious. Cf. iii. 5. 86 below.

58. *Sinon's weeping.* It was Sinon who persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into their city. On *weeping*, cf. Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 195:

> "Talibus insidiis perjurique arte Sinonis
> Credita res, captique dolis *lacrimisque* coactis,
> Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
> Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae."

For other allusions to Sinon, see *R. of L.* 1521, 1529, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190, and *T. A.* v. 3. 85.

61. *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.* That is, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass), and wilt render them suspected" (Upton). Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 126:

> "O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
> The sweetness of affiance! . . .
> . . . . . .
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
> To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
> With some suspicion."

Proper is explained by the *goodly and gallant* in the next line. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

63. *Fail.* Upton conjectured "fall;" but S. has *fail* several times as a noun. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 170, v. 1. 107, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 145, ii. 4. 198, etc.

65. *A little witness*, etc. Bear some little testimony to, etc.

76. *There is a prohibition so divine*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 132:

> "Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

See our ed. p. 182. S. uses *self-slaughter* only in these two passages.

For the relative after *so*, see Gr. 279.

78. *Afore 't.* The folios have "a-foot;" corrected by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "in front."

80. *Scriptures.* Imogen uses the word for the antithesis to *heresy*. Rowe inserts here the stage-direction, "Pulling his letter [Pope, "letters"] out of her bosom."

87. *Set up.* Instigate. *Set on* is more common in this sense. Cf. i. 5. 73 above.

90. *Princely fellows.* Those who were *fellows* or equals with myself in *princely* rank. The Coll. MS. has "followers."

91. *Common passage.* Common occurrence. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 20: "how sad a passage 't is!"

93. *Disedg'd.* Surfeited (having the *edge* of one's appetite taken off). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 28 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 260.

94. *Tir'st on.* To *tire* was to feed on ravenously, like a bird of prey. Cf. *V. and A.* 56:

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;"

and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 269:

> "like an empty eagle
> Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

95. *Pang'd.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 15:

> "'t is a sufferance panging
> As soul and body's severing."

101. *I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.* The folios read "Ile wake mine eye-balles first." Hanmer inserted *blind*. Johnson conjectured "out first." The Coll. MS. has "crack mine eye-balls first."

105. *The perturb'd court*, etc. That is, the court perturbed on account of my absence. See on ii. 3. 94 above.

108. *To be unbent.* To have thy bow unbent. *Stand* is used in the same technical sense as in ii. 3. 68 above.

109. *The elected deer.* The chosen deer. Cf. *P. P.* 300:

> "Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame
> And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike," etc.

111. *Consider'd of.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 113, iii. 6. 133, *J. C.* iii. 2. 114, *Macb.* iii. 1. 75, etc.

115. *Tent.* Probe; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 626: "I 'll tent him to the quick," etc. See also the noun in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 16:

> "the tent that searches
> To the bottom of the worst."

120. *Abus'd.* Deceived, deluded. See on i. 6. 130 above.

125. *For 't is commanded,* etc. Some of the critics say that this is not in the letter; but it is implied in the injunction, "to make me certain it is done," which Pisanio is left to interpret in his own way.

126. *Shall.* Will. Cf. Gr. 315.

132. *With that harsh, noble,* etc. This line is evidently defective, though the sense is clear. The Coll. MS. inserts "empty" after *simple.* Theo. has "simple nothing, Cloten." Nicholson conjectures "ignoble" for *noble.*

136. *Hath Britain,* etc. K. remarks: "It seems probable that here, as also on a similar occasion in *Rich. II.* [see i. 4. 275 fol.], S. had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues:* 'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"

140. *There 's.* Cf. iv. 2. 372 below: "There is no more such masters," etc. See also iv. 2. 284, v. 5. 233, etc. Gr. 335.

144. *Dark as your fortune is.* As impenetrable to others, as your fortune is doubtful or obscure.

145. *That which,* etc. Her personal identity as woman and princess (Clarke).

147. *Pretty, and full of view.* Fair and full of promise. *Pretty* has been suspected, and the Coll. MS. substitutes "Privy;" but the emendation, though specious, has met with little favour among the editors. *Full of view* may mean "affording an ample prospect, a complete opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know" (Steevens); or that meaning, as Clarke suggests, may be combined with the one given above. A Yankee might say "with a good look-out" in the same double sense.

152. *Though.* Rann reads "Through" (the conjecture of Johnson and Heath), but the ellipsis is not unlike many others in S.

153. *Adventure.* Venture, run the risk. See on i. 6. 171 above.

155. *Niceness.* Coyness; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. the adjective in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82, *A. W.* v. 1. 15, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 293, 299, etc.

157. *It pretty self.* For this old possessive *it,* cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 101: "in it most innocent mouth;" and see our ed. p. 155. Gr. 228.

159. *Quarrellous.* The word is used by S. only here, and *quarrelsome* only in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 85, 99, and *T. of S.* i. 2. 13. For the simile, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 81:

> "A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
> As you are toss'd with."

Steevens says that "this character of the weasel is not warranted by naturalists." The animal was formerly kept in houses instead of a cat for the purpose of killing rats and mice.

161. *The harder heart!* "This too hard heart of mine!" (J. H.). Cf. the use of the comparative in Latin. Johnson makes it refer to Posthumus.

163. *Common-kissing Titan.* The sun that kisses any body and any thing. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 133: "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" Steevens cites *Oth.* iv. 2. 78: "The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets."

164. *Laboursome.* Elaborate. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 59: "laboursome petition." *Trims* (=apparel) is the only instance of the plural in S.

168. *Fore-thinking.* Anticipating; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 38: "Prophetically do fore-think thy fall."

170. *In their serving.* With the help they may give you.

174. *Happy.* Fortunate, gifted. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 34:

> "2 *Outlaw.* Have you the tongues?
> *Valentine.* My youthful travel therein made me happy."

You 'll make him know. The folios have "will make him know." Theo. reads "will make him so." The reading in the text is Hanmer's. St. conjectures "will make him bow."

177. *Your means abroad.* For your means, as to your means.

179. *Supplyment.* "Continuance of supply" (D.); used by S. only here.

181. *We 'll even*, etc. "We 'll make our work *even* with our time; we 'll do what time will allow" (Johnson); or "we 'll profit by any advantage offered" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 3: "to even your content;" and see our ed. p. 140.

183. *I am soldier to.* "I have enlisted and bound myself to it" (Warb.), or "I am firmly and constantly devoted to it" (Schmidt). Steevens thinks it is simply="I am up to it, I have ability for it;" and that explanation is perhaps to be preferred.

187. *Your carriage.* Carrying you off.

190. *At land.* This might seem suggested by the preceding *at sea*, but we find it in other connections; as in *A. and C.* iii. 7. 54, iv. 5. 3, etc. Cf. Gr. 143, 144.

SCENE V.—3. *And am.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 400, 401. For *ye*, see Gr. 236.

7. *So, sir.* For the "acquiescent" use of *so*, cf. iii. 1. 82 above. The pointing is that of the folios. Some follow Capell in connecting the words with what follows: "So, sir, I desire," etc.

8. *Conduct.* Safe-conduct, escort.

9. *And you!* The folios join this to the preceding speech. We follow the Camb. editors (Globe ed.) in giving it to the Queen. Rann reads "his grace and you."

14. *The event.* The issue; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 129: "I 'll after him, and see the event of this," etc.

21. *Wrote.* Cf. 2 above. The common form in S. is *writ* or *written*.

22. *Fits.* Befits, becomes; as in v. 5. 98 below.

Ripely. Promptly (the time being *ripe* for it); the one instance of the adverb in S.

25. *Drawn to head.* Gathered in arms. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 113: "Before I drew this gallant head of war;" and see our ed. p. 174.

32. *Looks us like.* Seems to us like. The *us* is the dative, as in "do us the favour," etc. Cf. Gr. 220. The 1st folio reads "looke vs like," which the 2d changes to "lookes as like."

35. *Slight in sufferance.* The 2d folio changes *slight* to "light." The meaning is, We have been too easy or careless in allowing it.

36. *Exile.* Accented by S. on either syllable, according to the measure. Cf. ii. 3. 39 above and iv. 4. 26 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 149.

40. *Tender of.* Sensitive to.

44. *Loud'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above. The folios read "lowd (or "loud") of noise;" corrected by Capell. Rowe gives "loudest noise," and the Coll. MS. "loud'st noise."

50. *Our great court,* etc. Our important court business (with the Roman ambassador) made me forget it.

56. *Stand'st so for.* Dost stand up so for, as we say; art so earnest a partisan of. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 62: "I stand wholly for you," etc.

69. *Forestall him of.* That is, prevent his living to see.

71. *And that.* And *for* that, and because. Gr. 151, 285.

72. *Than lady, ladies, woman.* An elliptical climax="than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind" (Johnson). Hanmer reads "Than any lady, winning from each one;" and Warb. "Than lady ladies; winning from each one."

74. *Outsells.* Outvalues; as in ii. 4. 102 above. Coll. conjectures "Excels."

80. *Are you packing?* Explained by some, and perhaps rightly, as= are you plotting? Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 121: "Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all," etc. It may, however, mean (as Schmidt and others make it), Are you running off? Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 46, *Ham.* iii. 4. 211, etc.

83. *Good my lord.* See Gr. 13.

85. *Close.* Sly, secret. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 5. 7: "The close contriver of all harms," etc.

86. *Rip Thy heart.* Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 265: "To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts."

92. *Home.* Thoroughly, fully. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 71: "I will pay thy graces home." See also *Ham.* p. 232, note on *Tax him home.*

99. *This paper.* The "feigned letter" of v. 5. 279 below. It seems to have been prepared by Pisanio to account for Imogen's absence in case he should be charged with aiding and abetting her flight.

101. *Or this, or perish.* I must resort to this trick, or fall a victim to his fury. Johnson conjectured that the words belong to Cloten.

109. *Undergo.* Undertake. Cf. i. 4. 153 above. See also *W. T.* p. 202.

137. *Insultment.* The only instance of the word in S.

140. *Knock.* Changed by Hanmer to "kick."

153. *My loss.* The Coll. MS. has "thy loss."

155. *Most true.* "It is characteristic of the faithful-hearted Pisanio that

he never swerves from his conviction that Posthumus is good and *true*, notwithstanding the cruel letter commanding Imogen's destruction. He believes what he has told her; that Posthumus has been deceived by 'some villain,' who has worked this 'injury' to both" (Clarke). Hanmer changed *him* to "her."

SCENE VI.—6. *Within a ken.* Within sight, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 151: "within a ken our army lies."

7. *Foundations.* "Quibbling between fixed places and charitable establishments" (Schmidt).

13. *Sorer.* "A greater or heavier crime" (Johnson).

16. *Even before.* Just before; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 233: "And even before this truce, but new before," etc.

17. *At point.* See on iii. 1. 30 above. *For food*=for *want* of food. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 104: "I almost die for food." See our ed. p. 159, note on *Faints for succour*.

19. *I were best.* See on iii. 2. 76 above.

20. *Clean.* Quite, entirely. See *Rich. II.* p. 188.

21. *Breeds.* Changed by Hanmer to "breed;" but see on ii. 4. 58 above.

Hardness=hardship; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 234:

> "A natural and a prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness," etc.

22. *Hardiness.* Bravery; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 220: "hardiness and policy." For the jingle, cf. iii. 4. 11 above.

23. *Civil.* Civilized; as the antithesis of *savage* shows. Cf. *Oth.* p. 196.

24. *Take or lend.* Take pay for food, or lend it; as Malone explains it, referring to 47 below. Johnson wanted to transpose *civil* and *savage;* and Schmidt conjectures "take or leave" (that is, "destroy me or let me live").

25. *Best draw my sword.* Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 487: "Best draw and stand upon our guard."

27. *Such a foe, good heavens!* "Exquisitely feminine throughout is this speech. Its confession of limb-weary fatigue, of faintness from exhaustion, its moral strength amid physical weakness, its tender epithet for the husband whose cruel injustice is felt none the less deeply for the irremovable love she still cherishes for him, its timid hesitation in calling for help, its vague thought of defence in *best draw my sword*, its avowal of greater dread at the very sight of the sword than the sword-drawer can hope to inspire by use of the weapon, together with the final softly smiling, half self-pitying exclamation, half aspiration for divine aid, are all intensely true to the mingled mental courage and bodily delicacy of such a woman as Imogen, who is the very embodiment of supreme womanhood" (Clarke).

28. *Woodman.* Hunter; the common acceptation of the word in the time of S. (Steevens). Cf. *R. of L.* 580:

> "He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
> To strike a poor unseasonable doe;"

and *M. W.* v. 5. 30: Am I a woodman, ha? speak I like Herne the hunter?"

30. *Match.* Agreement, compact; as in *W. T.* v. 3. 137, *Cor.* ii. 3. 86, etc.

34. *Resty.* Too fond of *rest*, lazy, torpid. Cf. *Sonn.* 100. 9: "Rise, resty muse." We find "resty-stiff" in *Edw. III.* iii. 3.

36. *Throughly.* See on ii. 4. 12 above.

44. *An earthly paragon.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 146: "No; but she is an earthly paragon."

50. *I' the floor.* Changed by Hanmer to "o' th' floor;" but *in* was sometimes = on. Cf. Gr. 160.

52. *Parted.* Departed; as in *Cor.* v. 6. 73: "when I parted hence," etc. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

55. *Of.* By. Gr. 170.

58. *Made it.* Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "All faults I make," etc. See our ed. p. 178.

64. *In.* Into; as very often. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 292: "Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave," etc. Gr. 159.

66. *Well encounter'd!* Well met! Cf. i. 3. 32 above.

70. *But be.* For the use of *but*, see Gr. 126.

71. *I bid for you as I 'd buy.* "I bid for you with a sincere desire to have you" (J. H.); "I bid for your affection as I do buy it with mine own to you" (Clarke). Hanmer has "I'd bid."

75. *Sprightly.* In good spirits.

77. *Prize.* Estimation, value. Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "then would the prize which Leonatus gained in winning the heiress to the crown have been lessened by my being but sister to the royal heirs." Heath explains it: "Then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee;" but this is pressing the metaphor too far.

79. *Wrings.* Writhes, as in anguish. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 28: "those that wring under the load of sorrow;" and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 253:

> "whose sense no more can feel
> But his own wringing."

85. *Laying by*, etc. Setting aside that worthless tribute of obsequious adoration which the fickle crowd pay to rank. Johnson explains *differing multitudes* as = "the many-headed rabble;" but it seems rather to be = "the still discordant, wavering multitude" of 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 19.

87. *Out-peer.* Excel, surpass; used by S. only here.

89. *Leonatus'.* The folios have simply "Leonatus," which V. and W. retain; but we prefer to print *Leonatus'*, as D., Sr., and Clarke do. Cf. *Lear*, p. 246, note on *This'*, or Gr. 461.

90. *Hunt.* That is, the game taken in the hunt.

92. *Mannerly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 79: "mannerly modest;" and *M. of V.* ii. 9. 100: "Cupid's post that comes so mannerly." See also on ii. 3. 33 above.

SCENE VII.—4. *And that.* And *since* that. See on iii. 5. 71 above.

6. *Fall'n off.* Revolted. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 94:

"Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war," etc.

9. *Commands.* Changed by Theo. to "commends;" but the meaning, as Johnson remarks, may be "commands the commission to be given to you." The expression is not more elliptical than many in the present play. K., V., W., Clarke, and others retain *commands.*

14. *Suppliant.* Supplementary, auxiliary; the only instance of the adjective in S. Capell and some other editors spell it "supplyant." The accent is of course on the penult.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *Saving reverence of.* Begging pardon of. *Saving your reverence* was a common apology for an offensive or unseemly word. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 92, *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 32, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 27, 139, etc.

12. *Single oppositions.* Single encounters or combats. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 99: "In single opposition, hand to hand," etc. Schmidt explains it as="when compared as to particular accomplishments;" which perhaps suits the context quite as well.

Imperseverant. "Giddy-headed, flighty, thoughtless" (Schmidt). Some explain it as "obstinately persevering, stubborn." The folios spell the word "imperseuerant," which D. and others change to "imperceiverant;" but that is hardly an admissible derivative from *perceive.*

What mortality is! What a thing mortality is! Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 162: "O father Abram, what these Christians are!" Gr. 256.

15. *Enforced.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 205: "enforced chastity," etc.

Hanmer changed *thy face* to "her face;" but the confusion of pronouns, as Clarke remarks, is "in Cloten's usual blundering, headlong manner."

17. *Spurn her home.* Cf. iii. 5. 141 above.

Happily. The folio reading, changed by Johnson to "haply." Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 54: "And happily we might be interrupted," etc. See *T. N.* p. 158, or Gr. 42.

19. *Power of.* Control over; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 27: "the sovereign power you have of us."

SCENE II.—8. *Citizen.* "Cockney-bred, effeminate" (Schmidt). For *wanton* (=one brought up in luxury), cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 70: "a beardless boy, A cocker'd silken wanton;" and *Rich. II.* v. 3. 10: "While he, young wanton and effeminate boy" (where *wanton* is a noun, as here). See also *Ham.* p. 275, note on *Make a wanton of me.*

10. *Journal.* Diurnal, daily; as in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 92: "Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting," etc. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion."

14. *Reason of it.* Talk about it. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc.

17. *How much*, etc. However much, etc. See *Much Ado*, p. 141, and cf. Gr. 46. Capell changed *How* to "As."

24. *Strain.* Explained by Schmidt as "impulse," but the context shows that it carries with it the idea of hereditary disposition. Cf. its use=stock, race; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 59: "the noblest of thy strain." See also *Hen. V.* p. 160.

26, 27. *Cowards father . . . and grace.* In the folio these lines are printed thus:

> "Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
> "Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.

It must not, however, be inferred that the couplet is a quotation. D. has shown (*Remarks*, etc., 1844, p. 207) that maxims, apothegms, etc., used often to be printed in this way. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 319, where the line ("Achievement is command," etc.) has the inverted commas in the folio, because, as the preceding line states, it is a "maxim." See the note on the passage in W., vol. ix. p. 142.

29. *Miracle.* Schmidt is in doubt whether this is verb or noun; but it can well enough be explained as the latter. The meaning seems to be: yet this youth, whoever he may be, accomplishes a very miracle in being loved before me. For *who*, cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 80: "Let it be who it is," etc.

31. *So please you, sir.* Tyrwhitt wished to transfer these words to Imogen, as a "courtly phrase" out of place in the mouth of Arviragus; but, as Capell suggests, they are probably addressed to Belarius, who, after saying '*T is the ninth hour*, etc., takes down some of their hunting weapons and hands one to Arviragus. The three men may be supposed to be equipping themselves for the hunt during the following speech of Imogen.

35. *Imperious.* "Imperial" (Malone). Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 236: "Imperious Cæsar" (the quarto reading); *T. and C.* iv. 5. 172: "most imperious Agamemnon," etc.

38. *Stir him.* "Move him to tell his story" (Johnson).

39. *Gentle.* Of gentle birth, well-born.

40. *Dishonestly afflicted.* The victim of others' *dishonesty*, or dishonourable conduct.

45. *Huswife.* The usual spelling in the early eds., indicating the pronunciation. Cf. *Cor.* p. 205.

46. *And shalt be ever.* Belarius plays upon the word *bound.* It would hardly be necessary to refer to this, if Warb. had not changed *shalt* to "shall." Heath, besides making this change, joined the words to Imogen's speech.

47. *Appears he hath had.* A "confusion of construction" (Gr. 411). K. reads: "howe'er distress'd he appears, hath had." Clarke makes *appears*="shows, makes manifest;" but we cannot believe that the word is ever used transitively. See *Cor.* p. 251, note on *Is well appear'd.*

49. *His neat cookery!* Mrs. Lennox has objected to this as inconsistent with the rank of Imogen; but see p. 22 above. The folios give what

follows to "*Arui.*," but Capell is clearly right in continuing the speech to Guiderius.

50. *In characters.* In the shape of letters. Steevens quotes Fletcher, *Elder Brother:* "And how to cut his meat in characters."

51. *As.* As if. Gr. 107.

52. *Dieter.* The only instance of the word in S.

53–57. *As if . . . rail at.* Put in the margin as spurious by Pope and Hanmer.

58. *Him.* The folios have "them;" corrected by Pope.

59. *Spurs.* "The longest and largest leading roots of trees" (Malone). Cf *Temp.* v. 1. 47:

"and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar."

61. *With.* The preposition has troubled some of the commentators, but the *twined* implied in *untwine* is "understood" before *with;* or we may say, with Malone, that *untwine*="cease to twine." Hanmer changed *with* to "from."

62. *Great morning.* Late in the morning. The expression occurs again in *T. and C.* iv. 3. 1. Steevens compares the Fr. *grand jour.* So *de grand matin*=very early.

67. *Saw him not.* Have not seen him. Cf. 191 below. Gr. 347.

75. *A slave.* That word *slave;* including perhaps the other meaning also: a slave who calls me a slave.

77. *To who?* See on iii. 3. 87 above. Cf. *Oth.* pp. 160, 200.

80. *My dagger in my mouth.* Cf. for a different use of the figure *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 255: "She speaks poniards;" and *Ham.* iii. 2. 414: "I will speak daggers to her."

84. *Make thee.* See on iii. 4. 49 above.

87. *Injurious.* Insolent. See on iii. 1. 46 above.

91. *Or adder, spider.* Omitted by Capell. Hanmer ends the line at *toad,* and begins the next with "Adder, or spider, it would," etc.

93. *Mere.* Absolute. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself.* Cf. v. 3. 11 below.

95. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.* See *Macb.* p. 163, note on *Nothing afeard.*

97. *Die the death.* The form of a judicial sentence (cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165), and hence used of a violent death. See also *M. N. D.* p. 126.

98. *Proper.* Own; as in *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc.

100. *Lud's town.* See on iii. 1. 32 above.

105. *Favour.* Personal appearance. See on i. 6. 41 above, and cf. iii. 4. 48.

107. *Absolute.* Positive, certain; as in *Ham.* v. 1. 148: "How absolute the knave is?" Cf. *perfect* in 119 below.

110. *Fell.* Fierce, cruel; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 269: "fell as death," etc.

111. *Apprehension.* Conception, appreciation; not=dread. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 145: "If the English had any apprehension, they would run away;" and see our ed. p. 171.

112. *Defect.* Changed by Theo. to "effect." Hanmer changed *cause*

in the next line to "cure." Sundry other emendations have been proposed, none of which seem to us at all satisfactory. The passage, as it stands, appears to say the opposite of what is meant; but we are inclined to think it one of those inadvertencies in the use of negatives to which the poet appears to have been prone. He not unfrequently got in one too many (see on i. 4. 20 above), and sometimes one too few (cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 31, and see our ed. p. 156, note on *No more do yours*). The present instance seems to us to belong to the latter list. *Fear* is elliptically=*defect* of fear, the word in the former part of the sentence being made to do duty by implication in the latter. Schmidt does not include this passage among his examples of a negative "wanting, as being borne in mind, though not expressed" (*Lexicon*, p. 1421), but we think it is clearly analogous to some that he does give—especially the one in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 31. See, however, p. 226 below.

117. *I not doing this.* If I had not done this. Gr. 377.

119. *Perfect.* See on iii. 1. 71 above.

122. *Take us in.* Overcome us. See on iii. 2. 9 above.

130. *For.* Because; as in iii. 4. 51 above.

132. *Safe.* Sound; as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 81: "The safer sense," etc.

133. *Humour.* The folios have "honor" or "honour;" corrected by Theo.

137. *To bring him here.* For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

139. *Cave.* The only instance of the verb in S.

140. *Head.* Armed force. See on iii. 5. 25 above.

142. *Fetch us in.* Capture us; as in *A. and C.* iv. 1. 14: "Enough to fetch him in." Cf. 122 above.

146. *Ordinance.* That which is *ordained* by the gods. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 183: "by God's just ordinance," etc.

147. *Howsoe'er.* However this may be.

150. *Did make my way long forth.* "Made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*" (Johnson).

155. *Reck.* Care. The word is spelt "reake" or "reak" in the folios. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 159; and see also *Cor.* p. 237, note on *Reckless.*

159. *Brotherly.* See on *mannerly*, iii. 6. 92 above.

160. *Revenges*, etc. "Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition" (Johnson).

161. *Seek us through.* Seek us out, follow us up.

168. *To gain his colour.* "To restore him to the bloom of health" (Steevens).

169. *Let . . . blood.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 152: "Who else must be let blood," etc.

Parish is evidently="as many as would fill a parish" (Johnson), but Hanmer changed it to "marish." Edwards takes the trouble to inform us that the meaning is *not* "I would let out a parish of blood;" and Malone says: "Mr. Edwards is, I think, right;" *for*, as he adds, we find "a *band* of Clotens" in v. 5. 304 below.

171. *Divine.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 55 above.

175. *Enchaf'd.* Excited, enraged. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 17: "On the enchafed flood." See *J. C.* p. 131, on *The troubled Tiber chafing*, etc.

For *rud'st*, see on I. I. 96 above and cf. 191 below. Pope has "rude."

176. *By the top doth take*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22:

> "the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top," etc.

178. *Instinct.* For the accent, cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 42, *Cor.* v. 3. 35, etc. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149. Gr. 490.

180. *Other.* Cf. iii. 1. 36 above. Gr. 12.

185. *Clotpoll.* Head. For its contemptuous personal use (=block-head), see *Lear*, p. 184.

187. *Ingenious.* The folios have "ingenuous;" corrected by Rowe. The words are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

192. *It did not speak.* See on 67 above. Gr. 347.

193. *Answer.* Answer to, correspond to. Cf. v. 5. 449 below.

194. *Toys.* Trifles. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard," etc.

199. *Made so much on.* Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 203: "he is so made on here," etc. For the interchange of *on* and *of*, see Gr. 181.

V. quotes Mrs. Radcliffe here: "No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances like our own Shakespeare. In *Cymbeline*, for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity! Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms:

> 'The bird is dead that we have made so much on. . . .
> *Guiderius.* Why, he but sleeps. . . .
> *Arviragus.* With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, AND I LIVE HERE, FIDELE,
> I 'll sweeten thy sad grave.'

Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

206. *Crare.* A kind of small vessel. The folios have "care," and *crare* is the emendation of Steevens (the conjecture of Simpson). Theo. and Hanmer have "carack" (the suggestion of Warb.), for which see *Oth.* p. 160. Steevens gives many examples of *crare* (also spelt *craer*, *cray* or *craye*, *crea*, etc.) from B. and F., Drayton, Heywood, and other writers of the time. It occurs also in Holinshed, North's *Plutarch*, Hakluyt's *Voyages*, etc. Malone cites Florio, *Ital. Dict.*: "Vurchio. A hulke, a crayer, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen."

208. *But I.* That is, but I know. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "but ah!"

210. *Stark.* Cf. the effect of the sleeping-potion in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 103:

"Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death."

215. *Clouted brogues.* Heavy shoes strengthened with *clouts*, or hob-nails (Steevens). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 195: "clouted shoon." According to others, *clouted*=patched. This would seem to be the meaning in *Josh.* ix. 5: "old shoes and clouted." Cf. Latimer, *Sermons:* "he should not have clouting leather to piece his shoes with." See also Wb.

219. *To thee.* Changed by Hanmer to "near him," and by Rann to "to him;" but we have already had several examples of this confusion of pronouns in the present play. See on iii. 3. 105 above. "Here Guiderius replies to his brother's remark upon Fidele's looking but as if asleep, and continues speaking of the gentle lad in the third person until, looking upon the beautiful form that lies apparently dead before him, a sense of its loveliness and his own impassioned regret at having to consign it to the grave comes full upon him, and he ends with addressing it rather than speaking of it" (Clarke).

With fairest flowers, etc. V. remarks here: "'*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by John Webster,' is one of the most remarkable productions of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The principal character is a bold and beautiful conception of daring female guilt, which may almost vie with Lady Macbeth, and may have been suggested by her, though in no respect a copy. But the play contains several passages in which the author is certainly indebted to his recollections of 'Master Shakspeare,' whose 'right happy and copieous industry' he commends in his preface. One passage is directly from *Hamlet*. A lady, resembling Ophelia in her grief and distraction, thus addresses her friends:

'you're very welcome.
Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
Heart's-ease for you: I pray you make much of it:
I have left more for myself.'

"Imogen's apparent soft and smiling death, as described in the text, has been supposed to be the origin of the following beautiful lines:

'Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes!'

"Cornelia's distraction over her dead son, again, owes something to the last scene of *Lear;* while the funeral dirge for young Marcello, sung by her, is still more directly borrowed from this scene:

'Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady grove they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again,' etc.

"The last generation of critics perceived the resemblance, but were perplexed by the fact that Webster's play was printed in 1612, eleven years before the first edition of *Cymbeline;* so that it was not quite clear to them whether Shakespeare had not himself borrowed from the two last-quoted passages. But since their day we have learned from Dr. Forman that *Cymbeline* was acted at least one year before Webster's *White Devil*, so that Webster, who was originally an actor, was doubtless familiar with its poetry as represented, and had, perhaps, himself delivered the lament of Arviragus. Indeed, his imitations are not direct copies, like those of a plagiarist from the book, but are rather the vivid results of the impression made upon the younger poet, by the other's fancy and feeling thus reproducing themselves, mingled with the new conceptions of a congenial mind."

222. *Pale primrose.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 122:

> "pale primroses,
> That die unmarried;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 63: "Look pale as primroses."

224. *Whom.* Often used "to personify irrational antecedents" (Gr. 264).

225. *Ruddock.* The redbreast; spelt "raddocke" or "raddock" in the folios. Cf. Spenser, *Epithalamion:* "the Ruddock warbles soft."

230. *Winter-ground.* This seems to have been a term for covering plants with straw, etc., to protect them during the winter. Theo. changed it to "winter-gown" (the suggestion of Warb.), and the Coll. MS. has "winter-guard."

The notion that the redbreast covered the dead with leaves appears to be older than the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood.* Reed quotes Thos. Johnson, *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbrest if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." Cf. Drayton, *The Owl:*

> "Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
> The little red-breast teacheth charitie."

231. *Wench-like.* Womanish.

233. *Admiration.* The word combines here the senses of wonder and veneration. For the former, see on i. 6. 37 above.

234. *Shall 's.* Shall us; that is, shall we. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 148: "Shall 's to the Capitol?" See also *W. T.* i. 2. 178, *Per.* iv. 5. 7, and v. 5. 228 below. Gr. 215.

238. *Our.* The folios have "to our;" corrected by Pope.

244. *Great griefs, I see*, etc. See on i. 1. 135 above. For *medicine* as a verb, cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 332.

247. *Paid.* Punished; as in v. 4. 161 below.

248. *Reverence*, etc. "*Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world" (Johnson).

253. *Thersites'.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 73, etc.; and for *Ajax'*, *Id.* i. 2. 14, etc.

254. *Are.* The Coll. MS. has "is." For the plural, cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 133: "But say that he or we, as neither have," etc.

256. *To the east.* For old superstitions concerning the position of graves, etc., see Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.), vol. ii. p. 295 fol. Cf. p. 37 above; and also *Ham.* p. 259, note on *Straight.*

259. *Fear no more*, etc. Several of the editors quote Collins's imitation of this dirge, which, as V. observes, "exhibits his usual exquisite taste and felicity of expression, although inferior to the original in condensation and characteristic simplicity:"

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell:—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead."

K. remarks: "There is nothing to us more striking than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyric sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping ['barring,' say we, the closing couplets of the stanzas] with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb' is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers.*"

263, 264. *Golden lads*, etc. St. remarks (and we fully agree with him): "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last act."

For *girls all* the Coll. MS. has "lasses."

272. *Thunder-stone.* Thunder-bolt. Cf. *J. C.* p. 138.

276. *Consign to thee.* Come to the same state, submit to the same terms. Johnson conjectured "this" for *thee.*

277. *Exorciser.* Conjurer, one who *raised* spirits. Cf. *exorcist* in *A. W.* v. 3. 305 and *J. C.* ii. 1. 323 (see our ed. p. 150).

281. *Consummation.* The final *summing-up* or end of mortal life. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 63 :

"a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

Steevens quotes *Edw. III.*: "To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms."

286. *Faces.* Malone objected to the plural, as Cloten's corpse was headless, and Hanmer gave "Upon the face —" Clarke takes it to refer to "the faces of corpses generally."

288. *Herblets.* The only instance of the diminutive in S.

291. *So is.* The folio has "so are;" probably in this instance an accidental repetition of the *are* just before.

294. *'Ods pittikins!* One of the petty oaths of the time, corrupted from "God's pity!" Cf. *'Ods pity* (*Oth.* iv. 3. 75), *'Ods heartlings* (*M. W.* iii. 4. 59), *'Ods lifelings* (*T. N.* v. 1. 187), etc.

For *mile*, cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 37 : "within this three mile," etc. See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *a thousand pound.*

299. *Cave-keeper.* Dweller in a cave; like *housekeeper*, etc. Pope changes *so* to "sure," and the Coll. MS. gives "lo!"

302. *Fumes.* Vapours, phantoms; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 67 :

"their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason;"

and *Macb.* i. 7. 66 :

"memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume," etc.

306. *Fear'd gods.* Changed by Pope to "oh gods!"

311. *Mercurial.* "Light and nimble like that of Mercury" (Schmidt); the only instance of the adjective in S.

312. *Brawns.* Brawny arms. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 126 : "to hew thy target from thy brawn," etc. Pope changes the word to "arms."

Jovial. Like that of Jove; used by S. only here and in v. 4. 105 below.

314. *Madded.* See on ii. 2. 37 above. For *Hecuba*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 523, 584, *T. and C.* i. 2. 1, etc.

316. *Irregulous.* Apparently = irregular, lawless; a word found nowhere else. Johnson conjectured "th' irreligious."

317. *Hast.* The folios have "Hath;" corrected by Pope.

320. *Most bravest.* See on i. 6. 161 above.

324. *This head.* Evidently = the head belonging to this body; but changed in the 3d folio to "his head," and by Hanmer to "thy head."

326. *Pregnant.* Full of probability. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23 : "'T is very pregnant," etc. See also *Lear*, p. 198.

329. *Home.* Fully. See on iii. 5. 92 above.

333. *Which.* Who. Cf. ii. 3. 105 above. Gr. 265.

334. *To them.* In addition to them. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 144 : "And, to his shape, were heir of all this land," etc. Gr. 185.

338. *Confiners.* Probably = inhabitants (Schmidt), not "borderers,"

as generally explained. Cf. the use of *confines*=territory; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 24, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 137, *J. C.* iii. 1. 272, etc.

342. *Sienna's brother.* Brother to the ruler of Sienna.

343. *Benefit o' the wind.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 2: "as the winds give benefit."

348. *Fast.* Fasted. "In verbs in which the infinitive ends in *-t, -ed* is often omitted in the past indicative for euphony" (Gr. 341). Cf. *lift* in *John*, xiii. 18 (*lifted* in the "Revised Version" of 1881), *roast* in *Exod.* xii. 8, etc.

350. *Spongy south.* See on ii. 3. 129 above.

352. *Abuse.* Corrupt, pervert.

361. *Instruct us of.* Equivalent to *inform us of* in next line.

363. *Crave to be demanded.* Call for investigation.

365. *That, otherwise than nature,* etc. "Who has altered this picture, to make it otherwise than nature did it?" (Johnson).

367. *Wrack.* See on i. 6. 83 above.

372. *There is.* See on iii. 4. 140 above.

378. *If I do lie,* etc. "Into the mouth of the pure-souled Imogen S. has characteristically put this shrinking from the necessity for untruth, and the appeal to Heaven for divine forgiveness for her reluctantly committed error. He has depicted the same aversion to falsehood in the innocent and royal-natured Perdita; while he has made even the princely Florizel condescend to misstatements for the sake of needful concealment. Thus clearly does the man and poet Shakespeare denote his genuine perception and appreciation of the sacredness of truth, at the very time that the dramatic Shakespeare allows of equivocation as a necessary part of dramatic disguise" (Clarke).

380. *Say you, sir?* See on ii. 1. 24 above.

381. *Approve.* Prove; as in v. 5. 245 below.

387. *Prefer.* Recommend. See on ii. 3. 44 above, and cf. 401 below.

390. *Pickaxes.* "Meaning her fingers" (Johnson).

392. *Century.* Hundred. Elsewhere (*Cor.* i. 7. 3 and *Lear*, iv. 4. 6) it means a company of a hundred men.

395. *Entertain.* Employ, take into service; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 60: "entertained for a perfumer;" *Lear*, iii. 6. 83: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred," etc.

400. *Partisans.* Halberds. Cf. *Ham.* p. 176.

401. *Arm him.* Take him in your arms. Steevens cites Fletcher, *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

> "Arm your prize;
> I know you will not lose her."

SCENE III.—Pope and Hanmer made this scene the 8th of act iii.

6. *Upon a desperate bed.* That is, hopelessly (or very dangerously) sick.

11. *Enforce.* "Force" (Pope's emendation). Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 47: "Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open," etc. See also iv. 1. 15 above.

21. *And will.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 399, 400. Hanmer reads "He will," and Capell "And he 'll."

22. *Slip you.* Let you go. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 162: "Had slipp'd our chain until another age," etc.

23. *Depend.* Impend; or perhaps=remain in suspense.

28. *Amaz'd.* In a maze, bewildered, confused. Cf. *V. and A.* 684: "a labyrinth to amaze his foes;" *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way," etc. *Matter* = business.

29. *Affront.* Confront, encounter; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 31:

> "That he, as 't were by accident, may here
> Affront Ophelia," etc.

The meaning is: "Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us" (Johnson).

36. *I heard no letter.* I have heard nothing (that is, by *letter*), as we still are in the habit of saying. For the use of the past tense with *since*, cf. iv. 2. 191 above. Hanmer changes *I heard* to "I 've had," and Coll. to "I had" (Mason's conjecture). Malone and Schmidt take *letter* in the alphabetical sense. *I heard no letter* is then = I have heard no jot, I have not heard a syllable. But, on the other hand, as W. notes, we say "I have not heard a *line*."

40. *Betid.* Befallen (from *betide*). For the form, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 42: "long ago betid," etc.

44. *Even to the note o' the king.* "I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour" (Johnson).

SCENE IV.—2. *Find we.* The 1st folio has "we finde;" corrected in the 2d.

4. *This way.* If we take this course.

6. *Revolts.* "Revolters" (Pope's reading), or deserters. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 151: "And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts;" and *Id.* v. 4. 7: "Lead me to the revolts of England here."

7. *During their use.* While they can use us, while they have need of us. For the adverbial use of *after*, see Gr. 26.

11. *May drive us to a render*, etc. May compel us to render an account of where we have been living. For *render* as a noun, cf. v. 4. 17 below. Johnson remarks: "This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man."

13. *Answer.* Penalty, punishment; as in *T. of A.* v. 4. 63: "At heaviest answer," etc.

18. *Their quarter'd fires.* Their camp fires, the fires in their quarters.

19. *So cloy'd importantly.* So momentously and completely occupied. *Importantly* is used by S. only here.

20. *Upon our note.* In taking note of us.

23. *Not wore him.* For the transposition of *not*, see on i. 6. 154 above. Gr. 305.

27. *The certainty.* "The certain consequence" (Malone). Clarke thinks it may also mean "the actual experience."

29. *But to be still*, etc. "But doomed to be still," etc. *Tanlings* is used by S. nowhere else.

33. *Thereto so o'ergrown.* In addition thereto so overgrown with hair; referring to his beard and bushy head. Cf. v. 3. 17 below. For *thereto* = besides, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 391 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 133. Schmidt thinks that *o'ergrown* may possibly mean grown old; as in *M. for M.* i. 3. 22.

35. *What thing is it*, etc. What a thing it is, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "What night is this!" etc. Gr. 86.

38. *Bestrid.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 79: "That horse that thou so often hast bestrid," etc.

48. *Of.* Changed by Capell to "on;" but, as we have seen, the two prepositions are often interchanged. Gr. 175, 181, 182.

50. *Have with you!* Take me with you, I 'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 161, 229, 239, iii. 2. 93, *Cor.* ii. 1. 286, etc.

53. *Thinks scorn.* Disdains the thought of any thing else.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *I wish'd.* The folios have "I am wisht;" corrected by Pope. Sr. (2d ed.) reads "I e'en wish'd."

5. *Wrying.* Going astray. Cf. the verb in *bed-swerver* (*W. T.* ii. 1. 93).

9. *Put on.* Incite, instigate (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* pp. 257, 277.

14. *Each elder worse.* Here *elder* seems to be = later, or "committed at a more advanced age" (Schmidt). Rowe reads "worse than other," Coll. (from his MS.) "later worse," and Sr. (2d ed.) "alder-worse."

15. *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.* If this be what S. wrote, Mason's explanation seems on the whole the most in keeping with the context: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so [dreading the *consequences*, or the *punishment*, we should prefer to say], to the eternal welfare of the doers." He adds: "It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doers' thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation." J. H. takes *to* to be = in addition to (cf. iv. 2. 334 above), and paraphrases the line thus: "And make it a dread to them, along with any advantage they may have gained by it." The passage may be corrupt, but the emendations seem to us less intelligible than the original text. Theo. changes *dread it* to "dreaded;" the Coll. MS. has "make men dread it;" and Sr. (2d ed.) reads "dreaded, to the doers' shrift."

23. *Weeds.* Garments; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 71: "Weeds of Athens he doth wear," etc. *Suit myself* = dress myself; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "suit me all points like a man," etc.

26. *For whom my life*, etc. "One of Shakespeare's paradoxically and powerfully expressed sentences; the paradoxical phraseology aiding to make the powerful effect the more striking. Intense is the expression thus produced of the ever-living agony that pierces the husband's remorse-stricken heart, and stabs him with perpetual regret for his loss of her whose excellence he involuntarily recognizes. This survival of Posthumus's sense of Imogen's true worth over his sense of her supposed fault is precisely one of Shakespeare's subtleties in indirect tribute to virtue and innocence" (Clarke).

30. *Habits.* Dress; or perhaps = outward appearance, in a more general sense.

32. *The guise o' the world.* The way or *fashion* of the world, which is to make the most of the outward show, to seem better than one really is.

SCENE II.—4. *Carl.* Churl, peasant; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *carlot* in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 108.

5. *Nature's.* "Natures" in the folios; changed to "nature" by Pope.

10. *Is.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 245: "'t is odds beyond arithmetic," etc. On the other hand, we find "these odds" in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41.

16. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 2. 51 above.

SCENE III.—4. *The heavens fought.* Steevens quotes *Judges*, v. 20. *The king himself*, etc. S. found this incident in Holinshed's *Scotland*, where it is told of the Hays, father and two sons. This is evident from the following coincidence in phraseology: "Hay, beholding the *king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancy in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*," etc. The scene of the fight is, moreover, "a long *lane* fenced on the side with *ditches* and *walls made of turf*."

7. *Full-hearted.* Full of courage and confidence.

11. *That.* So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 35 below.

15. *Ancient.* Aged. Cf. *W. T.* p. 189.

16. *Who deserved*, etc. Who deserved as long a life as his white beard indicated.

20. *Base.* The game called "prison-base," in which he who runs the fastest is the winner. Cf. *V. and A.* 303: "To bid the wind a base he now prepares" (that is, challenges the wind to run a race); and *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 97: "Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus" (where there is a play upon the word). Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or prison-base; and *The Antipodes*, 1638: "my men can run at base." See also Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Oct. 5: "In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base."

22. *Shame.* Modesty; the "bashful shame" of *V. and A.* 49. *Cas'd* = masked, covered.

26. *Will give you that*, etc. "Will give you that death like beasts, which you shun like beasts, and which you might save yourselves from, only by looking back with a bold frown of defiance" (Clarke). For *beastly*, cf. iii. 3. 40 above.

29. *Three thousand confident.* Three thousand in confidence or courage.

32. *More charming.* Charming others; that is, influencing them as by enchantment. Cf. i. 3. 35 above.

35. *That.* So that; as in 11 above.

37. *Gan.* Began. See on ii. 3. 18 above.

40. *Retire.* Retreat. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 326: "the onset and retire;" *Id.* v. 5. 4: "In faint retire," etc.

42. *Stoop'd.* The folios have "stopt;" corrected by Rowe.

43. *The strides they victors made.* That is, retracing as slaves the onward strides they had made as victors. The folios misprint "the" for *they*; corrected by Theo.

44. *Fragments.* Doubtless referring to the last remnants of *food* on

board. J. H. explains it as "spars and other pieces of timber;" as if *hard voyage* meant a shipwreck and not merely a voyage prolonged by bad weather or other difficulties.

49. *Slaughter-man.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 41: "Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men." See also 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 75, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 169, etc.

50. *Or ere.* Sooner than. See on iii. 2. 64 above.

51. *Mortal bugs.* Deadly bugbears. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 22: "such bugs and goblins;" and see our ed. p. 267.

53. *Do not wonder,* etc. "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder is all that he was made for" (Johnson). Theo. changed *not* to "but," and St. conjectures "Ay, do but," etc.

60. *Stand.* Face, withstand. Cf. i. 2. 13 above.

64. *Still going?* Running away from me also? "Said in contemptuous allusion to his having 'come from the *fliers*,' and to his being one that will 'quickly *fly*' a poor-looking man's friendship" (Clarke).

This is a lord! Ritson conjectured "This a lord!" *Noble misery* is =miserable nobility.

68. *Charm'd.* Protected as by a *charm*, or bearing "a charmed life" (*Macb.* v. 8. 17).

72. *Moe.* See on iii. 1. 36 above. The 3d folio has "more."

74. *To the Briton.* Hanmer changed *Briton* to "Roman;" but *now* is =just now, and *No more a Briton* is opposed to the preceding clause: Having been on the side of the Briton, but no longer a Briton, I have resumed, etc. V. says: "In the original reading I understand Posthumus as continuing his figurative search of Death. As a Briton, he could not find Death where he 'did hear him groan,' etc. But he 'will find him,' for he (Death) is now a favourer of the Britons, and therefore Posthumus, 'no more a Briton,' resumes again his Roman character, in order thus to reach his wished-for death." This explanation is due to Capell, but we cannot accept it.

78. *Once touch my shoulder.* In token of arrest. Cf. *shoulder-clapper* =bailiff, in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 37, and see our ed. p. 136.

79. *Answer.* Reprisal, retaliation.

86. *Silly.* Simple, rustic. Malone quotes the novel on which the play is founded as it appears in the translation of the *Decamerone*, 1620: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a silly chapperone" [hood], etc.

87. *Gave the affront.* Faced or confronted the enemy. Cf. *affront* in iv. 3. 29 above. The noun occurs nowhere else in S.

90. *Seconds.* Others to *second* or aid him. Cf. *Cor.* i. 4. 43: "now prove good seconds;" and *Id.* i. 8. 15:

> "Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
> In your condemned seconds."

91. *Had answer'd him.* Had done like him.

SCENE IV.—1. *You shall not now be stol'n,* etc. "The wit of the gaoler

alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture" (Johnson).

10. *The penitent instrument*, etc. The penitential means of freeing my conscience of its guilt.

14. *I cannot do it better*, etc. This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators, but Dr. Ingleby's explanation (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 100) seems to us perfectly satisfactory. He says: "Posthumus rejoices in his bodily thraldom, because its issue will be death, which will set him free: certainly from bodily bondage, and possibly from spiritual bondage—the worse of the twain. So he prays for 'the penitent instrument to pick *that* bolt,' the bolt which fetters his conscience worse than the cold gyves constrain his shanks and wrists: that is, for the means of a repentance which may be efficacious for pardon and absolution. He then enters into these means in detail, following the order of the old Churchmen: namely, sorrow for sin, or *attrition:* 'Is 't enough I am sorry?' etc.: then penance, which was held to convert attrition into *contrition:* 'Must I repent?' etc.: then *satisfaction* for the wrong done. As to this last he says, if the main condition of his spiritual freedom be that ('To satisfy'), let not the gods *with that object* require a stricter render than his all—his life. These are the three parts of absolution. The third he expands in the last clause. He owns that his debt exceeds his all. He says, in effect: 'Do not call me to a stricter account than the forfeiture of my all *towards* payment. Take my all, and give me a receipt, not on account, but in full of all demands. Earthly creditors take of their debtors a fraction of their debt and less than their all, "letting them thrive again on their abatement;" but I do not desire that indulgence of your clemency. Take life for life—my all: and though it is not worth so much as Imogen's, yet 't is a life, and of the same divine origin; a coin from the same mint. Between man and man light pieces are current for the sake of the figure stamped upon them: so much the rather should the gods take my life, which is in their own image, though it is not so dear, or precious, as Imogen's.'

"The old writers compared the hindrances of the body to gyves. So Walkington in the *Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1607: 'Our bodies were the prisons and bridewils of our soules, wherein they lay manicled and fettered in Gives,' etc. And when Posthumus says 'Cancel these cold bonds,' he means free the soul from the body, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 49:

> '*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*
> Which keeps me pale!'

(where Mr. Staunton plausibly reads *paled*); but the epithet *cold* has reference to the material gyves, which were of iron. Cf. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1, where Palamon says 'Quit me of these cold gyves'—that is, knock off my fetters."

30. *Solemn music*, etc. Pope, who put 30–201 in the margin as spurious, remarks: "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare." Malone calls it "contemptible nonsense,"

and Ritson considers the margin "too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation." The editors and critics, almost without exception (see p. 11 above), have been of the same opinion. Schlegel remarks: "Steevens accedes to the opinion of Pope respecting the apparition of the ghosts and of Jupiter in *Cymbeline*, while Posthumus is sleeping in the dungeon. But Posthumus finds, on waking, a tablet on his breast, with a prophecy on which the denouement of the piece depends. Is it to be imagined that Shakspeare would require of his spectators the belief in a wonder without a visible cause? Is Posthumus to dream this tablet with the prophecy? But these gentlemen do not descend to this objection. The verses which the apparitions deliver do not appear to them good enough to be Shakspeare's. I imagine I can discover why the poet has not given them more of the splendour of diction. They are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who, from concern for his fate, return from the world below: they ought, consequently, to speak the language of a more simple olden time, and their voices ought also to appear as a feeble sound of wailing, when contrasted with the thundering oracular language of Jupiter. For this reason Shakspeare chose a syllabic measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion, though it still continued to be frequently used, especially in translations of classical poets. In some such manner might the shades express themselves in the then existing translations of Homer and Virgil. The speech of Jupiter is on the other hand majestic, and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the sonnets of Shakspeare." But, as K. replies, the objection to the passage is not that its language is that of "a more simple olden time," but that it is not the language *of poetry*, such as S. would have chosen "to express a feeble sound of wailing."

38. *Attending.* Awaiting.

43. *Lucina.* The goddess who assisted women in labour. Cf. *Per.* i. 1. 8, iii. 1. 10.

45. *That.* So that. See on v. 3. 11 above. On the passage, cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 16.

60. *Leonati seat.* Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 19: "Philippi fields;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 369: "Pisa walls," etc. Gr. 22.

67. *And to become*, etc. And suffer Posthumus to become, etc. *Geck*= dupe; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 351: "And made the most notorious geck and gull," etc.

75. *Hardiment.* "Hard fighting, valorous service" (Clarke). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 152, note on *Changing hardiment.*

78. *Adjourn'd.* Delayed, deferred.

89. *Synod.* The word refers to an assembly of the gods in five out of six instances in which S. uses it. See *A. Y. L.* p. 173, note on *Heavenly synod.*

102. *Delighted.* Delightful; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 290: "If virtue no delighted beauty lack." See Gr. 294, 374.

105. *Jovial.* See on iv. 2. 312 above.

116. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 2. 51 and v. 2. 16 above. *Foot us*=seize us in his talons.

118. *Prunes.* That is, picks off the loose feathers, to smooth the rest. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 142.

Cloys. Claws, or strokes with his claws; "an accustomed action with hawks and eagles" (Steevens).

125. *Scorn.* Mockery.

129. *Swerve.* Err.

133. *Book.* The *tablet* of 109 above.

134. *Fangled.* "Gaudy, vainly decorated; perhaps the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it" (Malone).

138. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

145. *Tongue and brain not.* Speak without understanding. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 28: "How might she tongue me!" S. does not use *brain* elsewhere as a verb, except in the sense of beat out the brains.

147. *Be what it is.* Be it what it may. Gr. 404.

148. *Action.* Course.

155. *The shot.* Cf. Falstaff's play upon the word in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 31: "Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here."

158. *Often.* Some one has conjectured "as often," but the ellipsis is a common one. See Gr. 276.

161. *Are paid.* With a play on the sense of *punished.* Cf. iv. 2. 247 above.

163. *Drawn.* Drawn dry, emptied. The metaphor is probably taken from drawing off the contents of a cask, not from removing the entrails of a fowl, as Steevens makes it.

166. *Debitor and creditor.* An account book (Johnson and Schmidt). Delius hyphens the words, which formed the title of certain old treatises on book-keeping. Cf. *Oth.* p. 156.

167. *Counters.* Round pieces of metal used in calculations. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38: "I cannot do 't without counters." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 164; and cf. *Oth.* p. 156, note on *Counter-caster.*

176. *So pictured.* Being represented as a skeleton.

177. *Or take.* The folios have "or to take;" corrected by Capell.

178. *Jump.* Risk, hazard. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 7: "jump the life to come." See also *Cor.* p. 239.

179. *How you shall speed.* How you shall fare, what luck you shall have; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 283, *K. John,* iv. 2. 141, etc.

182. *Wink.* Shut their eyes. See on ii. 3. 21 above.

195. *Prone.* That is, eager for the gallows.

200. *Gallowses.* Doubtless intended as a vulgar plural. Elsewhere we find *gallows;* as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 74: "a fat pair of gallows," etc.

201. *Hath a preferment in 't.* Apparently = hath the prospect of promotion in it; that is, in a better state of society he would probably have a better office than that of gaoler.

SCENE V.—2. *Woe is my heart.* That is, *to* my heart. Cf. "woe is me" in *Ham.* iii. 1. 168, etc.

5. *Targes.* Targets, shields. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 556: "with targe and shield," etc. Here the word is a monosyllable. See Gr. 471. For

proof=resisting power (a technical term with reference to armour), cf. *Rich. II.* p. 162.

11. *Search'd.* Sought.

13. *The heir of his reward.* That is, the reward meant for him reverts to me.

27. *Who.* Changed to "Whom" in the 2d folio. Cf. iv. 2. 77 above.

28. *Consider.* Remember, bear in mind.

30. *How ended she?* For *end*=die, cf. *T. N.* ii. 1. 22, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 80, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 20, etc.

38. *Affected.* Loved; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82:

> "There is a lady in Verona here
> Whom I affect," etc.

43. *Bore in hand.* Pretended. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 80: "How you were borne in hand" (flattered with false hopes); and see our ed. p. 208.

47. *Delicate.* Explained by Schmidt as "ingenious, artful;" but it is probably=lovely (cf. 63 below), and put in strong antithesis to *fiend.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 75: "fiend angelical!"

50. *Mortal mineral.* Deadly poison. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 306: "like a poisonous mineral," etc. W. remarks: "There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the 16th and 17th centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the mortal mineral still most effectual for the poisoner's purposes." For *took*, cf. iii. 6. 48 above.

54. *And in time.* The 2d folio has "yes and in time." Walker conjectures "and in due time," and Jervis "and so in time."

55. *Fitted you.* Prepared you, got you into a fit frame of mind.

58. *Shameless-desperate.* For compound adjectives in S., see Gr. 2. The hyphen was first inserted by Capell. *Open'd*=disclosed, revealed.

62. *Mine eyes.* Hanmer reads "Yet mine eyes."

64. *Heard.* The reading of the 3d folio; the 1st and 2d have "heare."

70. *Raz'd.* The folios have "rac'd;" corrected by Theo.

74. *Estate.* State, condition. See *M. of V.* p. 151.

80. *Sufficeth.* It suffices. For the ellipsis, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 252, iii. 2. 108, 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 24, etc. Gr. 404.

83. *Peculiar.* Personal; as in *Ham.* iii. 3. 11: "The single and peculiar life;" *Oth.* i. 1. 60: "for my peculiar end," etc.

87. *Over his occasions.* H. thinks this is="beyond what the occasions required;" but it may mean *in regard to* what was required. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 128: "tender o'er his follies." Schmidt strangely explains it: "so nicely sensible of his wants."

88. *Feat.* "Ready, dexterous in waiting" (Johnson). Cf. *Temp.* p. 120, note on *Foot it featly.* See also on the verb, in i. 1. 49 above.

Clarke remarks: "This gentle adaptation of herself and her womanly accomplishments to her assumed office of page crowns the perfection of Imogen's character. Her power, too, of attracting and attaching all who come near her—her father, who loves her in spite of the harshness he has shown her under the influence of his fiendish queen; her husband who has been her 'play-fellow' when a boy, and her lover in manhood, even after her supposed death; her faithful servant, Pisanio; her broth-

ers, who know her but as a poor, homeless boy; Belarius, whose sympathy for the sick youth makes the way forth seem tedious; and Lucius, who pleads for the gentle lad's life with so earnest a warmth, while bearing so affectionate a testimony to his qualities as a page—this power of hers speaks indirectly, but indisputably, in testimony of her bewitching nature."

93. *Favour.* Face. See on i. 6. 41 above.

94. *Look'd thyself into my grace.* Won my favour by thy looks.

95. *Nor wherefore.* The *nor*, omitted in the folios, was supplied by Rowe.

103. *A thing*, etc. "The ring on Iachimo's finger" (J. H.).

119. *Walk with me.* Withdraw with me. See on i. 1. 176 above.

120. *One sand another*, etc. This has been suspected of corruption, but it is probably only one of the many elliptical constructions in the play. Hanmer reads:

> "One sand
> Another doth not more resemble than
> He the sweet rosy lad who died, and was
> Fidele;"

and Capell:

> "One sand
> Another not resembles more than he
> That sweet and rosy lad who died, and was
> Fidele."

Johnson put a period after *resembles*. K., D., W., the Camb. ed., Clarke, and others retain the old text.

126. *Saw.* The folios have "see;" corrected by Rowe.

135. *Render.* State, tell. Cf. ii. 4. 119 above.

143. *Jewel.* See on i. 4. 142 above.

145. *Sir.* See on i. 6. 159 above.

154. *Struck.* The folios have "strooke" or "strook," as in many other passages; oftener than *struck*, which Rowe substituted here.

160. *Rar'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

Sitting sadly, etc. This does not exactly agree with the circumstances as they appear in i. 4 above; but such variations are not uncommon in S. "In the present case," as Clarke remarks, "he may either have made it to give the effect of that inaccuracy of memory which often marks the narration of a past occurrence even in persons habitually truthful, or in order to denote Iachimo's innate untruthfulness and unscrupulousness, which lead him to falsify in minor matters as in those of greater moment."

163. *Feature.* Shape, figure; as often. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 73: "He is complete in feature and in mind," etc. *Laming*=making seem lame or deformed.

164. *Shrine.* Image, statue. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 40: "To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint." See also *R. of L.* 194 and *R. and J.* i. 5. 96.

Straight-pight. Straight-fixed, erect. Cf. *pight* (=fixed. in a figurative sense) in *Lear*, ii. 1. 67; and see our ed. p. 197.

165. *Postures beyond brief nature.* "Postures of beings that are immortal" (J. H.).

Condition = disposition, character. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil," etc.

166. *Shop.* Storehouse.

172. *Lover.* For the feminine use, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 116, *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 46, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 101, etc.

177. *Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls.* Were made in praise of mere kitchen-wenches. *Crack* was sometimes = bluster, swagger. Cf. the noun in *K. John*, ii. 1. 147: "What cracker is this same that deafs our ears," etc.; and see our ed. p. 143.

178. *Unspeaking sots.* Fools incapable of speech. For *sots*, cf. *Temp.* p. 132, or *C. of E.* p. 123.

180. *As.* As if. See on v. 4. 116 above.

182. *Made scruple.* Expressed doubt. Cf. the play on *scruple* in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 149: "the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself."

190. *Of Phœbus' wheel.* Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 28:

> "He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
> Like holy Phœbus' car."

193. *Taught of.* Cf. *Isa.* liv. 13, *John*, vi. 45, 1 *Thess.* iv. 9, etc.

197. *Gan.* See on ii. 3. 18 and v. 3. 37 above.

198. *Vantage.* Advantage. See *K. John*, p. 150.

199. *Practice.* Artifice, stratagem. Cf. *Ham.* p. 255, or *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

200. *Simular.* Counterfeited, false. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 54: "Thou perjur'd and thou simular of virtue;" where the quartos have "simular man."

203. *Averring.* Alleging. Some make it an adjective = confirmatory.

205. *It.* Omitted in the 1st folio.

206. *That.* So that. See on v. 3. 11 above.

207. *Crack'd.* Broken; as in i. 3. 17, and iii. 1. 28 above.

214. *Justicer.* Judge; as in *Lear*, iii. 6. 59: "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" See our ed. p. 226. Steevens quotes *Law Tricks*, 1608: "No; we must have an upright justicer;" and Warner, *Albions England*, 1602: "a justicer upright."

216. *Amend.* Improve upon, surpass; or perhaps = "make to seem less vile" (J. H.).

221. *And she herself.* "That is, she was not only the temple of Virtue, but Virtue herself" (Johnson).

222. *Spit.* The 2d and 3d folios have "spet," for which see *M. of V.* p. 135.

223. *Bay me.* Bark at me. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 27: "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon," etc. The 3d and 4th folios have "bait."

228. *Shall 's.* See on iv. 2. 234 above.

229. *There lie thy part.* Play thy part by lying there.

233. *Comes.* The folio reading; changed by Rowe to "come." See on iii. 4. 140 above.

These staggers = "this wild and delirious perturbation" (Johnson).

238. *Tune.* Voice, accent. Cf. *Sonn.* 141. 5: "thy tongue's tune;" *Cor.* ii. 3. 92: "the tune of your voices," etc.

245. *Approve.* Prove; as in iv. 2. 381 above.

249. *Importun'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Gr. 492.

250. *Temper.* Compound, mix; used of *poisons* in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 21, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 98, and *Ham.* v. 2. 339.

259. *Dead.* Insensible, like one dead. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 7. 9:

> "For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead
> Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
> Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread," etc.

262. *Think that you are upon a rock.* This has perplexed some of the critics, and sundry changes have been proposed; but if we suppose that Imogen here throws her arms about her husband's neck (according to the stage-direction first inserted by Hanmer), all is clear enough. Having done this, she says, "Now imagine yourself on some high rock, and throw me from you again—if you have the heart to do it." This action is necessary also to explain the reply of Posthumus, *Hang there*, etc.

265. *Mak'st thou me a dullard*, etc. "Do you give me in this scene, the part only of a looker-on? S. was thinking of the stage" (St.).

271. *Naught.* Worthless, wicked. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142, or *Rich. III.* p. 182.

Long of her. Because of her, owing to her. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 339: "You, mistress, all this coil is long of you," etc. *Long* is equivalent to *along*, but not a contraction of it. See Wb.

274. *Troth.* Truth; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 36: "And to speak troth, I have forgot our way," etc. The 4th folio reads "truth."

283. *Enforc'd.* Got by force. Cf. iv. 3. 11 above.

284. *With unchaste purpose.* Some critic has objected that Cloten does not tell his *purpose* while Pisanio is on the stage in iii. 5 above; but in line 149 he intimates that he intends to make the latter a confidant of his *design*, and we may assume that he does so afterwards.

287. *Forfend.* Forbid. See *Oth.* p. 206.

292. *Incivil.* Changed by Capell to "uncivil;" but S. uses *incertain*, *ingrateful*, *infortunate*, *insociable*, etc., as well as the forms in *un-*. Cf. Gr. 442.

305. *Scar.* The word has been suspected, and "sense," "score," etc., have been proposed as emendations; but, as Clarke notes, the expression is "a very characteristic one for a veteran soldier to use, who can conceive no better claim to merit than having plenteous *scars* to show." W. prints "scarre" (as in the folio), which he takes to be the same obscure word that has perplexed the critics in *A. W.* iv. 2. 38.

308. *Tasting of.* Testing, trying. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 267: "men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour," etc. See also the noun in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 52, *Lear*, i. 2. 47, etc.

310. *We will die all three*, etc. We will all die if I do not prove, etc. We follow the pointing of the folio, as Clarke does. The editors generally put a colon after *three*.

313. *For mine own part*, etc. That is, dangerous for myself. For the transposition, see Gr. 419*a*. Cf. ii. 3. 94 above.

315. *Have at it then.* Here 's for it then, I 'll tell the story. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 302: "Have at it with you," etc.

319. *Assum'd this age.* That is, assumed or acquired it with the lapse of time. He speaks thus, as Henley suggests, with reference to the change in his appearance since Cymbeline last saw him. Tyrwhitt wanted to read "this gage."

323. *Confiscate.* For the form, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 21, i. 2. 2, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 311, 332, etc. S. accents the word on either the first or second syllable, as suits the measure.

326. *Prefer.* Promote, advance. See on ii. 3. 129 above.

334. *Your pleasure*, etc. "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I have committed, originated in and were founded on your caprice only" (Malone). For *mere* the folios have "neere" or "near;" corrected by Rann (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt). Johnson suggested "dear."

338. *Those . . . as.* See Gr. 280.

344. *Beaten.* My being beaten.

345. *Dear loss.* Loss so deeply felt. See *Rich. II.* p. 164, or *Temp.* p. 124.

346. *Shap'd Unto my end.* Shaped itself to, or suited, my purpose.

349. *Sweet'st.* See on i. 1. 96 above.

352. *Thou weep'st, and speak'st*, etc. "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate" (Johnson).

360. *Lapp'd.* Wrapped. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 115:

> "he did lap me
> Even in his garments," etc.

362. *Probation.* Proof, evidence; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 156:

> "and of the truth herein
> The present object made probation."

See also *Oth.* iii. 3. 365, *Macb.* iii. 1. 80, etc.

364. *A mole*, etc. "Most poetically, as well as with most subtle philosophical knowledge of Nature's workings in the matter of kindred and inherited distinctive marks, has S. given to the prince brother an almost precisely similar personal badge-spot with the one which lies upon the snow of the princess sister's breast. Imogen's 'mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip,' and Guiderius's 'mole, a sanguine star,' are twinned in beauty with a poet's imagination and a naturalist's truth" (Clarke). Cf. p. 35 above.

369. *Mother.* The object of the verb, *deliverance* being the subject.

370. *Pray.* Needlessly, not to say badly, changed by Rowe to "may." The elliptical construction is quite like many others already noted in the play.

371. *Orbs.* Orbits, or, more properly, the "spheres" of the old Ptolemaic astronomy. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 194, or *Ham.* p. 254 (note on *Sphere*).

378. *When ye.* The folios have "When we;" corrected by Rowe.

380. *He died.* As Clarke notes, the use of the pronouns in this line

and the next is very natural, though Hanmer tried to spoil it by changing *he* to "she." Guiderius is so accustomed to think of his sister as a boy that, in reverting to their experiences in the forest, he inadvertently speaks of her as *he;* while Cornelius, who has known her only in her true sex, of course calls her *she.*

381. *Instinct.* For the accent, see on iv. 2. 178 above.

382. *Fierce.* Either="vehement, rapid" (Johnson), or="disordered, irregular" (Schmidt). Perhaps it combines the ideas of hurried and wild or disordered.

384. *Distinction should be rich in.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens); or, a more distinct and detailed statement ought to bring out fully.

388. *Your three motives.* The motives of you three.

392. *Inter'gatories.* The folios have "interrogatories;" but the contracted form (for which see *M. of V.* p. 165, or *A. W.* p. 170) suits the measure better, and was introduced by Malone at Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

393. *Anchors.* For the figure, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 3:

> "Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> Anchors on Isabel."

395. *Her master.* That is, Lucius.

396. *The counterchange,* etc. This is reciprocated each by each.

405. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable before the noun, as in *Sonn.* 33. 7 and *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124; but on the last when in the predicate, as in *R. of L.* 1500, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 55 above.

406. *Becom'd.* Changed by Warb. to "become;" but the form occurs also in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26 and *A. and C.* iii. 7. 26. Cf. *misbecomed* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 778.

408. *Company.* The only instance of the verb in S.

409. *Beseeming.* Seeming, appearance. *Fitment*=equipment. The former is used by S. only here; the latter occurs in *Per.* iv. 6. 6 (not Shakespeare's part of the play), where it is=what is fit, or duty.

412. *Made you finish.* Put an end to you. Cf. 36 above.

418. *The power that I have on you.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 93: "Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty." See also *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 238, *Macb.* v. 3. 7, etc. Elsewhere *have power* is followed by *in* (*Much Ado,* iv. 1. 75, etc.), by *over* (*Rich. III.* i. 2. 47, etc.), and by *unto* (*A. and C.* ii. 2. 146, etc.).

419. *Forgive you.* The plays of Shakespeare's "fourth period" (see Mr. Furnivall's classification, *A. Y. L.* p. 26) are "all of reunion, of reconciliation and forgiveness." Even Iachimo—"a kind of less absolutely evil Iago," as Dowden calls him—repents in time to share in the general pardon.

422. *Holp.* Used as the past tense of *help,* except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138; also the common form for the participle.

424. *Joy'd.* For the transitive use, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 220 and *Per.* i. 2. 9.

428. *Spritely shows.* Ghostly apparitions.

431. *From.* Away from, far from. Cf. i. 4. 14 above.

432. *No collection of it.* No inference from it. S. uses *collection* elsewhere only in *Ham.* iv. 5. 9 and v. 2. 199, where the sense is similar.

435. *Whenas.* When; as in v. 4. 138 above. W. considers that the *scroll* and the four following speeches are "plainly not from Shakespeare's pen." It is not improbable that this part of the scene was "tinkered" to make it jibe with the interpolated masque in v. 4. Coll. suggests that both vision and scroll formed part of an older play. Such riddles were popular on the earlier stage.

447. *Mulier.* It is hardly necessary to say that the word is *not* derived from *mollis aer.*

448. *This.* Changed by Capell to "thy," and by Keightley to "this thy." Delius conjectures "your." These emendations are intended to furnish an antecedent for *who* in the next line; but it is better to assume that *who* refers to wife, and that there is a change in construction in *were clipp'd*, perhaps due to the *you* in the same line. Cf. Gr. 415.

450. *Clipp'd.* Clasped, embraced. See on ii. 3. 132 above.

453. *Point . . . forth.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 572: "The which shall point you forth," etc.

463. *Whom heavens*, etc. Another example of confused construction in a relative clause. See Gr. 249, and cf. 394. *Hers*=her son Cloten.

468. *Yet this.* Changed by Theo. and the more recent editors (except W.) to "this yet," the reading of the 3d folio; but the transposition of *yet* is so common in S. (cf. Gr. 76) that we are not justified in altering the original text. See on ii. 3. 73 above.

471. *Herself.* For the feminine *eagle*, cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 169:

> "For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking," etc.

480. *Friendly.* For the adverbial use, cf. iii. 5. 13 above.

483. *Set on.* Like *set forward* in 478 above, =march on. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 180.

Did cease. For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

Johnson (cf. p. 15 above) sums up his estimate of *Cymbeline* thus: "This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 247), with a few explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"The time of the drama includes twelve days represented on the stage; with intervals.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.–iii.
An Interval. Posthumus's journey to Rome.
" 2. Act I. sc. iv.
An Interval. Iachimo's journey to Britain.
" 3. Act I. sc. v.* and vi., Act II. sc. i. and part of sc. ii.
" 4. Act II. sc. ii., in part, and sc. iii. [Act III. sc. i. also belongs to this day†].
An Interval. Iachimo's return journey to Rome.
" 5. Act II. sc. iv. and v.
An Interval. Time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.
[Act III. sc. i. See Day No. 4.]
" 6. Act III. sc. ii. and iii.
An Interval, including one clear day. Imogen and Pisanio journey to Wales.
" 7. Act III. sc. iv.
An Interval, including one clear day. Pisanio returns to Court.
" 8. Act III. sc. v. and vi.
[Act III. sc. vii. In Rome. Time, between Days 5 and 6.‡]
An Interval, including one clear day. Cloten journeys to Wales.
" 9. Act IV. sc. i. and ii.
An Interval—a few days perhaps.
" 10. Act IV. sc. iii.
" 11. Act IV. sc. iv.
" 12. Act V. sc. i.–v."

Truest (p. 175).—Since the note on this passage was in type, it has occurred to us that the interpretation there given is confirmed by the fact that Imogen *has been reading the letter to herself* during the preceding

* "Another possible arrangement in time for this sc. v. would be to make it concurrent with Day No. 2; or again, it might have a separate day assigned to it, to be placed in the interval marked for Iachimo's journey to Britain. . . . Its position as the early morning of Day 3, 'whiles yet the dew 's on ground,' is, however, quite consistent with my scheme of time."

† "Act III. sc. i. Britain. Cymbeline and his Court receive in state Caius Lucius, the ambassador, who comes to demand the tribute till lately paid to Rome. The tribute is denied, and Lucius denounces in the Emperor's name war against Britain. His office discharged, he is welcomed to the court, and bid 'make pastime with us a day or two, or longer.' The time of this scene is so evidently that of Day No. 4, that I am compelled to place it here within brackets, as has been done in other cases where scenes are out of their due order as regards time."

‡ "Act III. sc. vii. Rome. Enter two Senators and Tribunes. We learn that Lucius is appointed general of the army to be employed in the war in Britain. This army *is to* consist of the forces 'remaining now in Gallia,' supplemented with a levy of the gentry of Rome. This scene is evidently out of place. In any time-scheme it must come much earlier in the drama. . . . It may be supposed to occupy part of the interval I have marked as 'Time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.'"

speech (*aside*) of Iachimo. Having come to the end of it, she now turns to him and reads aloud the closing lines with their reference to himself. It was, moreover, natural that Pisanio should first write the loving messages that would form the substance of an absent husband's letter to his wife, and then close with commending the bearer to her courtesy. We can imagine that what Imogen reads aloud was preceded by something like "I send you this by my friend Iachimo, who is going to Britain."

Doing nothing for a bribe (p. 191).—Since this note was written, we see that Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare: the Man and the Book, Part II.* p. 10) reads "badge" for *bribe*. He says: "*Badge* is one of those very slight and effective alterations of the text which deserve the name of emendations. The badge was an ornamental cognizance worn by the clients and hangers-on of a great nobleman or courtier, and was valued as people now value a blue or red ribbon. This felicitous emendation was due to the sagacity of Mr. A. E. Brae." It is certainly very plausible, and perhaps suits the context better than *bribe*.

On *sharded*, just above, Dr. Ingleby remarks: "Observe that when Shakespeare speaks of the crawling beetle he calls him *sharded*, that is, covered by his shards; but when he speaks of the flying beetle he calls him *shard-borne*, that is, supported in air by his outstretched shards."

Command into obedience, etc. (iii. 4. 155).—Dr. Ingleby (p. 36) puts this among the instances in which S. seems to say the reverse of what he means. He says: "if she were bid to 'change fear and niceness into a waggish courage,' she must be bid to 'change obedience into command.'" But is not Pisanio thinking of her forgetting to be a *princess* as well as a *woman*, and entering the service of Lucius, as he goes on to suggest?

Defect of judgment, etc. (p. 203).—In writing the note on this passage, we overlooked Dr. Ingleby's explanation (*Part I.* of the work cited above, p. 151), which clears it up in a simpler and better way. He says: "'Defect of judgment,' which all commentators have taken to mean *the total absence of judgment*, means *the defective use of judgment*. They were betrayed into this mistake by another: interpreting the phrase 'scarce made up to man' as if it referred to Cloten's youth ('before he arrived to man's estate,' says Knight), whereas Cloten was a middle-aged man. . . . On the contrary, the phrase *made up to man* signified—in the full possession of a man's judgment; and when it is said that a certain person is 'scarce made up,' it means that he had not a man's judgment. Cloten, being scarce made up, took no heed of terrors that roared loud enough for men with their wits about them, and thus he braved danger; for it is the defective use of judgment (when men have any) which is oft the cause of fear. Cf. 'defect of judgment' in *Cor.* iv. 7. 39, and 'defects of judgment' in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 55." On *scarce made up*, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 21.

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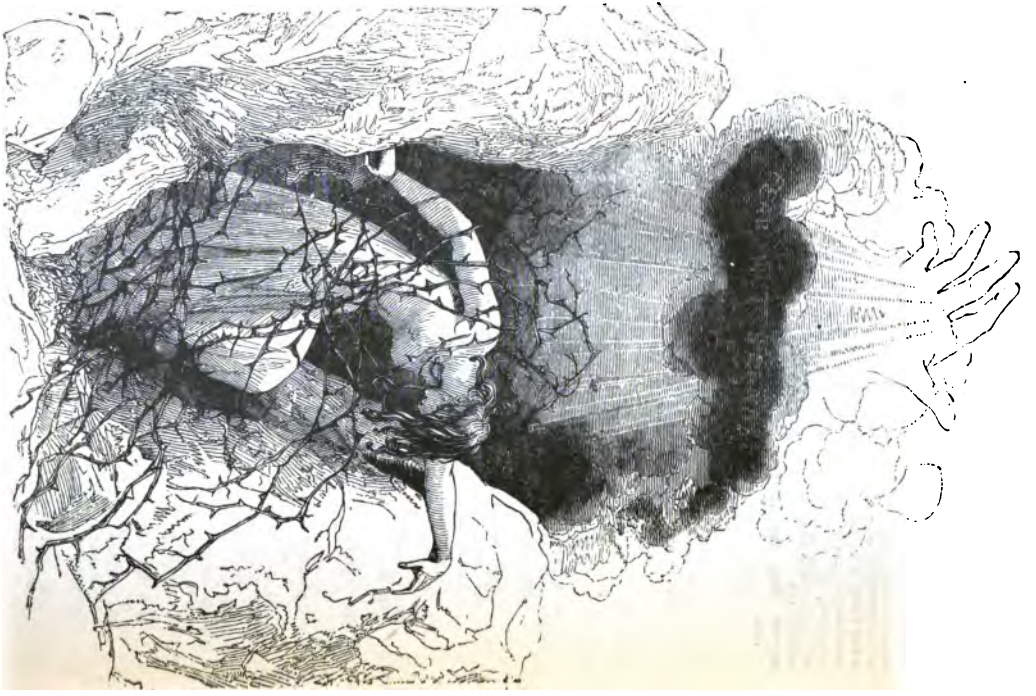

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE WINTER'S TALE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,

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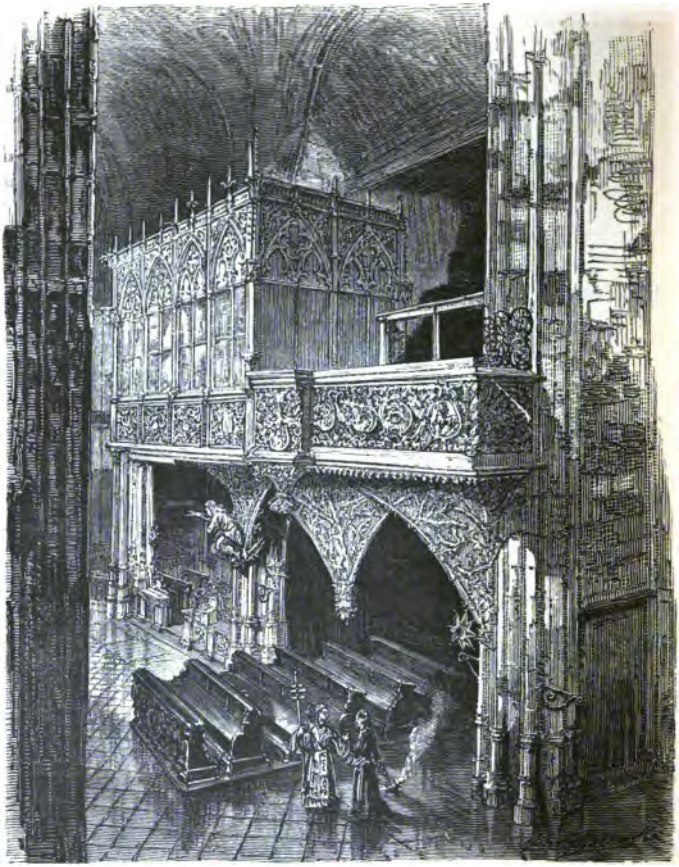

ROYAL ORATORY IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PRAGUE (14TH CENTURY).

A SEAPORT IN BOHEMIA.

What country, friends, is this? (*T. N.* i. 2. 1).

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE WINTER'S TALE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Winter's Tale, so far as we have any knowledge, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is the last of the "Comedies," occupying pages 277 to 303 inclusive.

Malone found a memorandum in the *Office Book* of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, which he gives (see Var. of 1821, vol. iii. p. 229) as follows:

"For the king's players. An olde playe called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing profane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Malone also discovered that Sir George Buck did not ob-

tain full possession of his office as Master of the Revels until August, 1610;* and he therefore conjectured that *The Winter's Tale* "was originally licensed in the latter part of that year or the beginning of the next." This date is confirmed by the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, since discovered (see our ed. of *Richard II.* p. 13, and cf. *M. N. D.* p. 10), which contains the following reference to the acting of "the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye:" †

"Obserue ther howe Lyontes the kinge of Cicillia was overcom with Ielosy of his wife, with the kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death, and wold haue had his cup-berer to haue poisoned, [*sic*] who gaue the king of bohemia warning ther-of, & fled with him to bohemia / Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo, & the Aunswer of apollo that she was giltles, and that the king was Ielouse, &c, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was caried into bohemia, & ther laid in a forrest, & brought vp by a sheppard. And the kinge of bohemia his sonn maried that wentch, & howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent a [*sic*] was that child, and the Iewelles found about her. she was knowen to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

Remember also the Rog. that cam in all tottered like coll pixci / and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had, and how he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher‡ with a pedlers packe, & ther cosoned them Again of all ther money. And howe he changed apparrell with the kinge of

* The *Stationers' Registers* show, however, that he had practically the control of the office from the year 1607.

† We give the passage as printed in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1875–76, p. 416.

‡ That is, sheep-shearing.

bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned Courtiar, &c / beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse."

The following entry in the *Accounts of the Revels*, quoted by most of the editors, has been proved to be a forgery, like the similar entries concerning *The Tempest* (see our ed. p. 8), *The Merchant of Venice* (p. 19), and other of Shakespeare's plays:

The Kings players.	The 5th of Nouember [1611]; A play called y^e^ winters nightes Tayle.

The internal tests, metrical, æsthetic, and other, all tend to show that the play was one of the poet's last productions. Dowden (*Shakspere Primer*, p. 151), says of it: "The versification is that of Shakspere's latest group of plays; no five-measure lines are rhymed; run-on lines and double-endings are numerous. The tone and feeling of *The Winter's Tale* place it in the same period with *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*; its breezy air is surely that which blew over Warwickshire fields upon Shakspere now returned to Stratford; its country lads and lasses, and their junketings, are those with which the poet had in a happy spirit renewed his acquaintance. This is perhaps the last complete play that Shakspere wrote."

It may be noted here that Ben Jonson has a little fling at *The Winter's Tale* in the Induction of his *Bartholomew Fair*, published in 1614: "If there be never a Servant-Monster i' the fayre, who can helpe it, he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries." The "antiques," or *antics*, are evidently the dancing Satyrs of iv. 4, as the "servant-monster" is the Caliban of *The Tempest* (see our ed. of that play, p. 8).

The Winter's Tale is one of the most carefully printed plays in the folio, even the punctuation being exceptionally accurate. The style presents unusual difficulties, being more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other

work of Shakespeare's. Under the circumstances, as White remarks, "it is rather surprising that the text has come down to us in so pure a state; and the absolute incomprehensibility of one or two passages may safely be attributed to the attempt, on the part of the printers, to correct that which they thought corrupt in their copy, but which was only obscure."

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of *The Winter's Tale* is taken from Robert Greene's *History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which appeared first in 1588, under the title of *Pandosto*, and passed through several editions. Shakespeare follows the novel in most particulars, but varies from it in a few of some importance. For instance, in the story as told by Greene, Bellaria (Hermione) dies upon hearing of the loss of her son; and Pandosto (Leontes) falls in love with his own daughter, and is finally seized with a kind of melancholy or madness, in which he kills himself. The poet appears to have changed the *dénouement* because he was writing a comedy, not a tragedy.

One of the minor incidents may possibly have been altered for another reason. In *Pandosto* the daughter of the king is cast adrift at sea in a rudderless boat. Collier suggests that this was changed in *The Winter's Tale* because in *The Tempest* the same incident had already been used in the case of Prospero and Miranda. The two plays are undoubtedly of nearly the same date, but, as Gervinus observes, this alteration in the story does not prove that *The Tempest* was written first, but only indicates that the plan of both pieces was sketched at the same time.

We need hardly add that the poet's indebtedness to the novelist, as in so many other cases of the kind, is really insignificant. "Whatever the merits of Greene's work—and it is a good tale of its sort and its time, though clumsily and pedantically told—they are altogether different in kind (we

will not consider the question of degree) from the merits of Shakespeare. In characterization of personages the tale is notably coarse and commonplace, in thought arid and barren, and in language alternately meagre and inflated; whereas there are few more remarkable creations in all literature than Hermione, Perdita, Autolycus, Paulina, not to notice minor characters; and its teeming wealth of wisdom, and the daring and dainty beauty of its poetry, give the play a high place in the second rank of Shakespeare's works. Briefly, it is the old story over again: the dry stick that seems to bloom and blossom is but hidden by the leafy luxuriance and floral splendour of the plant that has been trained upon it" (White).

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Ulrici's "Shakspeare's Dramatic Art."**]

The general foundation and plan of the whole—the jealousy of Leontes, the seclusion of the Queen and the repentance of her husband, the young Prince's love for the exceedingly beautiful shepherdess, etc.—although unusual, are nevertheless in accordance with reality; the characters, also, are consistently developed, without sudden changes and psychological improbabilities. Individual features, however, are all the more fantastic. We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concatenation of events, circumstances, and relations; every thing is removed from common experience. Not only is Delphos spoken of as an island and Bohemia as a maritime country (local reality, therefore, disregarded), but the reality of time also is completely set aside, inasmuch as the Delphic oracle is made to exist contemporaneously with Russian emperors and the great painter Julio Romano; in fact, the heroic age and the times of chivalry, the ancient customs of mythical religion, and

* *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, by Dr. Hermann Ulrici; translated from the third German ed. by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. ii. p. 30 fol.

Christianity with its institutions are brought together *sans cérémonie.* It is a matter of accident that the death of the Crown Prince is announced simultaneously with the utterance of the oracle, and that the condition of the Queen appears like actual death. It is purely an accident that the babe is saved at the very moment that the nobleman who exposed it is torn to pieces by a bear, and that his ship, with all on board, is lost, so that no tidings could be carried back to Sicilia. It is mere accident that the young Prince of Bohemia strays into woods, and meets the shepherds with whom the Princess is living. In the end similar freaks of chance repair the results of the first accidents, bring all the dramatic personages together in Sicilia, put every thing into its proper order, and bring about a happy conclusion. As, therefore, the unreal, the fantastic, is here expressed in individual features rather than in the general fundamental relations of the play, so it is also more the interaction of external matters of chance that governs the whole and solves the contradiction of opinions and intentions, of deeds and events; thus, in spite of all the apparent impossibilities, that which is rational and right is ultimately brought about.

It is just this sovereignty of eternal contingency, however, that gives the play the character of a tale and its title. For pure contingency—in its outward, objective form, which, as such, interrupts the order of nature, the given disposition of time and space, the causal connection of things, and comes in between like a foreign element—stands in the closest affinity to the idea of the marvellous. A tale or fairy tale, however, does not, as might be supposed, assume the wonderful merely as a form or outward dress; the wonderful is rather an essential element in it, because it is itself essentially based upon the *mystic* view of things, which looks upon life only as the outward form of a deep, unrevealable mystery, to which every thing, therefore, appears an inexplicable wonder. Accordingly, that which in common life—in our

ignorance of its cause and necessity—we call chance, is made the ruling principle of the tale or fairy tale, and, in order that the principle, as such, may also be clearly and distinctly brought forward, it presents itself in strange, arbitrary, and fantastic shapes, in outward forms opposed to common reality. What is fairy-tale-like in character is, on this very account, a legitimate ingredient in the comic view of life, *but only in the comic view;* a tragic fairy tale would be a poetical monstrosity.* In *The Winter's Tale*, however, Shakspeare has not opened up the whole region of the marvellous; he has described the wonderful, not so much in its outer form as in its ideal nature and character. In fact, it exists here only in the incomprehensibility of outward contingency and the mysterious connection of the latter with the actions and fortunes of the dramatic characters. By thus modifying the idea Shakspeare has brought the whole nearer to the common reality of life, and enhances the effect by the greater illusion, for, in fact, a tale gains in poetic beauty when the representation of the marvellous is introduced noiselessly, as if it were the most ordinary of occurrences.

Shakspeare has here again, I think, intimated by the title of his play in what sense he took up and worked upon Greene's romance. He could hardly have intended merely to dramatize a traditional tale; the play is not called "*A* Winter's Tale," but "*The* Winter's Tale." The poet's intention here was again, as it were, to hold the mirror up to nature, to show the body of the time its pressure. In other words, he wished to show that from a certain point of view life itself appears like a strange, cheerful, and yet eerie winter's tale—a tale told to a circle of poetically disposed listeners gathered round the flickering fireside of a peaceful, happy home, on a raw winter's night, by a master in the art of story-telling, while the atmosphere of the warm, secure,

* Accordingly the alterations which Shakspeare made in Greene's novel were artistically necessary.

and joyous assembly mixes with the terrors of the adventures narrated, and with the cold, dismal night outside. It becomes this solely by the mysterious veil that envelops the power of chance which is spread over the whole. It is cheerful because through this veil we everywhere get a glimmer of the light of a future which is leading all towards what is good, and because we everywhere feel that the dismal darkness of the present will be cleared off by a necessity which, even though equally dark, is internal. And yet a gentle shudder runs through our frame . . . when we behold how, owing to the mysterious connection in the power of evil, mischief follows close upon the footsteps of sin, threatening the welfare of the whole kingdom; and again when we behold how accident, as the avenging angel, seizes and destroys even the unwilling tools of crime, and how this complication of crimes even threatens to disturb the peaceful, innocent happiness of the old shepherd and his family.

It is self-evident that when life appears like a strange winter's tale, the conception cannot and should not be regarded as the plain and absolute truth. Shakspeare's intention was rather to set forward but one side, one element of the whole which is but little taken into consideration. And, in fact, this view of life contains the profound truth that life does not present itself to man only in its undimmed transparency and perfect clearness, like a bright, cheerful summer's day, but that it is enveloped in a mysterious, irremovable veil, and governed by a power that cannot always be recognized. Shakspeare does not forget to point to the fact that the only means a man has of protecting himself from this dark power is by strict adherence to the moral law and to the ethical order of the universe, and that, on the other hand, he inevitably falls a prey to it by wandering from the right path, by passion and want of self-control, and thus becomes a play-ball to its good or bad humours.

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."**]

Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals—he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals. Greene had already taught him to pay no attention to probability with regard to place, since in his narrative reference had already been made to the *sea-shore* in Bohemia and to the *island* of Delphos. Added to this, there are mistakes in the style of those of Cervantes, where the theft of Sancho Panza's ass is forgotten. Prince Florizel, who (iv. 4) appears

* *Shakespeare Commentaries*, by Dr. G. G. Gervinus, translated by F. E. Bunnett: revised ed. (London, 1875), p. 802 fol.

in *shepherd's clothes*, exchanges immediately afterwards his *court garments* with Autolycus in the same scene; the old shepherd (iii. 3) knows at once, but whence does not appear, that the slaughtered Antigonus was an old man. Jonson and Dryden have made all this of far too much consequence, even while laughing at it. Pope has even doubted the genuineness of the play. The scenic effect, the excellent characterization of certain personages, and the beauty of the language of the play were acknowledged, but the poet was continually upbraided for those very marvels which, in our opinion, he only intended as such. Three times in the play, and once for all in the title, he dwelt as emphatically as possible on the fictitious character of the play, which is wholly founded on the incredible and improbable. If we *will* dispute with him, it must be on the one point only—whether fictions be admissible on the stage or not. We must not criticise mistakes here and there, which, if that admissibility be allowed, may well have been purposed by the poet. . . .

While Shakespeare has at other times permitted in his dramas the existence of a twofold action, connected by a common idea, it was not necessary in the instance before us to sever the wasplike body of Greene's story, nor could he have entirely concentrated the two actions; he could but connect them indistinctly by a leading idea in both, although the manner in which he has outwardly connected them is a delicate and spirited piece of art, uniting, as he has done, tragedy and comedy, making the one elevate the other, and thus enriching the stage with a tragi-comic pastoral, a combination wholly unknown even to the good Polonius. . . .

Shakespeare has written little that can compare with the fourth act of *The Winter's Tale* for variety, liveliness, and beauty. But the fifth act rises still higher in the magic scene of the reanimation of Hermione and the description of the recognition that precedes it. The poet has wisely placed this event behind the scenes, otherwise the play would have

been too full of powerful scenes. "The dignity of this act," it is said, "was worth the audience of kings and princes; but the actors, too, who should play these scenes worthily, ought to be kings." The mere relation of this meeting is in itself a rare masterpiece of prose description.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in *The Winter's Tale*, and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione; yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. . . .

The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant — of simplicity with elevation — of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Chlorises and Sylvias of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions; as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, "vermeil-tinctured," and informed with an airy spirit that knew "all wiles of woman's wits," fades and dissolves away when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene (the fourth) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity and her sense of the distance which

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), pp. 173 fol. and 222 fol.

separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

The impression of her perfect beauty and airy elegance of demeanour is conveyed in two exquisite passages:

> "What you do
> Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
> I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
> I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
> Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
> To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
> A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
> No other function."

> "I take thy hand, this hand,
> As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
> Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
> That 's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

The artless manner in which her innate nobility of soul shines forth through her pastoral disguise is thus brought before us at once:

> "This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
> Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
> But smacks of something greater than herself,
> Too noble for this place."

Her natural loftiness of spirit breaks out where she is menaced and reviled by the King, as one whom his son has degraded himself by merely looking on. She bears the royal frown without quailing; but the moment he is gone the immediate recollection of herself, and of her humble state, of her hapless love, is full of beauty, tenderness, and nature:

> "Even here undone!
> I was much afeard; for once or twice,
> I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
> The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
> Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
> Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care; this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep."

"How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!"

Perdita has another characteristic, which lends to the poetical delicacy of the delineation a certain strength and moral elevation which is peculiarly striking. It is that sense of truth and rectitude, that upright simplicity of mind, which disdains all crooked and indirect means, which would not stoop for an instant to dissemblance, and is mingled with a noble confidence in her love and in her lover. In this spirit is her answer to Camillo, who says, courtier-like:

"Besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters."

To which she replies:

"One of these is true;
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind."

This love of truth, this *conscientiousness*, which forms so distinct a feature in the character of Perdita, and mingles with its picturesque delicacy a certain firmness and dignity, is maintained consistently to the last. When the two lovers fly together from Bohemia, and take refuge in the court of Leontes, the real father of Perdita, Florizel presents himself before the King with a feigned tale, in which he has been artfully instructed by the old counsellor Camillo. During this scene, Perdita does not utter a word. In the strait in which they are placed, she cannot deny the story which Florizel relates—she will not confirm it. Her silence, in spite of all the compliments and greetings of Leontes, has a peculiar and characteristic grace; and, at the conclusion of

the scene, when they are betrayed, the truth bursts from her as if instinctively, and she exclaims, with emotion:

> "The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
> Our contract celebrated."

After this scene, Perdita says very little. The description of her grief, while listening to the relation of her mother's death,—

> "One of the prettiest touches of all . . . was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't . . . how attentiveness wounded her daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears,"—

her deportment, too, as she stands gazing on the statue of Hermione, fixed in wonder, admiration, and sorrow, as if she too were marble,—

> "O royal piece!
> There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
> From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
> Standing like stone with thee,"—

are touches of character conveyed indirectly, and which serve to give a more finished effect to the beautiful picture. . . .

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own, yet sometimes—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible.

Shakspeare has conveyed (as is his custom) a part of the character of Hermione in scattered touches and through the impressions which she produces on all around her. Her surpassing beauty is alluded to in few but strong terms:

> "This jealousy
> Is for a precious creature; as she is rare
> Must it be great.
> Praise her but for this her out-door form
> (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech)."

> "If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
> Or from the all that are took something good
> To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
> Would be unparallel'd."

> "I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
> Have taken treasure from her lips . . .
> and left them
> More rich for what they yielded."

The expressions "most sacred lady," "dread mistress," "sovereign," with which she is addressed or alluded to, the boundless devotion and respect of those around her, and their confidence in her goodness and innocence, are so many additional strokes in the portrait. . . .

She receives the first intimation of her husband's jealous suspicions with incredulous astonishment. It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not or cannot understand; but she

will not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity:

> "Should a villain say so,
> The most replenish'd villain in the world,
> He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
> Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles."

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You *did* mistake."

Her mild dignity and saintlike patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow would be quite incompatible with the character. Thus she says of herself, as she is led to prison:

> "There 's some ill planet reigns;
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
> That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
> Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,

> With thought so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
> The king's will be perform'd!"

When she is brought to trial for supposed crimes, called on to defend herself, "standing to prate and talk for life and honour, before who please to come and hear," the sense of her ignominious situation—all its shame and all its horror press upon her, and would apparently crush even *her* magnanimous spirit but for the consciousness of her own worth and innocence, and the necessity that exists for asserting and defending both. . . .

The character of Hermione is considered open to criticism on one point. I have heard it remarked that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory,—such conduct is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. . . . The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But, besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago; or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the

most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgment, in Leontes is a vice of the blood; he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy, with which Shakspeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion; has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence. She has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgment of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief "which burns worse than tears drown?" Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart; to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all, to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the parade of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and

where there is little of impulse or imagination—"the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul"*—there are but two influences which predominate over the will—time and religion. And what then remained but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character; it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art with which the dramatic character is fitted to the circumstances in which it is placed: that perfect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability. . . .

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which at the same moment is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality; and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up, till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable. . . .

The moment when Hermione descends from her pedestal, to the sound of soft music, and throws herself, without

* "The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul."—WORDSWORTH.

"Il pouvait y avoir des vagues majestueuses et non de l'orage dans son cœur," was finely observed of Madame de Staël in her maturer years; it would have been true of Hermione at any period of her life.

speaking, into her husband's arms, is one of inexpressible interest. It appears to me that her silence during the whole of this scene (except where she invokes a blessing on her daughter's head) is in the finest taste as a poetical beauty, besides being an admirable trait of character. The misfortunes of Hermione, her long religious seclusion, the wonderful and almost supernatural part she has just enacted, have invested her with such a sacred and awful charm that any words put into her mouth must, I think, have injured the solemn and profound pathos of the situation.

There are several among Shakspeare's characters which exercise a far stronger power over our feelings, our fancy, our understanding, than that of Hermione; but not one—unless perhaps Cordelia—constructed upon so high and pure a principle. It is the union of gentleness with power which constitutes the perfection of mental grace. Thus among the ancients, with whom the *graces* were also the *charities* (to show, perhaps, that while form alone may constitute beauty, sentiment is necessary to grace), one and the same word signified equally *strength* and *virtue*. This feeling, carried into the fine arts, was the secret of the antique grace—the grace of repose. The same eternal nature—the same sense of immutable truth and beauty, which revealed this sublime principle of art to the ancient Greeks, revealed it to the genius of Shakspeare; and the character of Hermione, in which we have the same largeness of conception and delicacy of execution—the same effect of suffering without passion, and grandeur without effort—is an instance, I think, that he felt within himself, and by intuition, what we study all our lives in the remains of ancient art. The calm, regular, classical beauty of Hermione's character is the more impressive from the wild and Gothic accompaniments of her story, and the beautiful relief afforded by the pastoral and romantic grace which is thrown around her daughter, Perdita.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

The plays belonging to Shakspere's final period of authorship, which I shall consider, are three: *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. The position in which they were placed in the first Folio (whether it was the result of design or accident) is remarkable. *The Winter's Tale* is the last of the comedies, which all lie between this play and *The Tempest*. The circumstance may have been a piece of accident; but if so, it was a lucky accident, which suggests that our first and our last impression of Shakspere shall be that of Shakspere in his period of large, serene wisdom, and that in the light of the clear and solemn vision of his closing years all his writings shall be read. Characteristics of versification and style, and the enlarged place given to scenic spectacle, indicate that these plays were produced much about the same time. But the ties of deepest kinship between them are spiritual. There is a certain romantic element in each.† They receive contributions from every portion of Shakspere's genius, but all are mellowed, refined, made exquisite; they avoid the extremes of broad humour and of tragic intensity; they were written with less of passionate concentration than the plays which immediately precede them, but with more of a spirit of deep or exquisite recreation. . . .

The period of the tragedies was ended. In the tragedies Shakspere had made his inquisition into the mystery of evil. He had studied those injuries of man to man which are irreparable. He had seen the innocent suffering with the guilty. Death came and removed the criminal and his victim from human sight, and we were left with solemn awe

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 402 fol.

† The same remark applies to Shakspere's part of *Pericles*, which belongs to this period.

upon our hearts in presence of the insoluble problems of life. . . . At the same time that Shakspere had shown the tragic mystery of human life, he had fortified the heart by showing that to suffer is not the supreme evil with man, and that loyalty and innocence, and self-sacrifice, and pure redeeming ardour, exist, and cannot be defeated. Now, in his last period of authorship, Shakspere remained grave—how could it be otherwise?—but his severity was tempered and purified. He had less need of the crude doctrine of Stoicism, because the tonic of such wisdom as exists in Stoicism had been taken up, and absorbed into his blood.

Shakspere still thought of the graver trials and tests which life applies to human character, of the wrongs which man inflicts on man; but his present temper demanded not a tragic issue—it rather demanded an issue into joy or peace. The dissonance must be resolved into a harmony, clear and rapturous, or solemn and profound. And, accordingly, in each of these plays, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, while grievous errors of the heart are shown to us, and wrongs of man to man as cruel as those of the great tragedies, at the end there is a resolution of the dissonance, a reconciliation. This is the word which interprets Shakspere's later plays — reconciliation, "word over all, beautiful as the sky." It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and others—a mere *dénouement*. The resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition, resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of the play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual; it is a moral necessity.

In *The Winter's Tale*, the jealousy of Leontes is not less, but more fierce and unjust than that of Othello. No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is

not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona:—

> "Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
> Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
> And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
> 'I am yours for ever.'"

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour, she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty.* The passion of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, a terrible chaos of soul—confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth; there is a gross personal resentment in the heart of Leontes, not sorrowful, judicial indig-

* The contrast between *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale* has been noticed by Coleridge, and is admirably drawn out in detail by Gervinus and Kreyssig, to whose treatment of the subject the above paragraph is indebted.

[Coleridge's remarks are as follows: "The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately, consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

See extract from Gervinus in note on i. 2. 87 below.—ED.]

nation; his passion is hideously grotesque, while that of Othello is pathetic.

The consequences of this jealous madness of Leontes are less calamitous than the ruin wrought by Othello's jealousy, because Hermione is courageous and collected, and possessed of a fortitude of heart which years of suffering are unable to subdue. . . . But although the wave of calamity is broken by the firm resistance offered by the fortitude of Hermione, it commits ravage enough to be remembered. Upon the Queen comes a lifetime of solitude and pain. The hopeful son of Leontes and Hermione is done to death, and the infant Perdita is estranged from her kindred and her friends. But at length the heart of Leontes is instructed and purified by anguish and remorse. He has "performed a saintlike sorrow," redeemed his faults, paid down more penitence than done trespass:

> "Whilst I remember
> Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
> My blemishes in them, and so still think of
> The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
> That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
> Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
> Bred his hopes out of."

And Leontes is received back without reproach into the arms of his wife; she embraces him in silence, allowing the good pain of his repentance to effect its utmost work. . . .

From the first, Hermione, whose clear-sightedness is equal to her courage, had perceived that her husband laboured under a delusion which was cruel and calamitous to himself. From the first she transcends all blind resentment, and has true pity for the man who wrongs her. But if she has fortitude for her own uses, she also is able to accept for her husband the inevitable pain which is necessary to restore him to his better mind. She will not shorten the term of his suffering, because that suffering is beneficent. And at the

last her silent embrace carries with it—and justly—a portion of that truth she had uttered long before:

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You did mistake."

The calm and complete comprehension of the fact is a possession painful yet precious to Hermione, and it lifts her above all vulgar confusion of heart or temper, and above all unjust resentment. . . .

Over the beauty of youth and the love of youth there is shed, in these plays of Shakspere's final period, a clear yet tender luminousness not elsewhere to be perceived in his writings. In his earlier plays, Shakspere writes concerning young men and maidens, their loves, their mirth, their griefs, as one who is among them, who has a lively, personal interest in their concerns, who can make merry with them, treat them familiarly, and, if need be, can mock them into good sense. There is nothing in these early plays wonderful, strangely beautiful, pathetic about youth and its joys and sorrows. . . . But in these latest plays the beautiful, pathetic light is always present. There are the sufferers, aged, experienced, tried—Queen Katherine, Prospero, Hermione. And over against these there are the children absorbed in their happy and exquisite egoism—Perdita and Miranda, Florizel and Ferdinand, and the boys of old Belarius. . . . In each of these plays we can see Shakspere, as it were, bending tenderly over the joys and sorrows of youth. We recognize this rather through the total characterization, and through a feeling and a presence, than through definite incident or statement. But some of this feeling escapes in the disinterested joy and admiration of old Belarius when he gazes at the princely youths, and in Camillo's loyalty to Florizel and Perdita; while it obtains more distinct expression in such a

word as that which Prospero utters, when from a distance he watches with pleasure Miranda's zeal to relieve Ferdinand from his task of log-bearing:—"Poor worm, thou art infected."

[*From Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

We turn from our murky Britain again to sunlit Sicily and the Mediterranean, and though Mamillius tells us that—

"A sad tale 's best for winter,"

yet, notwithstanding all Hermione's suffering, and the death of her gallant boy, who used to frighten her with goblin stories, we can't call Shakspere's *Winter's Tale* sad. It is so fragrant with Perdita and her primroses and violets, so happy in the reunion and reconciliation of her and her father and mother, so bright with the sunshine of her and of Florizel's young love, and the merry roguery of that scamp Autolycus, that none of us can think of *The Winter's Tale* as a "sad tale" or play.

The last complete play of Shakspere's as it is, the golden glow of the sunset of his genius is over it, the sweet country air all through it; and of few, if any of his plays, is there a pleasanter picture in the memory than of *Winter's Tale.* As long as men can think, shall Perdita brighten and sweeten, Hermione ennoble, men's minds and lives. How happily, too, it brings Shakspere before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbours at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedlar's gammon and talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them "fairings," telling goblin stories to the boys, "There was a man dwelt by a churchyard,"†—opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth, and the beauty of nature around him. He borrowd the improbable story of his play from a popular tale by his old abuser Greene, *Pandosto* (or *Dorastus* and

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. xci.
† Who will finish it for us?

Fawnia—who is Perdita), of which the first edition in 1588 was followd by thirteen others, and which puts the inland Bohemia on the sea-shore, as Shakspere does. This tale contains no original of Paulina and Autolycus, or the reconciliation of Leontes and Hermione;* the shepherd's wife's name is Mopsa; the queen dies on hearing of the death of her son. Shakspere changes Bohemia for Sicily, and *vice versa*. We must accept the medley and anachronisms of this play, as Hudson says, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi."† "It is a winter's tale, an old tale," and one must not object to confusions in it. It is Greene's tale, informd by a new spirit, instinct with a new life. The play is late in metre, in feeling, in purpose. It has no five-measure ryme in the dialogue, its end-stopt lines are only one in 2.12, its double-endings are as many as one in 2.85; it has passages in Shakspere's latest budding style, "What you do, still betters what is done," etc. Its purpose, its lesson, are to teach forgiveness of wrongs, not vengeance for them; to give the sinner time to repent and amend, not to cut him off in his sin; to frustrate the crimes he has purpost. And as in *Pericles*, father and lost daughter, and wife and mother thought dead, meet again; as in *Cymbeline*, father and injured daughter meet again, she forgiving her wrongs; as there, too, friends meet again, the injured friend forgiving his wrongs, so here do lost daughter, injured daughter and injuring father, meet, he being forgiven; so injured friend forgiving, meets injuring friend forgiven; while above all rises the figure of the noble, long-suffering wife Hermione, forgiving the base though now repentant husband who had so cruelly injured her. She links this play to Shakspere's

* And none of Antigonus or the shepherd's son.

† Compare what Ulrici and Gervinus say in the extracts on pp. 13 and 17 above.—ED.

last fragment, *Henry VIII.*, and makes us believe that this twice-repeated reunion of husband and wife, in their daughter, late in life, this twice-repeated forgiveness of sinning husbands by sinnd-against wives, have somewhat to do with Shakspere's reunion with his wife, and his renewd family life at Stratford. The Fourth-Period melody is heard all through the play. We see, too, in *The Winter's Tale* the contrast between court and country that *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline* showd us. Plenty of other links there are, of which we will note only two: First, one like the sword line at the end of *Lear* and *Othello*, "Slander, whose sting is sharper than the sword's" (*Winter's Tale*, ii. 3. 85); "Slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword" (*Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 35); and second, the clown's *clothes* making the gentleman-born in *Winter's Tale*, and Cloten's "Know'st thou me not by my *clothes*?" In *The Tempest* we have a storm as here, while our play is linkt to *Othello* by the king's monomaniacal jealousy being like Othello's, though here it is self-suggested, not from without by an Iago. Paulina here is a truer Emilia: she steals no handkerchief: but the ladies are alike in their love for their mistresses, and in their violent indignation, so well-deservd, against their masters. The pretty picture of the two kings' early friendship, which reminds us of those of Celia and Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and of Hermia and Helena in the *Dream*,* is soon broken down by the monomania of Leontes's jealousy, and the disgracefulness of his talking to his boy Mamillius about his wife's supposd adultery. His attempt to get Camillo to poison Polixenes is more direct than even John's with Hubert to murder Arthur, Richard's with Tyrrel to strangle the innocents, Henry the Fourth's with Exton to clear Richard the Second from his path. His sending his guiltless daughter to her death, and his insistence on his wife's guilt and trial,

* Note the likeness of Hermione's how pretence of love will manage wives, to that of Luciana in the *Errors*.

are almost madness too. But his repentance, like Posthumus's, comes at last, and is, we hope, as real. At any rate, he gets the benefit of Shakspere's Fourth-Period mood, which has restord to him the wife and daughter whom he never deservd. Hermione is, I suppose, the most magnanimous and noble of Shakspere's women; without a fault, she suffers, and for sixteen years, as if for the greatest fault. If we contrast her noble defence of herself against the shameless imputation on her honour, with the conduct of earlier women in like case, the faltering words and swoon of Hero, the few ill-starrd sentences of Desdemona, saying just what would worst inflame her husband's wrath, the pathetic appeal and yet submission of Imogen, we see how splendidly Shakspere has developt in his last great creation. And when Camillo's happy suggestion that Florizel should take Perdita to Sicily and Leontes has borne fruit, and Shakspere—forced to narrative, as in the news of Lear to Cordelia—unites father and daughter, and then brings both into union before us with the mother thought so long a corpse and still a stone, the climax of pathos and delight is reacht: art can no farther go. Combind with this noble, suffering figure of Hermione, and her long-sunderd married life, is the sweet picture of Perdita's and Florizel's love and happy future. Shakspere shows us more of Perdita than of Miranda; and heavenly as the innocence of Miranda was, we yet feel that Perdita comes to us with a sweeter, more earth-like charm, though not less endowd with all that is pure and holy, than her sister of the imaginary Mediterranean isle. On these two sweet English girls, bright with the radiance of youth and love, the mind delights to linger, and does so with happiness, while sadness haunts the recollection of Shakspere's first great girl-figure Juliet, beautiful in different kind.

Not only do we see Shakspere's freshness of spirit in his production of Perdita, but also in his creation of Autolycus.

That, at the close of his dramatic life, after all the troubles he had passt through, Shakspere had yet the youngness of heart to bubble out into this merry rogue, the incarnation of fun and rascality, and let him sail off successful and unharmd, is wonderful. And that there is no diminution of his former comic power is shown, too, in his clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man.

THE AVON AT WEIR BRAKE.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, — Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA, DORCAS, — Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, Guards, Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Sicilia and Bohemia.*

PORTAL OF PALACE COURT, PRAGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Archidamus. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Camillo. Beseech you,—

Archidamus. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Camillo. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Archidamus. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, hath been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Archidamus. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Camillo. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Archidamus. Would they else be content to die?

Camillo. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Archidamus. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Same.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Polixenes. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leontes. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Polixenes. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence.—That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly!'—Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leontes. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Polixenes. No longer stay.

Leontes. One seven-night longer.

Polixenes. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leontes. We 'll part the time between 's then; and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Polixenes. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leontes. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Hermione. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leontes. Well said, Hermione.

Hermione. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting;—yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You 'll stay?

Polixenes. No, madam.

Hermione. Nay, but you will?

Polixenes. I may not, verily.

Hermione. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's 'Verily' is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.
Polixenes. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Hermione. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then?
Polixenes. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Hermione. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?
Polixenes. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Hermione. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Polixenes. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Hermione. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leontes. Is he won yet?
Hermione. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leontes. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Hermione. Never?
Leontes. Never, but once.
Hermione. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose; when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leontes. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'
Hermione. 'T is grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
Leontes. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer,—O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mamillius. Ay, my good lord.
Leontes. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say it is a copy out of mine.—Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mamillius. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leontes. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Polixenes. What means Sicilia?
Hermione. He something seems unsettled.
Polixenes. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?
Hermione. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leontes. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray it's folly,
It's tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite it's master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mamillius. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leontes. You will! why, happy man be 's dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Polixenes. If at home, sir,

He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leontes. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Hermione. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden; shall 's attend you there?
Leontes. To your own bents dispose you; you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—
Go, play, boy, play.—Thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now.
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 't is predominant: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy!
Mamillius. I am like you, they say.
Leontes. Why, that 's some comfort.—
What, Camillo there?
Camillo. Ay, my good lord.
Leontes. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Camillo. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leontes. Didst note it?
Camillo. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His business more material.
Leontes. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding,
'Sicilia is a so-forth;' 't is far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Camillo. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leontes. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks;—not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Camillo. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leontes. Ha!
Camillo. Stays here longer.
Leontes. Ay, but why?
Camillo. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leontes. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Camillo. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leontes. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Camillo. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By it's own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leontes. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; say 't and justify 't.
Camillo. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leontes. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Camillo. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leontes. Say it be, 't is true.

Camillo. No, no, my lord.
Leontes. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Camillo. Who does infect her?
Leontes. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia;—who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Camillo. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leontes. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,

Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Camillo. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided that, when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leontes. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down;
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Camillo. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leontes. This is all:
Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Camillo. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leontes. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Camillo. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court; to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Polixenes. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Camillo. Hail, most royal sir!

Polixenes. What is the news i' the court?

Camillo. None rare, my lord.

Polixenes. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

Camillo. I dare not know, my lord.

Polixenes. How! dare not!—do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Camillo. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Polixenes. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Camillo. I may not answer.
Polixenes. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Camillo. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!
Polixenes. On, good Camillo.
Camillo. I am appointed him to murther you.
Polixenes. By whom, Camillo?
Camillo. By the king.
Polixenes. For what?
Camillo. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Polixenes. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Camillo. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.
Polixenes. How should this grow?
Camillo. I know not; but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Polixenes. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she 's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!—Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Camillo. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns; please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

A CASTLE IN BOHEMIA.

OLD CORONATION CHAMBER, ROYAL PALACE, PRAGUE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Hermione. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mamillius. No, I 'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mamillius. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mamillius. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mamillius. I learnt it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mamillius. Nay, that 's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!
Hermione. What wisdom stirs amongst you?—Come, sir, now
I am for you again; pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mamillius. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Hermione. As merry as you will.
Mamillius. A sad tale 's best for winter; I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Hermione. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mamillius. There was a man—
Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mamillius. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Hermione. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* others.

Leontes. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leontes. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 *Lord.* By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leontes. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Hermione. What is this? sport?
Leontes. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him!—You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
''T is pity she 's not honest, honourable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest:' but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Hermione. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leontes. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Hermione. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.
Leontes. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.
Hermione. There 's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leontes. Shall I be heard?
Hermione. Who is 't that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out. This action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leontes. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Antigonus. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you,—I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Antigonus. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her:
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leontes. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
Antigonus. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him.
Leontes. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Antigonus. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leontes. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.
Leontes. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Antigonus. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leontes. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leontes. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,

Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Antigonus. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Prison.*

Enter PAULINA, *a* Gentleman, *and* Attendants.

Paulina. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—[*Exit Gentleman.*]
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?—

Re-enter Gentleman, *with the* Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaoler. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paulina. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaoler. I may not, madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paulina. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaoler. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paulina. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Gaoler. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paulina. Well, be 't so, prithee.— [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.—

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emilia. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paulina. A boy?
Emilia. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paulina. I dare be sworn.—
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
Emilia. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paulina. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emilia. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen; please you, come something nearer.
Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paulina. You need not fear it, sir;
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Gaoler. I do believe it.
Paulina. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and* Servants.

Leontes. Nor night nor day no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

1 *Servant.* My lord?
Leontes. How does the boy?
1 *Servant.* He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
Leontes. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares.—[*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paulina. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Antigonus. That 's enough.
2 *Servant.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paulina. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking; I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leontes. What noise there, ho?
Paulina. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leontes. How!—
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.
Antigonus. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leontes. What, canst not rule her?
Paulina. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Antigonus. La you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paulina. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leontes. Good queen!
Paulina. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen, I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leontes. Force her hence.

Paulina. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me; on mine own accord I 'll off,
But first I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,—
Here 't is,—commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leontes. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paulina. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leontes. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paulina. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leontes. He dreads his wife.
Paulina. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leontes. A nest of traitors!
Antigonus. I am none, by this good light.
Paulina. Nor I, nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leontes. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paulina. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger;—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leontes. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Antigonus. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leontes. Once more, take her hence.
Paulina. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leontes. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paulina. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leontes. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paulina. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What needs these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.—
So, so.—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leontes. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with 't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Antigonus. I did not, sir;
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leontes. You 're liars all.
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you

So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leontes. I am a feather for each wind that blows.—
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Antigonus. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose; at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent;—any thing possible.
Leontes. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Antigonus. I will, my lord.
Leontes. Mark and perform it, see'st thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Antigonus. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*
Leontes. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since; Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leontes. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

A SEAPORT IN SICILY.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleomenes. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
Methinks I so should term them,—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleomenes. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleomenes. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business; when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go: fresh horses!—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers.

Leontes. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Officer. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Enter HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leontes. Read the indictment.

Officer. [Reads] '*Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*'

Hermione. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty;' mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,

And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
Leontes. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Hermione. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leontes. You will not own it.
Hermione. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leontes. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Hermione. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I' ll lay down.
Leontes. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Hermione. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not: for life,

I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'T is rigour and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge!

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Hermione. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Officer. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleomenes, Dion. All this we swear.

Leontes. Break up the seals and read.

Officer. [Reads] '*Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Hermione. Praised!

Leontes. Hast thou read truth?

Officer. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leontes. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord the king, the king!
Leontes. What is the business?
Servant. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leontes. How! gone!
Servant. Is dead.
Leontes. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—[*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!
Paulina. This news is mortal to the queen; look down
And see what death is doing.
Leontes. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done. He, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paulina. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paulina. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paulina. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leontes. Go on, go on!
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paulina. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leontes. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* Mariner.

Antigonus. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mariner. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Antigonus. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mariner. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Antigonus. Go thou away;
I 'll follow instantly.
Mariner. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Antigonus. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts. The fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shepherd. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape; though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shepherd. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shepherd. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shepherd. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he 's at it now.

Shepherd. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shepherd. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling; open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clown. You 're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold! 111

Shepherd. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so; up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten; they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shepherd. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him. 122

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shepherd. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

The running of one glass (i. 2. 294).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,

To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bohemia. The Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Polixenes. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Camillo. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Polixenes. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw-est thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Camillo. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Polixenes. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with

some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Camillo. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polixenes. That 's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Camillo. I willingly obey your command.

Polixenes. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service;

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,— what comes the wool to?

Autolycus. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clown. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs,

seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Autolycus. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clown. I' the name of me—

Autolycus. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autolycus. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autolycus. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Autolycus. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he hast left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

Autolycus. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clown. Alas, poor soul!

Autolycus. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now! canst stand?

Autolycus. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autolycus. No, good, sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing

I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Autolycus. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Autolycus. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autolycus. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Autolycus. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Autolycus. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Autolycus. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Autolycus. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too; if I make not this

cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings] *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Florizel. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Perdita. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Florizel. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Perdita. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Florizel. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste,—since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Perdita. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak,—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Florizel. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Perdita. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Florizel. See, your guests approach;

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others, with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*

Shepherd. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast; come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perdita. [*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome!
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—[*To Camillo*] You 're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Polixenes. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perdita. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Perdita. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Polixenes. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Perdita. So it is.
Polixenes. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perdita. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here 's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Camillo. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Perdita. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Florizel. What, like a corse?
Perdita. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Florizel. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do

Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.
Perdita. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Florizel. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Perdita. I 'll swear for 'em.
Polixenes. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Camillo. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out; good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clown. Come on, strike up!
Dorcas. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mopsa. Now, in good time!
Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up!
[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*
Polixenes. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shepherd. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it

Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Polixenes. She dances featly.

Shepherd. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Servant. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Servant. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Polixenes. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Servant. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clown. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Perdita. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Perdita. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mopsa. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dorcas. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mopsa. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be,

he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 't is well they are whispering: charm your tongues, and not a word more.

Mopsa. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Autolycus. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mopsa. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you?

Autolycus. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Mopsa. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Autolycus. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dorcas. Is it true too, think you?

Autolycus. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: another.

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let 's have some merry ones.

Autolycus. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dorcas. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Autolycus. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation. Have at it with you.

Song.

Autolycus. *Get you hence, for I must go*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dorcas. *Whither?*
Mopsa. *O, whither?*
Dorcas. *Whither?*
Mopsa. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dorcas. *Me too, let me go thither.*
Mopsa. *Or thou goest to the grange or mill.*
Dorcas. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Autolycus. *Neither.*
Dorcas. *What, neither?*
Autolycus. *Neither.*
Dorcas. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*
Mopsa. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clown. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me.—

Wenches, I 'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let 's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Autolycus. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shepherd. Away! we 'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Polixenes. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Servant. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shepherd. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Servant. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Polixenes. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much.—[*To Florizel*] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Florizel. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Polixenes. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Florizel. Do, and be witness to 't.
Polixenes. And this my neighbour too?
Florizel. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
Polixenes. Fairly offer'd.
Camillo. This shows a sound affection.
Shepherd. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Perdita. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shepherd. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Florizel. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses.
Shepherd. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Polixenes. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Florizel. I have; but what of him?
Polixenes. Knows he of this?
Florizel. He neither does nor shall.
Polixenes. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Florizel. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Polixenes. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Florizel. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Polixenes. Let him know 't.
Florizel. He shall not.
Polixenes. Prithee, let him.
Florizel. No, he must not.
Shepherd. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Florizel. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.
Polixenes. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd, thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shepherd. O, my heart!
Polixenes. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Perdita. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care; this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Camillo. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou diest.

Shepherd. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Florizel. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Camillo. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Florizel. I not purpose it.
I think,—Camillo?

Camillo. Even he, my lord.

Perdita. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Florizel. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Camillo. Be advis'd.

Florizel. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Camillo. This is desperate, sir.

Florizel. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; lêt myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Camillo. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Florizel. Hark, Perdita.—[*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Camillo. He 's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Florizel. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Camillo. Sir, I think

You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Florizel. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd; it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Camillo. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forefend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Florizel. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.
Camillo. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?
Florizel. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Camillo. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Florizel. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Camillo. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.
Florizel. I am bound to you;
There is some sap in this.
Camillo. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be. Besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Perdita. One of these is true;
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Camillo. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.
Florizel. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' our birth.
Camillo. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Perdita. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.
Florizel. My prettiest Perdita!—
But O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Camillo. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Autolycus. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which

means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears. I could have filed keys off that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Camillo. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Florizel. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Camillo. Shall satisfy your father.

Perdita. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Camillo. Who have we here?—
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Autolycus. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Camillo. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Camillo. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Camillo. Nay, prithee, dispatch; the gentleman is half flayed already.

Autolycus. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Florizel. Dispatch, I prithee.

Autolycus. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Camillo. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Perdita. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Camillo. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Florizel. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Camillo. Nay, you shall have no hat.— [*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Autolycus. Adieu, sir.

Florizel. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Camillo. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Florizel. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Camillo. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Autolycus. I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.—

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shepherd. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shepherd. Go to, then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shepherd. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither

to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shepherd. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance; let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Autolycus. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Autolycus. A lie! you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shepherd. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Autolycus. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no

courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shepherd. My business, sir, is to the king.

Autolycus. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shepherd. I know not, an 't like you.

Clown. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shepherd. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Autolycus. How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shepherd. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Autolycus. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shepherd. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Autolycus. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shepherd. Why, sir?

Autolycus. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shepherd. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Autolycus. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Autolycus. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Autolycus. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shepherd. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I 'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Autolycus. After I have done what I promised?

Shepherd. Ay, sir.

Autolycus. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Autolycus. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Autolycus. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clown. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shepherd. Let 's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Autolycus. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

O, she 's warm! (v. 3. 109).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and* Servants.

Cleomenes. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.
Leontes. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paulina. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leontes. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleomenes. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paulina. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,

To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paulina. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—[*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leontes. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—
Paulina. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leontes. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'
Paulina. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leontes. She had; and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Paulina. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leontes. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paulina. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leontes. Never, Paulina! so be blest my spirit!
Paulina. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleomenes. You tempt him over-much.
Paulina. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleomenes. Good madam,—
Paulina. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leontes. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paulina. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess,—she
The fairest I have yet beheld,—desires access
To your high presence.
Leontes. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gentleman. But few,
And those but mean.
Leontes. His princess, say you, with him?
Gentleman. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paulina. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now!—Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gentleman. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paulina. How! not women?
Gentleman. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leontes. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.—Still, 't is strange
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paulina. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leontes. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Florizel. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leontes. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?
Florizel. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leontes. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Florizel. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.
Leontes. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leontes. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Florizel. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.

Leontes. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Perdita. O my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leontes. You are married?
Florizel. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leontes. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Florizel. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leontes. That once, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Florizel. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leontes. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paulina. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't; not a month
Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leontes. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.

Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Autolycus. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gentleman.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Autolycus. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gentleman.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.—

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more.—The news, Rogero?

2 *Gentleman.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gentleman.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gentleman.* No.

3 *Gentleman.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gentleman.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gentleman.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gentleman.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gentleman.* Wracked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled; she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gentleman.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gentleman.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gentleman.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gentleman.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and

could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape;—he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 98

2 *Gentleman.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gentleman.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Autolycus. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.— 117

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shepherd. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not

gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolycus. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shepherd. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shepherd. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autolycus. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shepherd. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autolycus. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shepherd. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Autolycus. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chapel in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leontes. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paulina. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leontes. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen; your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paulina. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 't is well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leontes. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Polixenes. O, not by much.
Paulina. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leontes. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece!
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Perdita. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paulina. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.
Camillo. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Polixenes. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paulina. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leontes. Do not draw the curtain.
Paulina. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leontes. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Polixenes. Masterly done;
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leontes. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paulina. I 'll draw the curtain;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leontes. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paulina. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you farther.
Leontes. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paulina. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leontes. No, not these twenty years.
Perdita. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paulina. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leontes. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paulina. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leontes. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paulina. Music, awake her; strike!— [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs.
[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leontes. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Polixenes. She embraces him.
Camillo. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Polixenes. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stolen from the dead.
Paulina. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Hermione. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paulina. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leontes. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What! look upon my brother.—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

VALLEY IN BOHEMIA.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *The Winter's Tale*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of Crowell's reprint of that ed.

NOTES.

DELPHI AND MOUNT PARNASSUS.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—The folio has the following list at the end of the play (cf. *Oth.* p. 154):

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines. } *Foure Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepherddesses.

SCENE I.—6. *Bohemia.* The King of Bohemia. See *Macb.* p. 239, or *Hen. V.* p. 159.

Hanmer changed *Bohemia* throughout to "Bithynia;" but, as stated above (see p. 17), S. followed Greene in making Bohemia a maritime country. Farmer remarks: "Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions;' and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *T. G. of V.* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan."

Visitation. Cf. iv. 4. 544 and v. 1. 90 below. S. does not use *visit* as a noun. *Visitings* occurs in *Macb.* i. 5. 46.

8. *Wherein*, etc. "Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us" (Johnson).

11. *In the freedom of my knowledge.* As my knowledge makes me free to do, or gives me the right to do. Cf. *Sonn.* 46. 4: "the freedom of that right."

14. *Unintelligent.* Unconscious, not aware; used by S. only here.

22. *Such . . . which.* Cf. iv. 4. 738 below: "such secrets in this fardel or box, which none must know," etc. Gr. 278.

25. *Encounters.* Meetings; as often. See *Much Ado*, p. 154.

Hath. The later folios have "have." Abbott (Gr. 334) explains it as the old "third person plural in *th*." Cf. *R. and J.* prol. 8:

> "Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
> Doth with their death bury their parents' strife;"

and see note in our ed. p. 140. We have another instance in i. 2. 1 below; but that is perhaps to be explained by the interposition of *star.*

Royally attorneyed. "Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, etc." (Johnson); or "performed by proxy" (Schmidt). In the only other instance of *attorneyed* in S. (*M. for M.* v. i. 390) it is = employed as an attorney.

27. *That. So* that; a common ellipsis. Gr. 283. The Coll. MS. needlessly inserts "so" before *royally.*

28. *A vast.* The later folios have "a vast sea." Cf. *Per.* iii. 1. 1: "Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges." See also *Ham.* p. 186.

30. *Loves.* For the plural, see *Macb.* p. 209 or *Ham.* p. 177. Cf. *peaces* in ii. 1. 135 below.

32. *Of.* See Gr. 172.

33. *It is.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman," etc. It is oftener contemptuous; as in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6, etc.

34. *Into my note.* To my knowledge. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 3. 29: "it shall come to note," etc.

36. *Physics the subject.* "Affords a cordial to the state" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 34: "it doth physic love" (that is, preserve its health). For the collective use of *subject* (= people), see *Ham.* p. 173.

SCENE II.—1. *The watery star.* The "watery moon" of *M. N. D.*

ii. 1. 162 (cf. iii. 1. 203) and *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 69. See also *R. and J.* i. 4. 62: "the moonshine's watery beams." For *hath*, see on i. 1. 25 above.

2. *Note.* Means of *noting* or marking time. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 144. Clarke explains *the shepherd's note* as "noted by the shepherd." "The allusion is peculiarly happy, *shepherds* 'keeping watch of their flocks by *night*' being natural astronomers. Cf. *Luke*, ii. 8" (Crosby).

5. *For perpetuity.* For all time, forever. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 6: "Groan so in perpetuity," etc.

6. *Like a cipher*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* prol. 17:

> "O pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest in little place a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
> On your imaginary forces work."

8. *Moe.* Changed by most editors to "more." See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

10. *Part.* Depart. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

12. *That may blow*, etc. O that no nipping winds at home may blow, to make me say, This fear was too well-founded! For the ellipsis of *O*, Farmer compares an old translation of the *Alcoran* of the Franciscans: "St. Francis . . . said to the priors, That I had a wood of such Junipers!" and *The Two Noble Kinsmen:* "That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between!" Abbott (Gr. 425) explains the passage thus: "I am question'd by my fears . . . that (there) may blow," etc. D. believes the passage to be corrupt. Hanmer changed *No* to "Some" and *truly* to "early" (Capell "tardily"); and Warb. *that may* to "may there."

For *sneaping* (=snipping, or nipping), cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100: "an envious sneaping frost;" and *R. of L.* 333: "the sneaped birds."

16. *Put us to 't.* Bring us to it (that is, being tired of you). Cf. iv. 4. 153 below: "put you to 't" (that is, fear).

17. *Seven-night.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375: "a just seven-night." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 177, note on *A se'nnight.*

Very sooth. In very sooth, or truth. See *M. of V.* p. 127 and *M. N. D.* p. 153, note on *Good troth.*

18. *Between 's.* As Clarke notes, this particular elision, *'s* for *us*, occurs often in this play; and it is curious to observe how some one peculiarity will recur in certain of Shakespeare's plays, as if he thought in that special way at that special time of writing. For *part*=divide, see *J. C.* p. 186, note on *Part the glories.*

20. *None, none.* "Shakespeare, like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgment, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness" (Clarke).

31. *This satisfaction*, etc. "We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia" (Johnson).

33. *Ward.* Point of defence; a metaphor taken from fencing. For the literal use, see *Temp.* i. 2. 471: "Come from thy ward," etc.

38. *Adventure.* Venture; as in ii. 3. 162 and iv. 4. 448 below.

39. *Borrow.* S. does not elsewhere use *borrow* as a noun, nor *at* with the name of a country.

41. *Let him there.* "Let him remain there" (Schmidt). Warb. took *let* to be=hinder (cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 85, etc.), and therefore changed *him* in 4o to "you." Clarke adopts Malone's explanation of *let him:* "let or hinder himself," that is, stay.

Gest. The name given to the list (Fr. *giste* or *gîte*) of the appointed stages in a royal progress or journey; here=the fixed limit of the visit, as the context shows. Steevens cites Strype's *Memorials*, etc., where the Archbishop entreats Cecil "to let him have the new resolved upon gests, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was;" also *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594:

> "Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,
> Have in their gests resolv'd for Oxford town;"

and the *The White Devil*, 1612:

> "like the gests in the progress,
> You know where you shall find me."

The *gests* were strictly the stopping-places, but the name came to be applied to the written list of them.

42. *Good deed.* In very deed; the *good* being intensive, as in *good sooth* (*Temp.* ii. 2. 150), *good troth* (see on 17 above), etc. The 1st folio has "(good-deed)" here, the later folios have "(good-heed)" or "(good heed)."

43. *Jar.* Tick. Cf. the verb in *Rich. II.* v. 5. 51:

> "My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
> Their watches on unto mine eyes," etc.

Holt White quotes Heywood, *Troia Britannica:* "He hears no waking-clocke, nor watch to jarre;" and Malone adds *The Spanish Tragedy:* "the minutes jerring, and the clocke striking."

44. *What lady she.* Whatever lady she may be, any lady whatever. The Coll. MS. has "should" for *she*, and St. and Abbott (Gr. 255) print "lady-she." Schmidt puts the passage under "*she* = woman" (see *A. Y. L.* p. 170, or Gr. 224), and makes the phrase="a woman that is a lady;" but it seems better to consider it elliptical, as W., Clarke, and others do. W. remarks that, while "should" is plausible, the original reading is "neither obscure nor inelegant" and "has a quaint fascination, which is lost in the proposed emendation." Mr. J. Crosby has suggested "e'er" for *she*, but now prefers the latter.

47. *Limber.* Flexible, weak; the only instance of the word in S.

48. *Unsphere the stars.* Remove them from their *spheres* (as the word was used in the Ptolemaic astronomy) or their orbits. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 153: "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres," etc.

50. *Verily is.* The 1st folio has "Verely 'is;" and St. and W. read "Verily 's."

53. *Pay your fees*, etc. "An allusion to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation" (Lord Campbell).

57. *Should.* For Shakespeare's use of *may, might, shall, should, will, would*, etc., the reader may consult Gr. 307–331.

62. *Lordings.* Lordlings (not used by S.). The word is=lord, in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 145: "Lordings, farewell;" and *P. P.* 211: "It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 9. 3: "Then listen, Lordings," etc.

68. *Chang'd.* Exchanged; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 441: "They have chang'd eyes," etc.

70. *Doctrine.* Teaching, instruction. See *R. and J.* p. 146, note on *Pay that doctrine.* Malone made *doctrine* a trisyllable, but that is not satisfactory here. Abbott (Gr. 505) puts the line among those "with four accents." The later folios have "no nor dream'd," and Spedding conjectures "neither dream'd."

73. *Blood.* Passions. See *Much Ado*, p. 131, note on *Faith melteth into blood.*

74. *The imposition clear'd*, etc. "That is, setting aside *original sin;* bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven" (Warb.).

77. *To 's.* To us. See on 18 above, and cf. 91 and 94 below.

80. *Grace to boot!* "*Grace* or Heaven help me!" (Malone). Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 301: "Saint George to boot!" which Schmidt thinks may be a parallel case.

84. *And that.* That is, and *if.* See Gr. 285.

86. *Is he won yet?* Leontes has been aside, playing with Mamillius, while Hermione has been pleading with Polixenes, as he had suggested in 27 above.

87. *At my request he would not.* "Precisely the muttered comment of a susceptible, irritable, jealous-natured man. Be it remarked that Leontes is jealous by nature; Othello, by circumstance. The one is innately given to suspicion; the other is with difficulty made suspicious" (Clarke). Cf. p. 31 above.

Gervinus remarks: "Coleridge thought fit to read this play in immediate connection with *Othello*, whose jealousy is in every respect the reverse of that of Leontes. It is so in fact, though we understand the contrast differently from Coleridge. The jealousy of Leontes, and of Othello also, is not founded on the sensitive faculty alone; in Othello it is deeply connected with his feelings of honour; in Leontes with tyranny, as Shakespeare says. We should define it more clearly if we were to say with wilfulness. Shakespeare has in both instances shown us the origin of this passion out of a mere nothing, and its frightful consequences; the destruction of the whole happiness of life in the one, and the happiness of half a life in the other, from the madness of a moment. The pervading difference is that Othello, little disposed to jealousy by nature, is made susceptible of it by circumstances and situations, is driven to it by a cunning whisperer and deceiver; whereas Leontes, by nature prone to it, has no outward circumstances to induce it, and is his own suggester. The difference of situation in the two is striking: Othello is led to doubt the friend of whom he is jealous by facts not to be denied; he is made to perceive that in his wife her own father had reasons for

being deceived; the Moor is doubtful of himself and of his own qualities, and he conceives a mistrust of himself and of the world, which was rooted in his whole situation; all this heaped together the smouldering fire of his jealousy, which the false Iago blew into a flame. But Leontes' situation is quite different: he has no causes of jealousy against his wife, none against his friend; his self-reliance, his royal rank, prevent in him the all-pervading feeling of Othello, who thinks himself despised; all those around him, the courtiers, Camillo, Antigonus, Paulina, loudly and firmly testify against his delusion; but there is that within himself more dangerous than the slanderer at Othello's side. After his conscience has been once infected, after Hermione's friendly invitation and its rejoinder have aroused his suspicion, he is the slave, not of love, not of passion, not of feeling, but of his own imagination; dwelling on his own imaginings, he gives way to the most extraordinary brooding over improbable and impossible things, until he is satisfied of the infallibility of his convictions, and confirmed in the obstinacy which characterizes the weak judgment of all wilful persons. This obstinacy, this hard-heartedness, embitters his disposition, and far from feeling, like Othello, pain for his loss, Leontes indulges in hatred and persecution, and increases both through his dread of intrigues, which exist only in his own imagination. The contrast between this wilfulness, this presumed certainty and superior judgment, and the unsuspecting short-sightedness of Othello, is perfect; and masterly in both is the progress of the delusion, built on quite different foundations. In contrast with the taciturn Othello, Leontes, in keeping with his moody and suspicious nature, is a great talker, in whom thoughts and quick fancies throng, mingle, and pass rapidly from one object to another."

96. *Heat.* Run, as in a race or *heat.* The Coll. MS. reads "clear," and "good" for *goal. But to the goal*=but to return to our subject (dropped at 86 above).

104. *Clap thyself my love.* That is, put your hand in mine, in token of betrothal. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 159:

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands;"

and see note in our ed. p. 163. See also *M. for M.* v. 1. 209:

> "This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
> Was fast belock'd in mine;"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 532: "Command thy son and daughter to join hands." *Clap hands* was the common expression for pledging faith in this way. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611:

> "Speak, widow, is 't a match?
> Shall we clap it up?"

A Trick to Catch the Old One, 1618: "Come, clap hands, a match!" and *Hen. V.* v. 2. 133: "And so clap hands, and a bargain." Malone adds from Middleton, *No Wit like a Woman's:* "There these young lovers shall clap hands together." Rowe (2d ed.) changed *clap* to "clepe" (=call).

105. *'T is.* To mend the metre, Hanmer gave "This is," and Capell "it is."

110. *Tremor cordis.* Trembling of the heart (Latin). *Dances*=throbs.

113. *Bounty's fertile bosom.* Hanmer's emendation of the "bounty, fertile bosom" of the folios. It is generally adopted by the editors.

115. *Paddling palms.* A contemptuous phrase. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 259: "Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?" and *Ham.* iii. 4. 185: "Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers." S. uses the word only in these passages.

118. *The mort o' the deer.* A prolonged note blown on the horn at the death (Fr. *mort*) of the deer. Steevens quotes Greene, *Card of Fancy:* "He that bloweth the mort before the death of the buck may very well miss of his fees;" and *Chevy Chace* (earliest form): "The blewe a mort uppone the bent."

119. *Nor my brows.* The allusion is to the horns of the cuckold, as in so many passages that follow. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 123, notes on *Recheat* and *Baldrick.*

120. *I' fecks!* A corruption of *in faith* (some say of *in fact*). S. uses it only here. Halliwell cites Heywood, *Edward IV.:* "by my feckins!"

121. *Bawcock.* "A term of endearment, synonymous with *chuck* [see *Macb.* p. 212], but always masculine" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 26, iv. 1. 44, and *T. N.* iii. 4. 125.

What, hast smutch'd thy nose? "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in nature's" (Clarke).

123. *Not neat,* etc. "Recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says *not neat, but cleanly*" (Johnson).

125. *Virginalling.* Playing with her fingers, as on a *virginal*, a keyed instrument somewhat like a small pianoforte, probably so called because used by young girls (Nares). It was sometimes called *a pair of virginals;* as in Dekker's *Gul's Hornbooke:* "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals." In like manner an organ was sometimes called *a pair of organs.* Halliwell quotes Middleton, *Chaste Maid*, where the goldsmith's wife says to her daughter: "Moll, have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?"

K. remarks that the idea conveyed in this passage is elaborated in *Sonn.* 128.

128. *Pash.* A word that has puzzled the commentators (see Nares). Jamieson (*Scottish Dict.*) defines it as "head; a ludicrous term," and marks it as still used in Scotland. *Shoots*=budding horns.

132. *O'er-dyed blacks.* That is, black fabrics *dyed over* with some other colour; or, possibly, as some explain it, *dyed too much.* Clarke says: "The unsoundness of stuffs subjected to a black dye is notorious, and

renders Shakespeare's simile super-excellent." The Coll. MS. reads "our dead," and St. conjectures "oft dyed." Steevens remarks that "black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it," and quotes Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*: "Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt." Malone adds Lyly, *Euphues:* "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was blacke, and therefore it would take no other colour."

Halliwell remarks that mourning habiliments were often called *blacks*, and cites, among other illustrations, a letter dated 1619: "The queen's funeral is like to be deferred for want of money to buy the blacks;" and Heywood, *Eng. Traveller:* "To weare blacks without, but other thoughts within."

134. *Bourn.* Boundary; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 79, etc.

136. *Welkin.* Heavenly (Schmidt), or, possibly, blue. See *R. and J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye.* See also *M. N. D.* p. 168.

For *villain* as a term of endearment, cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 19 and *T. A.* v. 1. 30. It is feminine in *T. N.* ii. 5. 16 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 35.

137. *Dear'st.* For the contraction, see Gr. 473. Cf. iii. 2. 199 below: "sweet'st, dear'st," etc.

Collop. Part of my own flesh; literally, a slice of meat. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 18: "God knows thou art a collop of my flesh!" Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1566 (quoted by Boswell), gives it as a proverbial phrase:

> "For I have heard saie it is a deere collup,
> That is cut out of th' owne fleshe."

Can thy dam?—may't be? Can thy mother be guilty of unfaithfulness? Is it possible? See on iii. 2. 196 below.

138. *Affection! thy intention*, etc. Schmidt explains this: "Natural propensity, thy power rules the inmost thoughts of men." *Affection* is clearly = sensual passion, or lust, as Mr. J. Crosby explains it (*Amer. Bibliopolist*, Dec. 1876, p. 121), but we are not so sure that he is right in making *thy intention stabs the centre* = "thy intensity penetrates to and pervades every foot of the habitable globe" (cf. *centre* in ii. 1. 98 below). We rather take it to be = thy aim goes straight to its mark. For the rest of the passage Mr. Crosby's explanation is perfectly satisfactory: "Continuing his jaundiced ruminations on the *effects of lust*, he says, 'We know thy pervasive force regards not even impossible things, but overcomes all obstacles, making them *possible* and subsidiary to thy will. Why, then, may not my queen, who I could have sworn was purity itself, become corrupt when infected with thy poison?' Another natural fact also strikes his imagination, 'We know *thou communicat'st with dreams*, though *how this can be* we are unable to explain. If, then, *with what's unreal thou coactive art*, and in imagination *fellow'st* corporeally *with nothing*, how much more *credent* (credible) is it that *thou might'st co-join with something*!' . . . Thus we understand the train of his jealous logic, and see how he works up his mind to a state of frenzied certainty, when, in conclusion, he exclaims, '*Thou dost!* I am satisfied. Thy wicked passion sates itself to the full, *and that beyond commission*—without *warrant*, or regard to *me*, or my *authority*. Already I feel the evidence of this fearful power of *affection*—inwardly, in *the infection of my brains*, and outwardly, peering out in *the hardening of my brows*.'"

For *credent*=credible, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 29: "a credent bulk;" and for *commission*=warrant, cf. 40 above. See also *V. and A.* 568:

> "Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
> Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission," etc.

147. *Something . . . unsettled.* Somewhat disturbed. For the transposition of the adverbial *something*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 212: "with a white head and something a round belly" (that is, somewhat round).

148. *What cheer*, etc. In the folios this line is given to Leontes; but it appears to be part of the speech of Polixenes, to whom it was restored by Steevens, at the suggestion of Rann. The emendation is generally adopted by the editors. In the preceding line, St., D., and K. read "Ho" for *How*. K., who follows the folio, says: "Leontes, even in his moody reverie, has his eye fixed upon his queen and Polixenes; and when he is addressed by the latter with 'Ho! my lord!' he replies, with a forced gayety, 'What cheer? how is 't with you?' The addition of 'best brother' is, we apprehend, meant to be uttered in a tone of bitter irony."

149. *Held.* The verb is often, as here=have. Cf. iv. 4. 398 below: "Should hold some counsel," etc. For *brow of much distraction*, cf. v. 2. 45 below: "countenance of such distraction," etc.

151. *It's.* One of the rare instances of the possessive neuter pronoun in S. See *Temp.* p. 120 and *Ham.* p. 186. The word here is spelt "it's" in the folios, as in every other instance except *M. for M.* i. 2. 4, where we find "its." For *it* possessive, see on ii. 3. 178 below. Cf. Gr. 228. *Itself* is printed as two words ("it self") in the folios; and in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 160 the two are separated by an adjective: "it pretty self."

154. *Methought.* The folios have "me thoughts" ("methoughts" in the 4th); as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 9, 24. There, by the way, as here, we find in the folio *methought* and *methoughts* mixed up in the same speech. *Methoughts* was a form in use (probably suggested by *methinks*), but here it is probably a misprint, as we have *methought* just below in 159. Coll. adopts the reading of the Egerton MS., "my thoughts." See *M. of V.* p. 135.

158. *Do.* The folios have "do's" or "does." Cf. Gr. 333.

160. *Squash.* An immature peascod. See *M. N. D.* p. 160.

161. *Will you take eggs for money?* A proverbial expression=will you let yourself be duped or imposed upon, or will you take an affront? The origin of the phrase has not been satisfactorily made out; but we find *egg* used to denote something insignificant or worthless in *A. W.* iv. 3. 280: "He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister." According to the Var. of 1821, "Smith" states that the French have a proverb, "A qui vendez-vous coquilles? that is, whom do you design to affront?" Steevens quotes *A Match at Midnight*, 1633: "I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself;" and Reed adds from *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes*, etc., 1630: "The French infantery skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money" (that is, tamely yield to the attack). The meaning here is sufficiently shown by the reply, *No, my lord, I 'll fight.*

163. *Happy man be 's dole!* "May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a

happy man!" (Johnson). The expression was proverbial. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 68, *T. of S.* i. 1. 144, and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 81. *Dole* was the term (as it still is in England) for a charitable allowance of provision to the poor. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 76: "what dole of honour" (that is, share, portion); and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 169: "in the dole of blows" (that is, dealing or giving).

170. *Childness.* "Childishness," which is the word elsewhere used by S. Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 157, etc.

171. *Thick.* Used by S. only here; for *thicken*, see *Macb.* p. 212, note on *Light thickens.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 44: "make thick my blood."

Squire. Here used with half-sportive tenderness. For its contemptuous use, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 54, *Oth.* iv. 2. 145, etc.

172. *Offic'd.* "Having a place or function" (Schmidt). Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 271: "My speculative and offic'd instruments" ("active" in the quartos).

174. *How thou lovest us*, etc. "Thus enjoined by himself, it could be only the cruel injustice of that most unjust passion, jealousy, that makes Leontes resent his wife's courtesy to Polixenes as a proof of her guilt" (Clarke).

177. *Apparent.* That is, heir apparent; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 64: "as apparent to the crown."

178. *Shall 's.* Shall us; that is, shall we. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 148: "Shall 's to the Capitol?" See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 408, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 233, v. 5. 228, *Per.* iv. 5. 7, etc. Gr. 215.

W. remarks: "S. had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When *Pandosto* was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

179. *To your own bents*, etc. Dispose of yourselves according to your inclination.

181. *How I give line.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 39: "give him line and scope."

183. *Neb.* Beak, here=mouth. Steevens quotes Paynter, *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the nebs of their forked heads." Rowe changed it to "nib," the more common form of the word. Halliwell quotes Kennett's *Glossary* (MS. Lansd. 1033): "*Neb*, nose, *Bor. et Kent*, hold up your nebb, Sax. *nebbe*, nasus, nares; item nostrum,* the bill, beak, nib or nebbe of a bird; whence, by metaphor, the nib or nebbe of a pen; Island. *nebbe*, nasus;" *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "Shal 's not busse, knight? shal 's not neb?" and MS. Bodl. 652: "He kisseth Benjamin, anon his neb he gan wipe."

185. *Allowing.* "Approving" (Malone), or "conniving" (Schmidt).

186. *Fork'd.* Horned. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 276: "this forked plague" (that is, cuckoldom). See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 178.

188. *So . . . whose.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 316: "For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?" See also *such . . . which* in i. 1. 22 above, and *such . . . that* in 253 below. Gr. 278, 279.

* So in Halliwell; probably a misprint for "rostrum."—*Ed.*

190. *There have been*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 63 fol.

195. *Strike.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "no planets strike;" and see note in our ed. p. 177.

196. *Predominant.* An astrological term. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 211: "When he [Mars] was predominant." See *Macb.* p. 203, note on *Is 't night's predominance*, etc. For *on 's*=of us, see Gr. 182.

198. *They.* Omitted in the 1st folio, but supplied in the 2d.

202. *This great sir.* Cf. iv. 4. 350: "this ancient sir;" *T. N.* iii. 4. 81: "Some sir of note," etc.

204. *Came home.* A nautical phrase=would not hold.

206. *More material.* Either=*the* more important the more you besought him (Clarke), or more urgent than your *petitions*.

207. *They 're here with me*, etc. "They go so far with respect to me as to whisper," etc. (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "they are aware of my condition" (V.). For *round*=murmur, whisper, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 566: "rounded in the ear;" and see *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note.

208. *So-forth.* Steevens says: "At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say 'Everybody knows that her husband is a so-forth.' As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom."

209. *Gust.* Perceive; literally, taste. Cf. the noun in *Sonn.* 114. 11 and *T. N.* i. 3. 33.

212. *So it is.* We should say, *as* it is.

214. *Thy conceit is soaking*, etc. Thy mind is absorbent, and takes in more than ordinary blockheads do. Clarke sees a metaphorical allusion to the dyeing of hats, indicated by the word *blocks*, which was used for *hats* in that day, and which S. punningly uses for *heads* also: "Was this black aspect of the matter taken by any pate but thine? For thy conception of it is steeped in the dye, and will draw in more than the ordinary run of hat-heads." For *block*=the wood on which hats were formed, see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 77. In *Lear*, iv. 6. 187 it is=the fashion or form of a hat.

216. *Severals.* Individuals. See *Hen. V.* p. 146.

217. *Lower messes.* Persons of inferior rank, those who sat at the lower end of the table. At a great man's table, the guests were not only seated according to their rank or dignity, but were divided into two grades by the great salt-cellar in the middle of the board. Steevens cites in illustration of this Dekker, *Hon. Wh.:* "Plague him; set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut;" and B. and F., *Woman Hater*, i. 2: "Uncut-up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones, partly to make a shew with, and partly to keep the lower mess from eating." "In the *Northumberland Household Booke* we find that the clerks of the kitchen are to be with the cooks at the 'striking out of the messes;' and in the same curious picture of ancient manners there are the most minute directions for serving delicacies to my lord's own mess, but bacon and other *pièces de résistance* to the Lord Chamberlain's and Steward's messes" (K.). *Mess* also sometimes meant a set of four; "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares). Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 207: "you three fools lacked one fool to make up the mess," etc.

227. *Chamber-counsels.* "Private thoughts or cares" (Schmidt). The folio has "Chamber-Councels" *Counsel* and *council* are often confounded in the early eds.

228. *Cleans'd my bosom.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 44: "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom," etc.

232. *To bide upon 't.* To dwell upon it, to repeat it.

234. *Hoxes.* Houghs, or hamstrings; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes Knolles, *Hist. of the Turks:* "and with his sword hoxed his horse."

236. *Grafted in my serious trust.* Thoroughly trusted by me.

238. *Home.* "In good earnest" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, rather = completely, to the end. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 71: "I will pay thy graces home;" *Macb.* i. 3. 120: "trusted home," etc.

240. *Fearful.* Full of fear; referring to the *coward* above. See *J. C.* p. 175, note on *With fearful bravery.*

245. *Wilful-negligent.* For compound adjectives, see Gr. 2.

246. *Industriously.* Studiously, deliberately (Schmidt); used by S. only here.

251. *Against the non-performance.* Heath conjectures "now-performance," and explains the passage thus: "At the execution whereof such circumstances discovered themselves as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it." Malone remarks that this is "a good interpretation of the original text," which he has no doubt is what S. wrote. He considers it, and we think rightly, one of those peculiar "double negatives" of which Schmidt gives many examples in his Appendix, p. 1420. See *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours.* Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Of which the execution, when once effected, proclaimed its non-performance to have been wrong."

253. *Allow'd.* To be allowed, allowable. For *such . . . that*, see on 188 above.

256. *It's.* See on 151 above.

262. *Think.* Theo. added "it," and Hanmer gave "think 't;" but, as Malone notes, the clause which follows—*My wife*, etc.—is the object of *think* as well as of *thought.*

266. *Hobby-horse.* The folios have "holy-horse;" corrected by Rowe.

269. *'Shrew.* Beshrew. Cf. ii. 2. 30 below, and see *M. N. D.* p. 152.

271. *Which to reiterate*, etc. To repeat which would be a sin as great as that of which you accuse her, if the charge were true.

273. *Noses.* Omitted in Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance*, under *nose.*

275. *Note.* Mark, sign. Cf. 2 above.

278. *Noon.* The later folios have "the noon." Abbott (Gr. 484) makes the word a dissyllable. In the Var. of 1821, *blind* is put at the end of this line; and Steevens says that *theirs*, *theirs* are dissyllables.

279. *The pin and web.* An early phase of cataract in the eye. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 122: "he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye," etc. Steevens, in a note on *Lear*, quotes *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "a pin and web argent, in hair du roy." Florio (as quoted by V.) defines *cataratta* as "a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web."

290. *Hovering.* Wavering, irresolute. Cf. *R. of L.* 1297: "First hovering o'er the paper with her quill."

294. *Glass.* Hour-glass. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 240: "At least two glasses;" *Id.* v. 1. 223: "but three glasses since," etc. See also iv. 1. 16 below.

295. *Her medal.* The folios have "her Medull" ("Medul" in 4th folio). Theo. gave "his medal," and the Coll. MS. has "a medal." *Like her medal*=like a medal of her. Steevens remarks that Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 32:

> "a loss of her
> That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

For *jewel*, see *T. N.* p. 154, and cf. v. 2. 32 below.

301. *Meaner form.* Lower seat, or position. See *R. and J.* p. 172. *Bench'd*=seated upon a bench, placed on a higher seat. The verb is used intransitively (=to sit on a seat of justice, to be judge) in *Lear*, iii. 6. 40: "Bench by his side." *Rear'd to worship*=raised to honour.

304. *Galled.* The folios have "gall'd," and the later ones read "thou mightst." Steevens quotes Chapman's *Odyssey*, x.:

> "With a festival
> She 'll first receive thee; but will spice thy bread
> With flowery poisons;"

and *Id.* xviii.: "spice their pleasure's cup."

305. *A lasting wink.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 285:

> "Whiles you, doing this,
> To the perpetual wink for aye might put
> This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence," etc.

See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 137: "Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb."

307. *Rash.* Quick-acting. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 61:

> "rash bavin wits,
> Soon kindled and soon burnt;"

2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 48: "rash gunpowder," etc.

309. *Maliciously.* "*Malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*" (Johnson).

310. *This crack.* Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 330: "this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before." *Dread*=revered, held in awe.

311. *Sovereignly.* For the transposition of the adverb, see Gr. 421.

312. *I have lov'd thee.* Theo. transferred these words to the next speech, which he explained thus: "I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once: if thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness!" Steevens retains the old reading, and says: "Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by saying, 'Make that thy question,' that is, make the love of which you boast the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it." We prefer Malone's interpretation: "Make that (that is, Hermione's disloyalty, which is so

clear a point) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds?"

314. *Appoint myself*, etc. We are inclined to agree with Schmidt that this means "to dress myself," etc. Cf. "drest in an opinion" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 91), "attired in wonder" (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146), "wrapped in dismal thinkings" (*A. W.* v. 3. 128), etc. Clarke thinks *appoint* may mean "point out, mark out, stigmatize."

317. *Is goads, thorns*, etc. Abbott (Gr. 484, 509) is doubtful whether this is a line "of four accents" or whether *goads* and *thorns* are dissyllables.

320. *Ripe*. Mature, urgent, pressing; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 64: "the ripe wants of my friend," etc.

321. *Blench*. "Fly off, be inconstant" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 5. 5:

> "Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
> As cause doth minister;"

and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 68:

> "there can be no evasion
> To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour."

322. *Fetch off*. Take off, make away with. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 324: "I will fetch off these justices" (that is, as Schmidt explains it, "make a prey of them").

325. *Sealing the injury of tongues*. Putting a stop to the mischief of talk or scandal.

333. *I am his cup-bearer*. In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cup-bearer, endeavours to dissuade Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus" (W.).

337. *Thou slit'st thine own*. Thou dost rive thine own; that is, it will be the death of you.

345. *If I could find*, etc. Blackstone believed this to be a reference to the death of Mary Queen of Scots; but, as Douce remarks, the perpetrator of that murder *did flourish* many years afterwards. He adds: "May it not rather be designed as a compliment to King James on his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy, an event often brought to the people's recollection during his reign, from the day on which it happened being made a day of thanksgiving?"

Break-neck. Halliwell quotes *An Account of the Christian Prince*, 1607: "the very breaknecke of our ensueinge sports," etc.

357. *As he had*. As *if* he had. See Gr. 107.

360. *Wafting his eyes*, etc. Turning his eyes in the opposite direction. For the transitive use of *falling* (=letting fall), see *J. C.* p. 169.

Mason remarks here: "This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakespeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him,

his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred."

365. *How! dare not!—do not?* Most editors point this "How! dare not? do not." W. has "How! dare not, do not?" The folio reads, "How, dare not? doe not?" We take the meaning to be "What! you dare not?—or is it '*do* not' that you mean? *Do* you know, and yet dare not tell me? You must mean something of the sort." The folio has an interrogation point at the end of 365, but most of the modern editors follow Capell (and Hanmer, who also changed *Do you know* to "You do know") in transferring it to the next line, as in the text. We are not sure that the change is absolutely necessary, and adopt it with some hesitation. "Do you know, and dare not?" might be an ellipsis for "Do you know, and dare not tell me?"—just as *you must* two lines below=you must *be intelligent*, you must avow it. Polixenes evidently suspects that Camillo, in saying that he dares not *know*, means that he dares not *tell* what he knows. K., V., and the Camb. editors retain the old pointing, making *Be intelligent to me* imperative.

For *intelligent*="bearing intelligence, giving information, communicative" (Schmidt), cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us." See also *Id.* iii. 1. 25 and iii. 5. 12. On *thereabouts*, cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 29: "Ay, are you thereabouts?"

376. *Sighted like the basilisk.* With eyes like those of the fabled basilisk, that kill with a glance. See *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*), or *R. and J.* p. 186 (note on *Death-darting eye*).

377. *Sped.* Thrived, prospered. Cf. iii. 3. 46 below: "speed thee well!" See also iv. 4. 652. For a different meaning, see *R. and J.* p. 182.

378. *Regard.* Look; as in *T. N.* ii. 5. 59, 73, etc.

379. *Thereto.* Besides. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 133: "If she be black, and thereto have a wit," etc.

380. *Clerk-like.* Scholar-like. Cf. the use of *clerk*=scholar in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 93, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 92, *Per.* v. prol. 5, etc.

381. *Our gentry.* Our gentle birth. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 144: "gentry, title, wisdom;" *R. of L.* 569: "By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath," etc.

382. *In whose success*, etc. To our descent from whom we owe our gentility, or nobility. For *success*=succession, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 47: "And so success of mischief shall be born," etc.

388. *Conjure.* For the accent, see *Mach.* p. 230. *Parts*=actions, tasks (Schmidt).

391. *Incidency.* Liability to fall or happen; used by S. only here. Cf. *incident*=liable to happen, in *T. of A.* v. 1. 203:

> "other incident throes
> That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
> In life's uncertain voyage," etc.

398. *Me.* For *me*=I, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 279, i. 3. 44, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 192, *Sonn.* 37. 14, etc. See also Gr. 210.

400. *I am appointed him.* Abbott (Gr. 220) makes *him*=by him. Clarke explains the passage thus: "I am he who is appointed," etc. The former explanation is perhaps to be preferred. The king has not been

mentioned in the conversation thus far, but Camillo is thinking of him. Polixenes, who is *not* thinking of him—or at least only doubtfully—naturally asks "By *whom*, Camillo?"

404. *To vice.* To screw, move, or impel. Cf. the noun (=screw), in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 21: "you must put in the pikes with a vice." Schmidt cites *T. N.* v. 1. 125:

> "I partly know the instrument
> That screws me from my true place in your favour."

For verbs formed from nouns, see Gr. 290. D. reads "tice" (Heath had suggested "'ntice"), which W. approves, though he retains *vice* in the text. W. says that "Camillo would hardly suppose such a case as the violent forcing of Polixenes into the arms of Hermione;" but *vice* does not imply any violent forcing (any more than "screws" in the passage just quoted), but mere motive power. The meaning is that Leontes feels as sure of it as if he had seen it, or been the agent to bring it about, like a screw which transmits the power in a machine. Cf. *Nomenclator*, 1585: "A vice or gin of wood, wherewith such things as are done within out of sight, are shewed to the beholders by the turning about of wheeles."

407. *Best.* Printed with a capital in the folio. For the allusion, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 132: "Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas;" *Id.* iv. 1. 170: "So Judas did to Christ;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 7. 33: "so Judas kiss'd his Master," etc.

412. *Swear his thought over*, etc. "Endeavour to overcome his opinion by swearing oaths numerous as the stars" (Johnson). *Swear over*="swear down" (*C. of E.* v. 1. 227). *Overswear*=swear again, in *T. N.* v. 1. 276. Some editors, including W., adopt Theobald's "Swear this though over." Lettsom suggests "Swear this oath over."

414. *Influences.* The astrological term. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 119, *Lear.* i. 2. 136, etc. See also Milton, *Comus*, 336: "Or if your influence be quite damm'd up;" *Hymn on Nativity*, 71: "Bending one way their precious influence," etc.

415. *For to obey the moon.* See on 1 above. Douce compares *M. of V.* iv. 1. 72:

> "You may as well go stand upon the beach,
> And bid the main flood bate his usual height."

On *for to*, see *Ham.* p. 220, or Gr. 152.

417. *Whose foundation*, etc. "This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*" (Steevens).

423. *This trunk.* This body of mine. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 163: "this frail and worthless trunk," etc.

425. *Whisper.* For the transitive use, cf. iv. 4. 777: "whisper him in your behalfs," etc.

426. *Posterns.* The smaller gates, the less frequented outlets of the city.

429. *Discovery.* Disclosure. See *Ham.* p. 205, note on *Prevent your discovery.*

431. *Seek to prove.* That is, by any appeal to Leontes.

433. *Thereon*, etc. And the execution of the sentence sworn by him.

436. *Thy places.* Thy honours (Steevens). Clarke sees in *places* "the

combined meaning of position as to fortune, and spot wherein to dwell; for we afterwards find that Polixenes confers manifold dignities and honours upon Camillo, and keeps him ever near to himself in Bohemia."

438. *Hence.* For the adjective use, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 65: "Our hence going" (often printed "hence-going").

444. *Profess'd.* Professed friendship. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 192: "by the saint whom I profess" (to whom I profess devotion), etc.

446. *Good expedition*, etc. A much disputed passage; but on the whole Clarke's explanation seems satisfactory: "Good speed (or prosperous issue of events) befriend me, and comfort the queen; who is, with myself, the object of his anger, but who, like myself, deserves no jot of his misconceived suspicion!" *Good expedition* may well enough be=good *speed*, or fortune (cf. iii. 2. 143 below: "the queen's speed"). If, however, we take *expedition* in its ordinary sense, we may perhaps accept Malone's paraphrase: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell renders it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion." Various emendations have been proposed, none of which improve the passage. Warb. suggested "queen's" for *queen;* "that is, be expedition my friend, and comfort the queen's!" Neither he nor Johnson could see how the *expedition* of Leontes would comfort the queen; but, as the Camb. editors remark, "his flight without Hermione would be the best means not only of securing his own safety, but of dispelling the suspicions Leontes entertained of his queen."

Malone cites, in illustration of the phraseology, *T. N.* iii. 4. 280: "it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose;" and W. adds ii. 3. 3 below:

> "part o' the cause,
> She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
> Is quite beyond mine arm," etc.

450. *Avoid.* Depart, begone. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 34: "pray you, avoid." See also *Temp.* iv. 1. 142, *A. and C.* v. 2. 242, *Cymb.* i. 1. 125, etc.

Coleridge remarks on this 1st act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay—

> 'There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
> So soon as yours, could win me'—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:

'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord;'

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far.

'At my request, he would not.'

The first working of the jealous fit—

'Too hot, too hot;'

The morbid tendency of Leontes to lay hold of the merest trifles, and his grossness immediately afterwards—

'Paddling palms and pinching fingers'—

followed by his strange loss of self-control in his dialogue with the little boy."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—5. *As if I were a baby still.* "Can anything be more perfectly true to young boy nature? And not only in this touch, but in the whole sketch of the child's character, S. has drawn Mamillius with 'Nature's own sweet and cunning hand'" (Clarke).

7. *For because.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 588: "But for because he hath not wooed me yet," etc. On *for* = because, see Gr. 151.

11. *Taught you this.* The 1st folio has "taught 'this," which W. retains and defends. It must be admitted that in some other instances the apostrophe seems to indicate the elision of a pronoun, etc. Cf. Gr. 461.

20. *Encounter.* Befall; as in *Cymb.* i. 6. 112:

"it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt."

25. *A sad tale 's best for winter.* An allusion to the title of the comedy. "This first portion of the play—full of chilling suspicion, bitter injustice, and cold-blooded cruelty—harmonizes finely with the name of *The Winter's Tale;* while the warmth of youthful beauty, the glow of young love, the return of confidence, the restoration to faith and truth, the revival from death to life, in the latter portion of the play, poetically consist with the ripeness of summer and the rich colouring of the season then made its existing time" (Clarke).

33. *Was he met,* etc. Clarke says: "Admirably does the *he, his,* and *him* in this line, referring to the unnamed Polixenes, serve to indicate the perturbation of the speaker." It is possible, however, that it merely indicates the continuation of a conversation begun before the parties come upon the stage.

37. *Censure.* Judgment, opinion. See *Ham.* p. 190 or *Macb.* p. 251.

38. *Alack, for lesser knowledge!* Oh, would that I knew less!

40. *Spider.* Henderson remarks: "That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T.

Overbury's affair: 'The Countesse wished me to get the strongest poyson I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great spiders, and cantharides.'" Malone quotes *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "like the spider, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." Clarke adds, in proof that it was supposed to be necessary to see the spider in order to be poisoned by it, the following from a play by Middleton:

> "Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
> Even then to see the spider!"

For *depart* the Coll. MS. gives "apart," and St. conjectures "deep o't." The meaning appears to be "go away unconscious of harm."

44. *Cracks his gorge.* That is, by endeavouring to vomit. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207: "my gorge rises at it;" and see note in our ed. p. 263.

45. *Hefts.* Heavings, retchings; used by S. only here.

50. *Discover'd.* Revealed, betrayed (not=found out). Cf. iv. 4. 701 below: "any thing that is fitting to be known, discover;" and see on *discovery*, i. 2. 429 above.

51. *Pinch'd.* Made ridiculous, served a trick (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 373: "What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?" Clarke believes that the word is="galled, wounded, disabled." Some make *pinch'd thing*=rag-baby or puppet.

65. *Without-door.* Outward, external.

69. *Sear.* Brand; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 176:

> "my maiden's name
> Sear'd otherwise," etc.

75. *Replenish'd.* Complete, consummate. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 18: "The most replenished sweet work of nature."

On the passage, see p. 24 above.

82. *Mannerly distinguishment.* Decent distinction.

86. *Federary.* Confederate, accomplice. S. uses the word nowhere else, but he has *fedary* or *fœdary* in the same sense in *M. for M.* ii. 4. 122 and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 21.

One that knows, etc. "One that knows what she should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour" (Malone). *But*=only; as in 101 below. "The passage has a confused effect (most naturally and characteristically produced, to accord with the speaker's agitation) from *Camillo* being the antecedent to *one that knows*, while *she* 's forms the antecedent to *and privy to this*, etc." (Clarke).

90. *Bold'st.* Changed by Steevens to "bold," to correct the "intolerable roughness" of the line. The plural *vulgars* is found only here. Hanmer gave "the vulgar." See Gr. 201, 433.

95. *Throughly.* Thoroughly. See *Ham.* p. 249.

98. *The centre.* The earth, the centre of the Ptolemaic universe. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 85: "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre," etc. See also on i. 2. 138 above. Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 597:

> "if this fail,
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

100. *Is afar off guilty*, etc. Is remotely (or indirectly) guilty for only speaking. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 216: "a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here." Malone quotes *Hen. V.* i. 2. 239:

> "Or shall we sparingly show you far off
> The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?"

101. *Some ill planet.* For the astrological allusion, cf. i. 2. 195 above. *Aspect* (regularly accented by S. as here) was an astrological term for the peculiar position and influence of a heavenly body. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *T. and C.* i. 3. 92, *Lear*, ii. 2. 112, etc.

106. *But I have*, etc. Douce compares *Ham.* i. 2. 85: "But I have that within which passeth show," etc. For *pities*, see on i. 1. 30 above, and cf. *charities* in 107 and *peaces* in 135 below.

114. *Good fools.* For *fool* as a term of pity or endearment, see *A. Y. L.* p. 151.

115. *When ye shall know*, etc. "If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection. No one better than S. knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect" (Clarke). See also p. 24 above.

117. *Action.* "Charge, accusation" (Johnson); "law-suit" (Schmidt). Mason and Steevens make *this action I now go on* = "what I am now about to do."

123. *Be certain what you do*, etc. "In the very first words Antigonus utters, S. shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are each destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act" (Clarke).

130. *I'll keep my stables*, etc. Malone explains the passage thus: "I 'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I 'll always *go in couples* with her; and in that respect my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs." He adds that dogs are sometimes "tied up in couples

under the manger of a stable." Clarke remarks that this is "a coarse way of saying that he would not quit his wife an instant; treating her as his coach-horses and hounds are treated, which are made to go always harnessed, or leashed *in couples*." For a different interpretation, see Ingleby's *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 76 fol. Hanmer gave "stable-stand," a term of the forest-laws = a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand to watch for the animals. The Coll. MS. has "me stable;" and the Camb. editors conjecture "my stabler" or "my stablers."

132. *Than.* The folios have "Then," which Pope and some other editors retain; but it is probably the old form for *Than.* See Gr. 70.

135. *Peaces.* See on 106 above.

137. *Abus'd.* Deceived. See *Ham.* p. 215.

Putter-on. One who *puts on* (see *Ham.* p. 257, or *Oth.* p. 180), or instigates. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 24:

> "they vent reproaches
> Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
> Of these exactions."

139. *Land-damn.* A stumbling-block to the commentators; probably a misprint, though no one has made a satisfactory guess at the word intended. Farmer conjectured "laudanum," Heath "half-damn," Walker "live-damn," Nicholson "Lent-damn," etc. The Coll. MS. has "lam-back" (=beat). Johnson thought *land-damn* might mean "*rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*." Malone suggested "land-dam" = kill, bury in earth; and Rann that *land-damn* might mean "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth." W. considers this last conjecture "worthy of attention as being, to say the least, not without reason," and, moreover, supported by *T. A.* v. 3. 179: "Set him breast-deep in the earth and famish him," etc. Schmidt regards it as a misprint, and proposes to read "I would—Lord, damn him!"

142. *Doing thus.* Hanmer inserts the stage-direction "*Laying hold of his arm;*" and the commentators generally agree that something of the sort is implied. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel *me*, on *my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* see the instruments that feel—that is, my fingers." Heath conjectured "instruments of that you feel," with "If so" for *If it be so.*

146. *Dungy earth.* The expression occurs again in *A. and C.* i. 1. 35.

152. *Forceful.* Powerful, strong; used by S. nowhere else.

155. *In skill.* Through cunning (Schmidt). Clarke explains it as "designedly, purposely."

156. *Relish.* Feel, perceive. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 23: "One of their kind, that relish all as sharply," etc.

158. *On 't.* Of it. Cf. ii. 2. 31, ii. 3. 15, iii. 1. 14, and iv. 4. 5 below. Gr. 182.

161. *Without more overture.* That is, without referring the matter to us, or consulting us.

166. *Approbation.* Proof, confirmation. See *Hen. V.* p. 146; and for *approve* = prove, *Ham.* p. 171.

171. *Wild.* Rash; as in iv. 4. 555 below.

In post. In haste. See *R. and J.* p. 218.

172. *Delphos.* Delphi. See on iii. 1. 2 below.

174. *Of stuff'd sufficiency.* "Of abilities more than enough" (Johnson). Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 56: "stuffed with all honourable virtues;" and *R. and J.* iii. 5. 183: "Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts." See also *Oth.* i. 3. 224: "of most allowed sufficiency."

183. *Free.* "That is, accessible to all" (Schmidt).

SCENE II.—6. *Whom.* The 1st folio has "who" here. For *who*= whom, see Gr. 274; and cf. v. 1. 108 below.

11. *Access.* Accented by S. on the first syllable only in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110 (Schmidt). Cf. v. 1. 87 below.

23. *On.* In consequence of. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 9: "If he appeal the duke on ancient malice," etc. Gr. 180.

30. *Lunes.* Lunacies, mad freaks. The word is not found elsewhere in the folio, but has been substituted by some editors for *lines* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 22 and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 139, and for *lunacies* in *Ham.* iii. 3. 7 (see our ed. p. 232). For *unsafe*, the Coll. MS. has "unsane."

33. *Honey-mouth'd.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 334: "honey-tongued Boyet." See also *V. and A.* 452 and *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 80.

34. *Red-look'd.* Red-looking. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 4. 11: "lean-look'd prophets;" and *M. N. D.* v. 1. 171: "O grim-look'd night!" See also Gr. 294 and 374.

35. *Trumpet.* The word is sometimes=trumpeter or herald; and Schmidt explains it so here. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 27: "Be thou the trumpet of our wrath," etc. See also *Ham.* p. 176.

45. *Thriving.* Prosperous, successful. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 13: "I wish your enterprise may thrive," etc.

47. *Presently.* Immediately; as very often. See *Ham.* p. 204.

49. *Hammer'd of.* Hammered on (Gr. 175), pondered. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 18:

> "Nor needst thou much importune me to that
> Whereon this month I have been hammering."

See also *Rich. II.* v. 5. 5: "I 'll hammer it out."

52. *Wit.* Wisdom. See *T. N.* p. 165.

SCENE III.—2. *Weakness.* The folio reads "weaknesse, if," and is followed by some modern editors, who end the sentence at *me* in 7 below.

3. *Part o' the cause.* See on i. 2. 446 above.

4. *Harlot.* Lewd. The noun is sometimes masculine. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 205 and *Cor.* iii. 2. 112 (Schmidt).

5. *The blank and level.* The mark and range, or aim. The *blank* was properly the white spot in the centre of the target. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 128: "And stood within the blank of his displeasure;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 2:

> "I stood i' the level
> Of a full-charg'd confederacy," etc.

See also iii. 2. 80 below.

6. *She.* Her. See *Oth.* p. 199, or Gr. 211.

8. *Moiety.* Portion (as in *Ham.* i. 1. 90, etc.), not a half. For the latter sense, see iii. 2. 38 and iv. 4. 790 below.

17. *Leave me solely.* Leave me to myself.

18. *Him.* That is, Polixenes, to whom his thoughts now revert.

20. *Recoil.* The plural is to be explained by the intervening *revenges.* Cf. iv. 2. 21 below: "whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented." See also Gr. 412.

In himself too mighty, etc. Malone quotes Greene's novel: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

27. *Be second to me.* Be helpful to me, second me. Cf. the use of the noun in *Temp.* iii. 3. 103, *Cor.* i. 4. 43, etc.

30. *Free.* Free from guilt, innocent. See *Ham.* p. 213 or *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

35. *Heavings.* Deep sighs. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 1: "these sighs, these profound heaves."

37. *Medicinal.* For the accent, see *Oth.* p. 210, note on *Medicinable.*

41. *Gossips.* Sponsors at baptism. In this sense the word is both masculine and feminine. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 405: "a gossips' feast;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 13: "My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal," etc.

53. *Professes.* Changed by Rowe to "profess;" but, if we may trust the collation in the Camb. ed., he does not alter *dares* below. Clarke remarks that the third person "gives the excellent effect of Paulina's speaking of another, while she thus confidently speaks of herself and her own fidelity." Both *professes* and *dares* may after all be misprints.

56. *Comforting.* Encouraging, or aiding. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 209: "Why dost not comfort me and help me out?" *Lear*, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him comforting the king," etc. The word properly means to strengthen (see the derivation in Wb.); and the noun is still used in a similar sense in the legal phrase "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." The Hebrew verb translated "comfort" in *Job*, ix. 27 and x. 20 is rendered "recover strength" in *Ps.* xxix. 13, and "strengtheneth" in *Amos*, v. 9. In Wiclif's version of *Isa.* xli. 7, we find "he coumfortide hym with nailes, that it shulde not be moued;" where the A. V. has "fastened."

60. *By combat.* An allusion to the practice of "trial by combat," for a description of which see the extracts from Holinshed in *Rich. II.* p. 147 fol. and p. 159 fol.

61. *The worst.* "The *weakest*, the *least expert in the use of arms*" (Steevens).

63. *Hand.* Lay hands on. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 25: "we will not hand a rope more."

67. *Mankind.* Masculine. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 16: "Are you mankind?" Steevens quotes *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

> "That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman.—
> Why, she is mankind, therefore thou mayst strike her;"

and Mason adds from one of Jonson's *Sonnets:* "Pallas, now thee I call

on, mankind maid!" Cf. B. and F., *Monsieur Thomas:* "A plaguy mankind girl;" and *The Woman-Hater:* "Are women grown so mankind?"

68. *Intelligencing.* Carrying intelligence, acting as a go-between; used by S. nowhere else. Cf. *intelligencer* in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 20:

> "The very opener and intelligencer
> Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
> And our dull workings."

74. *Woman-tir'd.* Hen-pecked; the only instance of the word in S. *Tire* was a term in falconry, meaning to tear and devour a prey. Cf. *V. and A.* 56:

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;"

and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 269:

> "and like an empty eagle
> Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

Steevens quotes Chapman, *The Widow's Tears:* "He has given me a bone to tire on."

78. *Forced.* "Constrained, unnatural, false" (Schmidt); as in iv. 4. 41 below: "these forc'd thoughts," etc. Coll. conjectures "falsed." On *baseness*, cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 10:

> "Why brand they us
> With base? with baseness? bastardy?"

86. *Whose sting*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 37:

> "No, 't is slander,
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
> Out-venoms all the worms of Nile," etc.

90. *Sound.* The later folios have "found."

Callat. A coarse or lewd woman. See *Oth.* p. 201.

92. *Baits.* Attacks, harasses. The word literally means to set dogs upon, as in *bear-baiting.* Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 130:

> "Have you not set mine honour at the stake
> And bated it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
> That tyrannous heart can think?"

See also 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 148, etc. Here there is a play on *beat* (pronounced *bate*) and *baits.*

96. *The old proverb*, etc. St. quotes Overbury's *Characters:* "The devill cals him his white sonne; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and he lokes after his father."

100. *Valley.* Apparently explained by *dimples* in apposition with it (Schmidt). Perhaps we should read "valleys," with Hanmer.

101. *His smiles.* Omitted by Capell.

106. *No yellow in 't.* For *yellow* as the colour of jealousy, cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with yellowness."

Suspect, as he does, etc. This, of course, is an absurdity, but perhaps an intentional one, as in keeping with Paulina's excited state of mind.

Clarke remarks here: "In Paulina the poet has given us a perfect pict-

ure of one of those ardent friends whose warmth of temper and want of judgment injure the cause they strive to benefit. Paulina, by her persevering iterance of the word *good*, excites Leontes' opposition, and lashes him into fury; and now, when she has made a moving appeal in her reference to the infant's inheritance of its father's look, smile, and features, she cannot refrain from merging into reproach, ending in actual extravagance."

Cf. what Mrs. Jameson says of her: "Paulina does not fill any ostensible office near the person of the queen, but is a lady of high rank in the court — the wife of the Lord Antigonus. She is a character strongly drawn from real and common life—a clever, generous, strong-minded, warm-hearted woman, fearless in asserting the truth, firm in her sense of right, enthusiastic in all her affections; quick in thought, resolute in word, and energetic in action; but heedless, hot-tempered, impatient, loud, bold, voluble, and turbulent of tongue; regardless of the feelings of those for whom she would sacrifice her life, and injuring from excess of zeal those whom she most wishes to serve. How many such are there in the world! But Paulina, though a very termagant, is yet a poetical termagant in her way; and the manner in which all the evil and dangerous tendencies of such a temper are placed before us, even while the individual character preserves the strongest hold upon our respect and admiration, forms an impressive lesson, as well as a natural and delightful portrait.

"In the scene, for instance, where she brings the infant before Leontes with a hope of softening him to a sense of his injustice—'an office which,' as she observes, 'becomes a woman best'—her want of self-government, her bitter, inconsiderate reproaches, only add, as we might easily suppose, to his fury. Here, while we honour her courage and her affection, we cannot help regretting her violence.

"We see, too, in Paulina, what we so often see in real life, that it is not those who are most susceptible in their own temper and feelings who are most delicate and forbearing towards the feelings of others. She does not comprehend, or will not allow for, the sensitive weakness of a mind less firmly tempered than her own. . . .

"We can only excuse Paulina by recollecting that it is a part of her purpose to keep alive in the heart of Leontes the remembrance of his queen's perfections and of his own cruel injustice. It is admirable, too, that Hermione and Paulina, while sufficiently approximated to afford all the pleasure of contrast, are never brought too nearly in contact on the scene or in the dialogue;* for this would have been a fault in taste, and have necessarily weakened the effect of both characters. Either the serene grandeur of Hermione would have subdued and overawed the fiery spirit of Paulina, or the impetuous temper of the latter must have disturbed in some respect our impression of the calm, majestic, and somewhat melancholy beauty of Hermione."

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* "Only in the last scene, when, with solemnity befitting the occasion, Paulina invokes the majestic figure to 'descend, and be stone no more,' and where she presents her daughter to her, 'Turn, good lady! our Perdita is found.'"

109. *Losel.* A worthless or cowardly fellow. Reed cites Verstegan's *Restitution*, etc., 1605: "a Losel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." S. uses the word only here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 4:

> "The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
> One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
> Ne thought of honour ever did assay
> His baser brest," etc.

119. *Weak-hing'd.* "Supported by a weak hinge, ill-founded" (Schmidt). Cf. the use of *hinge* in *Oth.* iii. 3. 365: "no hinge . . . To hang a doubt on."

127. *What needs these hands?* Referring to the persons who are putting her out of the room.

139. *Encounter with.* Cf. *V. and A.* 672: "If thou encounter with the boar;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 114: "He never did encounter with Glendower," etc.

140. *My proper.* My own. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "their proper selves;" *M. for M.* v. i. 413: "his proper tongue," etc.

143. *Fellows.* Companions, peers. See *T. N.* p. 152.

148. *Beseech you.* Rowe's emendation (perhaps unnecessary) of the "beseech'" of the folio. See on ii. 1. 11 above.

Clarke remarks here: "It is worthy of observation that the character of this speaker is delineated with so much moral beauty throughout (from that speech of chivalrous loyalty to his queen and courageous loyalty to his king, 'For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down,' etc., ii. 1. 126 fol., down to the present earnest remonstrance) that in the play of any other dramatist it would have assumed name and shape as a personage of importance; whereas, in Shakespeare's wealth of resource, and care in finishing even the most subordinate parts among his *dramatis personæ*, it merely figures as '*First Lord.*'"

150. *Dear.* Devoted, earnest, zealous. See *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*), or *Rich. II.* p. 151.

160. *Midwife.* Used contemptuously = old woman (Schmidt).

162. *This beard 's grey.* Theo. conjectured "his" for *this*, and Coll. reads "thy." Perhaps, as Malone suggests, the king takes hold of the beard of Antigonus. See on ii. 1. 142 above. *Adventure* = venture, dare; as in i. 2. 38 above.

168. *Swear by this sword.* See *Ham.* p. 197, note on *Upon my sword;* and cf. iii. 2. 123 below.

170. *Fail.* Failure. Cf. v. 1. 27 below: "my issue's fail." See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 145, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 66, etc.

172. *Lewd-tongu'd.* Vile-tongued, foul-spoken. Cf. *lewd* in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 65: "A velvet dish! fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy," etc.

178. *It own.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th have "its own." This old possessive *it* (or *yt*) is found fourteen times in the 1st folio, and it is curious that in six of these it occurs in the combination *it own.* It is to be noted also that in the only instance in which *its* appears in our present Bible (*Lev.* xxv. 5), the ed. of 1611 has "it owne;"

and in the Geneva version of 1579 we find "it owne accorde" in *Acts*, xii. 10. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1605:

> "Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,
> By little and little it owne selfes consumer."

These and similar instances would seem to show that the old possessive *it* was often retained in this expression after it had gone out of general use; and they justify us in assuming that *it own* is what S. probably wrote here. *Its own* (or *it's own*), of which we have a solitary instance in i. 2. 256 above, may be the printer's variation from the MS.; though it is not improbable that the poet may have written it so. It is evident from the number of times that *its* occurs in this play and in *Temp.*, written about the same time (seven out of the ten instances of *its* in the folio are in these two plays*), that he was getting into the way of using the new pronoun, and he might write *its own* intentionally in one passage and *it own* inadvertently or from force of habit in another.

Hudson (school ed. of *Ham.* p. 235) sneers at the editors—White, Furness, the Camb. editors, and others—who retain the possessive *it* in the text, calling this "conservatism in *it* dotage;" but there is precisely the same reason for retaining it as for retaining any other archaic word or construction that we find in the original text. We have no more right to change the possessive *it* to *its* than we have to change *his* to *its* in the scores of passages in which it is equivalent to the modern neuter possessive. The "conservatism" that preserves the Elizabethan peculiarities of the poet's grammar and vocabulary is a praiseworthy characteristic of what Furnivall calls the "Victorian school" of Shakespearian criticism; in marked contrast to the practice of the commentators of the last century, who were given to "correcting" Shakespeare's English by the standards of their own time.

182. *Commend it strangely.* Commit it as a stranger (Johnson).

184. *Present.* Instant, immediate; as often. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 152: "Sign me a present pardon for my brother;" *C. of E.* v. 1. 176: "send some present help," etc.

186. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic, as often (=*sprite*). Gr. 463.

190. *Require.* Nearly=deserve; as in iii. 2. 62 below.

192. *Loss.* Halliwell quotes Baret, *Alvearie*, 1580: "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 31:

> "He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
> That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
> About his neck," etc.

There, as here, *loss*=casting away, discarding.

199. *'T is good speed*, etc. Changed by Pope to "This good speed foretells," etc. For ellipsis of nominative, see Gr. 399-402.

* In two of the other three (*M. for M.* i. 2. 4 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 18) it is emphatic. *Hen. VIII.* is, moreover, one of the latest of the plays. The third instance is in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 393.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *The isle.* In making "Delphos" an island, S. simply follows Greene's novel, in which the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," etc. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Greene confounded Delphi with Delos.

4. *It caught me.* This impressed me; *it* referring to "the whole spectacle" (Johnson).

10. *Surpris'd.* Overcame, overpowered. Cf. *V. and A.* 890: "to surprise her heart," etc.

14. *The time is worth the use on 't.* The time we have spent is worth the trouble it has cost us (Malone); or, the time has been well spent.

17. *Carriage.* Conduct, management. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 140: "The passage and whole carriage of this action," etc.

19. *Divine.* Priest. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 64: "our divines" (the Roman priests), etc.

SCENE II.—2. *Pushes*, etc. Steevens compares *Macb.* iii. 1. 117:

> "That every minute of his being thrusts
> Against my near'st of life."

7. *Purgation.* Exculpation. See *A. Y. L.* p. 147. Here the word is a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

10. *Silence.* The 1st folio prints the word in italics, like a stage-direction; the later folios have "*Silence. Enter*," etc. Rowe made *Silence* a part of the Officer's speech, as in the text. Capell and D. assign it to a crier, and the latter compares *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 2. As the Camb. editors remark, there is no reason why the officer who has already spoken should not also command silence.

16. *Pretence.* Intention, design. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 137:

> "Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
> Of treasonous malice," etc.

25. *Mine integrity*, etc. "My *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*" (Johnson).

27. *If powers divine*, etc. Malone quotes Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

Clarke remarks upon *as they do:* "The fervour, faith, courage, yet simplicity, summed in these three monosyllables, it would be difficult to match. Shakespeare's parentheses are often marvels of condensed power; wonderful force and extent of meaning summed in a few words."

32. *Who.* Rowe's correction of the "Whom" of the folios.

34. *Which.* That is, which unhappiness (Malone).

36. *Take.* Captivate. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 313:

> "To hear the story of your life, which must
> Take the ear strangely," etc.

37. *Owe.* Own, possess; as very often. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 297, *Macb.*

i. 3. 76, i. 4. 10, iii. 4. 113, etc. We have the modern meaning in v. 1. 217 below.

38. *Moiety.* See on ii. 3. 8 above.

40. *Fore.* See *Hen. V.* p. 155.

41. *For life*, etc. "*Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly discard it" (Johnson). Clarke paraphrases it thus: "I estimate life as I estimate grief—things that I could willingly part with, while the one I would avoid destroying, and the other I would avoid encountering."

43. '*T is a derivative*, etc. "This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: 'The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children*'" (Johnson).

48. *With what encounter*, etc. "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal" (D.). For *encounter*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 161, iv. 1. 94, *A. W.* iii. 7. 32, etc. *Uncurrent* = "objectionable" (Schmidt), unallowable (like false coin, that is not allowed to "pass"). *Strained* = twisted or wrenched aside, turned from the right course. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 3. 19: "Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use," etc. Mason conjectured "stray'd," which he thought to be favoured by *one jot beyond the bound of honour.*

54. *Wanted less impudence*, etc. A form of "double negative" which has caused much trouble to the critics, though it is not uncommon in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours.* As Johnson remarks, "according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had.*"

57. *Due.* Appropriate, applicable.

58. *More than mistress of*, etc. Hanmer inserted "I'm" before *mistress*, but the ellipsis does not differ essentially from others in the play. The meaning evidently is, I must not acknowledge more faults than belong to me. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 4: "I show more mirth than I am mistress of."

62. *Requir'd.* Deserved. See on ii. 3. 190 above.

65. *As yourself commanded.* See i. 2. 174 above. "Nobly, simply, truly, does Hermione state this point of self-vindication, and with as noble a forbearance towards her most unjust husband" (Clarke).

75. *Wotting.* If they know. See Gr. 377, and cf. v. 1. 229 below: "Your honour not o'erthrown," etc. *Wot* occurs only in the present tense and participle, and this is the only instance of the latter in S.

80. *Level.* See on ii. 3. 5 above. The passage is = my life is at the mercy of your suspicions, which are like "the baseless fabric" of a dream.

81. *Which.* Referring to *life*, not to the nearer *dreams.* Cf. Gr. 218, 262, and 263.

84. *Fact.* The only meaning Schmidt gives to the word in S. is "evil deed, crime." See *Macb.* p. 225. If we take it in its simple etymological sense (from Latin *factum*), it is = deed, which is proper enough here. Johnson needlessly conjectured "pack," and Farmer "sect." "Pact"

has also been suggested. *Those of your fact* = those who do as you have done.

85. *Which to deny*, etc. "It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless—will prove nothing" (Malone).

91. *Bug.* Bugbear. See *Ham.* p. 267. For the derivation, see Wb. Cf. Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "which be the very bugges that the Psalme [*Ps.* xci. 5] meaneth on, walking in the night," etc.

92. *Commodity.* Advantage. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 278: "I will turn diseases to commodity," etc.

93. *The crown and comfort of my life.* "The supreme blessing of my life" (Malone). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 4: "My supreme crown of grief," etc.

98. *Starr'd most unluckily.* That is, born under "inauspicious stars" (*R. and J.* v. 3. 111). For the astrological allusion, cf. i. 2. 195, 351, and 413 above.

99. *It.* See on ii. 3. 178 above.

100. *Hal'd.* Hauled, dragged. See *Much Ado*, p. 137.

101. *Proclaim'd.* Printed "proclaimed" in the Camb. and Globe eds. The folio has "Proclaym'd."

Immodest. "Immoderate" (Schmidt); with perhaps the added idea of "indecent, unseemly," as Clarke suggests.

102. *Longs.* Belongs. See *Hen. V.* p. 160, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 162.

105. *Strength of limit.* "The limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing" (Mason). The 3d and 4th folios have "limbs" for *limit.*

108. *For life.* The folio has "no life," which might pass with Hanmer's pointing, "No! life," etc. It seems more probable, however, that "no" is a misprint. *For* is Keightley's conjecture (cf. 41 above); W. reads "my."

114. *I do refer me to the oracle.* Cf. Greene's novel: "And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle."

118. *The emperor of Russia*, etc. See extract from Greene, quoted on ii. 3. 20 above.

121. *Flatness.* "Downrightness, absoluteness, completeness" (Schmidt); the "flat despair" of Milton (*P. L.* ii. 143). S. uses the word only here.

122. *Pity, not revenge.* "True Shakespeare! Magnanimity and forbearance to the utmost" (Clarke).

123. *Upon this sword.* See on ii. 3. 168 above.

130. *Break up.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 4. 10: "to break up this" (a letter); and see note in our ed. p. 141.

131. *Hermione is chaste*, etc. Cf. Greene's novel (quoted by Malone): "*The Oracle.* Suspicion is no proofe; jealousie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the kinge shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." Coll. states that the eds. subsequent to 1588 read "the king shall *live* without an heire." It is probable, therefore, that S. used one of these later impressions.

Coleridge remarks: "Although, on the whole, this play is exquisitely respondent to its title, and even in the fault I am about to mention still

a winter's tale; yet it seems a mere indolence of the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response some ground for Hermione's seeming death and fifteen years' voluntary concealment. This might have been easily effected by some obscure sentence of the oracle; as, for example: 'Nor shall he ever recover an heir, if he have a wife before that recovery.'" Cf. what Mrs. Jameson says, p. 25 above; and see also the extract from Dowden, p. 32.

141. *To report it.* For reporting it. Gr. 356.

142. *Conceit.* Conception, apprehension. See *Ham.* p. 213, or *A. Y. L.* p. 162. *Speed* = fortune. Cf. the use of the verb in i. 2. 377 above.

144. [*Hermione swoons.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown;' she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe" (Clarke).

160. *Tardied.* Retarded, delayed; the only instance of the verb in S.

161. *Though I with death*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 60:

> "Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
> Your favours nor your hate."

See also 203 below.

165. *Unclasp'd my practice.* Disclosed my plot. For *unclasp'd*, see *T. N.* p. 127; and for *practice*, *Ham.* p. 255 or *Much Ado*, p. 156.

166. *The hazard.* The 2d folio reads "the certain hazard," which is quite in Shakespeare's manner, though Malone calls *certain* "the most improper word that could have been chosen." Cf. *R. of L.* 1311: "Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly;" *Sonn.* 115. 11: "When I was certain o'er incertainty," etc. These and similar passages may have suggested the emendation to the editor of the 2d folio. Rann conjectured "fearful hazard," and Malone "doubtful hazard."

167. *Incertainties.* S. uses this word interchangeably with *uncertainty*, as *incertain* with *uncertain*.

168. *No richer than his honour.* That is, with nothing to depend upon but his honour; having left all his wealth behind him when he fled. St. joins this to the next sentence, putting a period after *commended*.

Glisters. Glistens (not used by S.), shines. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

169. *Thorough.* The 1st folio has "Through" (the later folios "Through my dark"), but as S. uses *thorough* and *through* interchangeably, Malone's emendation has been generally adopted. See *M. N. D.* p. 136. Cf. *throughly* in ii. 1. 95 above.

170. *Does my deeds*, etc. "This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt" (Johnson).

Woe the while! Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 78 and *J. C.* i. 3. 82.

174. Capell inserted "rather!" after *flaying* to fill out the measure; and the Coll. MS. has "burning, boiling." The folio reads "boyling?" According to a statute of Henry VIII. persons found guilty of secret poisoning were to be boiled to death.

177. *Most worst.* For double comparatives and superlatives in S., see Gr. 11.

182. *Were but spices of it.* "Served only to season it, to give it a zest" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 26: "For all this spice of your hypocrisy."

184. *Of a fool.* As a fool, in the matter of folly (Gr. 173). Johnson explains the passage: "It showed thee *first* a fool, *then* inconstant and ungrateful." Theo. changed *fool* to "soul," and Warb. *of* to "off." Coleridge says: "I think the original word is Shakespeare's. 1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian: 'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy;' 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian. As to the grossness of the abuse—she calls him 'gross and foolish' a few lines below."

185. *Damnable.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 31: "meant damnable," etc. Gr. 1.

186. *Thou wouldst have poison'd*, etc. "How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance" (Malone). Cf. p. 17 above.

191. *Shed water out of fire.* "Dropped tears from burning eyes" (Clarke). Steevens says, "shed tears of pity *o'er the damned;*" but that would hardly be expressed by "*out of* fire."

196. *Dam.* Elsewhere applied only in contempt to a human mother. Cf. i. 2. 137 and ii. 3. 94 above.

203. *Tincture.* Colour. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 160: "the lily tincture of her face;" *Sonn.* 54. 6: "As the perfumed tincture of the roses," etc.

207. *A thousand knees*, etc. "There is a wild exaggeration, a sublime extravagance, in Paulina's diction that poetry alone can fitly give, and which Shakespeare's poetry finely gives. These 'naked, fasting,' 'thousand *knees*'—how grandly superior, in their bold ellipse, to the 'thousand kneeling *men*' that tame correctness would have given!" (Clarke).

215. *Made fault.* Cf. *R. of L.* 804: "all the faults which in thy reign are made;" and *Sonn.* 35. 5: "All men make faults," etc.

220. *What 's past help*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

222. *Petition.* The word has been suspected, and "relation" (Sr.), "repetition" (Coll. MS.), etc., have been proposed; but *petition* may be = appeal. Clarke remarks that Paulina has urged the king *not* to *repent*, to *betake* himself *to despair*, etc., which may justify the use of *petition.*

223. *Minded.* Reminded. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 13: "I do thee wrong to mind thee of it," etc.

228. *Remember thee.* Remind thee; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

229. *Take your patience to you.* Have patience; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 106:

"you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower."

SCENE III. — 1. *Perfect.* "Certain, well assured" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 73:

"I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms;"

and see *Id.* iv. 2. 118.

2. *Bohemia.* S. took his maritime Bohemia directly from Greene's novel (see. p. 17 above); but the author of *Consuelo* has attempted to save the poet's credit by showing that Ottokar II. possessed in addition to his Bohemian and other territories a *seaport* (possibly the little port of Naon) which he purchased on the Adriatic, in order to justify the boast that his dominions extended to that sea.

4. *Present.* Immediate, as in i. 2. 269, ii. 3. 184 above, and iv. 2. 46 below.

11. *Loud weather.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 40: "they are louder than the weather," etc.

20. *Some another.* That is, sometimes on the other. For the use of *another*, cf. v. 2. 71 below: "another elevated," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 168.

21. *A vessel of like sorrow*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 13:

"Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes."

22. *Becoming.* Comely; referring rather to what follows than to what precedes. The Coll. MS. has "o'er-running." St. makes *becoming*="self-restrained."

26. *The fury.* The frantic burst of grief.

32. *Weep.* The Coll. MS. gives "wend;" but cf. 51 below: "Weep I cannot," which may refer to the injunction of the vision.

For. Because. See Gr. 151.

39. *Toys.* Explained by 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard." See also *M. N. D.* p. 179.

41. *Squar'd.* Ruled. Cf. v. 1. 52 below.

45. *Earth.* Land, country; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 41, 50, iii. 2. 10, v. 1. 5, etc.

46. *Blossom.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 16: "My Icarus, my blossom," etc. For *speed*=fare, see on i. 2. 377 above.

47. *Character.* "The letters of Antigonus," mentioned in v. 2. 32 below; as *these* are the "mantle" and the "jewel," with the "gold" of 111 below.

48. *Breed.* Furnish the means of *breeding*, or bringing up.

49. *Rest.* Remain. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146. On *wretch*, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44: "The pretty wretch left crying," etc.

51. *Loss.* See on ii. 3. 192 above.

55. *Lullaby.* Cf. Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy lullaby, and the salt sea-fome, instead of sweete milke?"

56. *Clamour.* "This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries *This is the chase*, or the *animal pursued*" (Johnson).

59. *Sixteen.* The early eds. have "ten," which Hanmer changed to "thirteen;" but, as the Camb. editors remark, "if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13," and it suits the context better.

62. *Ancientry.* Old people. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "full of state and ancientry;" and see note in our ed. p. 129.

63. *Boiled brains.* "Hot-headed fellows" (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 60:

> "A solemn air and the best comforter
> To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
> Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!"

and *M. N. D.* v. 1. 4: "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."

67. *Browsing of ivy.* In Greene's novel, the shepherd goes to the sea-shore, "to see if perchance the sheepe was brouzing on the sea-ivy, whereon they doe greatly feed."

68. *A barne.* A child (Scottish *bairn*). See *Much Ado*, p. 150.

69. *A boy or a child.* According to Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.* the word *child*=girl in the Devonshire dialect; and this is confirmed by a correspondent of Knight's, who says that it is still used by the peasantry in parts of Somerset as well as Devon. W. reads "a god or a child," and quotes Greene's novel, where it is said that the shepherd, "who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was *some little god*," but when it began to cry, "knew *it was a childe*."

70. *Scape.* See *Ham.* p. 188, or Wb. s. v.

79. *Betwixt the firmament*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 2:

> "it is a high-wrought flood;
> I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
> Descry a sail."

86. *Vest.* Foam; used by S. only here. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 53: "the yesty waves," etc.

91. *Flap-dragoned it.* Swallowed it like a *flap-dragon*—"a small combustible body [an almond, plum, or raisin] set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming" (Schmidt). See *L. L. L.* v. 1. 45 and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 267.

99. *The old man.* Changed by Theo. to "the nobleman." See p. 18 above. Malone suggests that the word *old* may have been dropped by the folio printer from the Clown's description; or, as Steevens says, the shepherd may have inferred the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself.

101. *Ship side.* Collier reads "ship's side;" but see *Oth.* p. 155, note on *Oath sake.*

103. *Heavy matters!* Sad business! For *look thee*, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 530, etc. Gr. 212.

106. *Bearing-cloth.* "The fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized" (Percy).

108. *Changeling.* A child left by the fairies in exchange for one stolen by them. See *M. N. D.* p. 138.

110. *Made.* The folios have "mad;" corrected by Theo. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 18: "we had all been made men;" *Oth.* i. 2. 51: "he 's made forever," etc. Farmer remarks that the word is taken from Greene's novel: "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were made for ever."

113. *Next.* Nearest; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 264, etc. We still speak of "the next village" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 44), "the next room" (*Rich. III.* i. 4. 161), etc.

118. *Curst.* Mischievous, or savage. Cf. *V. and A.* 887: "Finding their enemy [the boar] to be so curst;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 22: "a curst cow," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 167.

125. *We 'll do good deeds on 't.* "Not only does S. here record the strong feeling of reverence for the rights of sepulture among the poor, but he takes occasion to inculcate a lovely lesson of simple piety and morality—that the truest celebration of a piece of good fortune is to perform some good act in token of gratitude" (Clarke).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—In the folios this is made the first scene of the fourth act, as here. Theo. placed it *between* the two acts as an interlude; Warb. and Johnson put it at the end of the third act; though the latter, who apparently did not refer to the folios, remarks that it "rather begins the fourth act than concludes the third."

W. suspects that S. did not write the speech. He says: "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play. The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful; the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written." He goes on to compare the speech with the Epilogue to *Temp.* and the Prologue to *Hen. VIII.*, which he believes to be "from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's." All three he is inclined to ascribe to Chapman.

It seems to us that, not only the style of the speech, but its being in rhyme, may lead us to doubt whether S. wrote it. We can hardly believe it is from the same hand as the magnificent choruses in *Hen. V.*, which show how the poet did things of that kind when he chose to do them. If he wrote this one, it must have been in some uninspired moment after the rest of the play was finished—possibly at the request of some manager who thought the gap in the action should be bridged over in that way.

6. *Sixteen years.* Steevens shows that such violations of dramatic unity were not uncommon in the plays of the time. For example, Lyly, in his *Endymion*, has an interval of forty years between two acts. Whetstone, in the dedication of his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1579, says: "The Englishman, in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters," etc.

The growth untried=the progress unconsidered, or "unattempted" (cf. Milton, *P. L.* i. 16) in the play.

8. *One self-born.* One and the same. The hyphen is in the early eds., but Schmidt objects to it as unintelligible.

14. *Glistering.* See on iii. 2. 168 above.

15. *Now seems to it.* That is, seems stale to *this present.*

17. *As.* As *if.* Gr. 107.

Leontes leaving, etc. The 1st folio prints the passage thus:

> "*Leontes* leauing
> Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing
> That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
> (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
> In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
> I mentioned a sonne o' th' Kings, which *Florizell*
> I now name to you: and with speed so pace
> To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
> Equall with wond'ring."

W. and some other editors retain this pointing in the first three lines, merely changing the period after *himself* to a comma, as the later folios do. St. was the first to put the comma after *Leontes*, and make the next clause parenthetical. He is followed by the Camb. editors, D., Clarke, Delius, and others.

19. *Imagine me.* That is, with me, or for me. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 80: "Study me how to please the eye," etc. Gr. 220.

22. *I mention'd.* The 1st folio (see above) has "mentioned;" the later folios, "I mention here." Hanmer substituted "There is;" and Pope, as usual, "corrected" *which* to "whom."

25. *Wondering.* Admiration. Cf. *Sonn.* 106. 14: "Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise," etc.

26. *I list not prophesy.* I do not choose to predict. For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

28. *To her adheres.* Pertains to her, concerns her.

29. *Argument.* Subject, theme. See *M. N. D.* p. 166, and cf. *Ham.* p. 207.

Of this allow=permit this (Schmidt). Malone makes *allow*=approve.

SCENE II.—4. *Fifteen.* Changed by Hanmer to "sixteen," to conform to iv. 1. 6; but S. is not always consistent in these matters.

5. *Been aired.* Schmidt makes this=been led forth, led about. It seems rather to be=lived, breathed the air, or been in the air—in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (*Ham.* ii. 2. 210), "is out o' the air."

8. *O'erween.* Presume, or have the presumption. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 144: "my heart o'erweens too much," etc.

12. *Want.* Be without, as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 101: "The human mortals want their winter here," etc.

17. *Friendships.* Friendly services. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 169: "I extend this friendship," etc.

22. *Are.* See on ii. 3. 20 above. Gr. 412.

25. *Approved.* Proved, as often. See *Ham.* p. 171.

28. *Missingly.* Apparently = from missing him; that is, my missing him has led me to note his frequent absence. Steevens explains it as "at intervals," and Schmidt "with regret."

29. *Frequent to.* Addicted to, or attentive to. S. uses the adjective only here and in *Sonn.* 117. 4, where it is = conversant, intimate.

33. *Look upon his removedness.* Watch him in his absence.

36. *Is grown into an unspeakable estate.* Has become surprisingly rich.

39. *Note.* Notoriety, fame.

41. *But, I fear, the angle,* etc. But, I fear, it is the attraction, etc. The use of *but* seems at first peculiar, and Theo. substituted *and;* but no change is absolutely required. It may be one of those cases in which the conjunction refers to something implied rather than expressed. Camillo refers to the reports of the daughter's beauty merely as an additional bit of intelligence, apparently not connecting it with Florizel's visits to the cottage; Polixenes, perceiving this by his tone and manner, says in substance, "I, too, have heard of the pretty daughter, *but* [to *me* it isn't a fact without significance, for] I fear she is the attraction that draws my son thither." Some editors read, "but I fear the angle," etc. The folio, however, has "but (I feare) the Angle," etc.

On *angle,* see *Ham.* p. 269, and cf. the verb in i. 2. 180 above and v. 2. 79 below. Clarke suspects an allusion to Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli* and *Angeli* (see *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Insculp'd upon*), but this is more than doubtful.

Plucks, as we have elsewhere noticed (*Ham.* p. 255 and *T. N.* p. 168), is a pet word with S.

44. *Question.* Talk, conversation. See *A. Y. L.* p. 178.

45. *Uneasy.* Difficult, *not* easy. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 451:

> "but this swift business
> I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
> Make the prize light."

It is curious that the word has become obsolete in this sense, though it is still the negative of the other sense of *easy* (= comfortable). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 10: "Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee;" and *Id.* iii. 1. 31: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The word occurs in S. only these four times.

SCENE III.—1. *Daffodils.* Schmidt says that the poet's *daffodil* is "probably the snowdrop," but according to Ellacombe (*Plant-Lore of Shaks.*) it is the wild daffodil of England (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*), the only species except *N. biflorus* which is native to the country, though

many others had been introduced from other parts of Europe before the time of S.

Peer. Appear; as in iv. 4. 3 below.

2. *Doxy.* A cant word=mistress; used by S. only here. Cf. *The Roaring Girl:* "Sirrah, where 's your doxy?" Coles translates it by *meretrix.*

4. *Pale.* Paleness; with possibly a play upon the other sense=bound, limit. Cf. *V. and A.* 589: "a sudden pale . . . Usurps her cheek."

7. *Pugging.* Thievish; another cant word. In *The Roaring Girl* we find "puggards"=thieves.

11. *Aunts.* Equivalent to *doxy* above. See examples in Nares.

13. *Three-pile.* Rich velvet. It is used as a proper name in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 11: "Master Three-pile, the mercer." Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611: "With black, crimson, and tawny three-pil'd velvet."

23. *My traffic*, etc. "Autolycus means that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with" (Mason). These birds are said to carry off small articles of linen from the hedges where they are hung to dry, and to use them to line their nests.

25. *Under Mercury.* In the old mythology, Autolycus was a noted thief, son of Mercury, the god of thieving.

26. *With die and drab*, etc. By dicing and drabbing I was brought to "these rags" (49 below).

27. *The silly cheat.* "Petty thievery" (Schmidt); an expression taken from the slang of thieves. For *silly*=poor, petty, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 22: "a child, a silly dwarf," etc.

Gallows and knock, etc. This is in the same vein. He means that the risk of the gallows, as well as of the resistance of his victims, deters him from highway robbery.

29. *I sleep out the thought of it.* "Exquisitely characteristic of this careless, merry rascal; and too true, alas! of thousands of untaught ragamuffins, whose ignorance is more their hardship than their fault" (Clarke). Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing, yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"

31. *Every 'leven wether tods.* Every eleven wethers yields a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

32. *Pound and odd shilling.* Twenty-one shillings. Ritson cites Stafford's *Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye*, 1581, from which it appears that the tod of wool was then worth from twenty to twenty-two shillings. The occupation of his father (see *M. of V.* p. 9) doubtless made the poet familiar with these matters.

34. *Springe.* Snare. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 115: "springes to catch woodcocks." *Cock* here=woodcock, a proverbial metaphor for a simpleton. See *Ham.* p. 191.

35. *Counters.* Round pieces of metal used in reckoning. See *A. Y. L.* p. 164; and cf. *Oth.* p. 156, note on *Counter-caster.*

36. *Sheep-shearing feast.* The expense of these festivals was the subject of contemporary criticism. Steevens quotes *Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings*, etc., 1594: "If it be a sheep-shearing feast, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepheards wages, spent on fresh cates, besides spices and saffron pottage."

Pound. For the plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 182.

39. *Lays it on.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 160: "he lays it on."

40. *Three-man songmen.* Singers of catches (see *T. N.* p. 136) in three parts. Halliwell, among many illustrations of the expression, cites Deloney, *Pleasant Hist. of the Gentle Craft*, 1598: "play on the flute and beare his part in a three-mans song;" Harrington, *Poems:*

> "When these triumvirs set that three-man's song,
> Which stablished in Rome that hellish trinity,
> That all the towne and all the world did wrong;"

and Coryat, *Crudities*, 1611: "That looks asquint upon a three-mans song."

41. *Means.* Tenors. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 95: "The mean is drown'd with your unruly base;" and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 328:

> "nay, he can sing
> A mean most meanly," etc.

Puritan. On contemptuous allusions to the Puritans, see *T. N.* p. 139.

43. *Warden pies.* Pies made of *wardens*, a kind of large pears. They were usually baked or roasted. Steevens quotes B. and F., *Cupid's Revenge:*

> "I would have had him roasted like a warden,
> In brown paper."

Ben Jonson puns upon the word in his *Gypsies Metamorphosed:* "A deputy tart, a church-warden pye." Halliwell adds another capital example from Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials:* "Quimby, a fellow of the college, was imprisoned very strictly in the steeple of New College, and half starved with cold and lack of food, and at length died. He was asked of his friends what he would eat, who said his stomach was gone for all meat, except it were a warden pie. Ye shall have it, quoth they. I would have, said he again, but two wardens baked: I mean our warden of Oxford and our warden of Winchester—London and More; for such a warden pie might do me and the church good; whereas other wardens of the tree can do me no good at all. Thus jesting at their tyranny through the cheerfulness of a safe conscience, he turned his face to the wall in the belfry where he lay, and after his prayers, slept sweetly in the Lord."

44. *Note*=list (Schmidt). W. explains *out of my note* as "not among the matters of which I am to take note;" and adds: "S. would not have represented a clown in his day reading; and manuscript, too. Had he done so, a shout of laughter, not with him but at him, would have gone up from even the penny-paying part [see *Ham.* p. 220, note on *Groundlings*] of his audience." There is something in this; but cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 299.

45. *Race.* Root. In 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 27, we find "two razes of ginger;" but it is doubtful whether *razes* is the same word.

46. *Raisins o' the sun.* That is, dried in the sun; the only mention of raisins in S., though some see a play upon the word and *reasons* in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 211. See our ed. p. 166; and cf. the play on *beat* and *bait* in ii. 3. 91 above.

48. *I' the name of me.* Cf. *before me!* in *T. N.* ii. 3. 194 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 149. Theo. conjectured "name of the—;" and some one has suggested that *me*— is an interrupted "mercy."

78. *Kills my heart.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 149: "Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart;" *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 92: "the king hath killed his heart," etc. In *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 60 we have a play upon the expression.

83. *Troll-my-dames.* A corruption of the Fr. *trou-madame*, the name of a game resembling the modern *bagatelle.* It was also known as *pigeon-holes.* Farmer quotes Dr. Jones's *Buckstone Bathes:* "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme troule in madame is termed."

88. *No more but abide.* Only make a temporary stay. *Abide* seems here to imply a transient residence, *stay* a permanent one. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 140: "I 'll call upon you straight: abide within," etc. Some make *no more but*=barely.

90. *Ape-bearer.* One who carried about a trained ape as a show.

91. *Compassed a motion.* Got possession of a puppet-show. For *compassed*, see *Hen. V.* p. 176; and for *motion*, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 100: "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!" See also *Ram Alley:*

> "She 'd get more gold
> Than all the baboons, calves with two tails,
> Or motions whatsoever;"

and *Knave in Graine*, 1640, where one of the characters asks, "Where 's the dumbe shew you promis'd me?" and the reply is, "Even ready, my lord; but may be called a motion; for puppits will speak but such corrupt language you'll never understand."

95. *Prig.* Thief; a slang word still in use.

105. *Pace softly.* Walk along slowly.

107. *Bring thee.* Accompany thee. See *Hen. V.* p. 158.

115. *Unrolled.* Struck off the roll of thieves. The Coll. MS. has "enrolled."

116. *Jog on*, etc. The lines are part of a catch in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches* (Reed).

117. *Hent.* Take (literally, lay hold of), clear, pass. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 14:

> "The generous and gravest citizens
> Have hent the gates"

(that is, gone beyond or outside them). For the noun *hent*, see *Ham.* p. 234.

SCENE IV.—1. *Weeds.* Garments. See *M. N. D.* p. 149.

3. *Peering.* See on iv. 3. 1 above.

5. *On 't.* Cf. i. 2. 196, ii. 1. 158, etc., above.

6. *Extremes.* Johnson makes this = "the extravagance of your praises." Mason objects to this, and explains it as "the extravagance of his conduct," in dressing himself like a swain and her like a goddess. In our opinion, both are right.

It not becomes me. Cf. 401 below: "I not acquaint My father;" and 461: "I not purpose it." Gr. 305.

8. *The gracious mark,* etc. "The object of the nation's pride and hope" (Clarke).

9. *Wearing.* Dress; as in *Oth.* iv. 3. 16: "my nightly wearing."

10. *Prank'd up.* Dressed up, adorned. See *T. N.* p. 141.

11. *Mess.* See on i. 2. 217 above.

12. *With a custom.* From habit, because they are used to it.

13. *Sworn, I think,* etc. This appears to mean, as Malone explained it, that the prince, by his *swain's wearing,* seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass in which she might behold how she ought to be attired instead of being so *pranked up.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 67:

> "And since you know you cannot see yourself
> So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
> Will modestly discover to yourself
> That of yourself which you yet know not of;"

and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 22:

> "he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

Malone cites this latter passage as "in *Hamlet,*" from which play he *might* have quoted iii. 4. 19:

> "You go not till I set you up a glass
> Where you may see the inmost part of you."

Theo. altered the text to

> "swoon, I think,
> To see myself i' the glass;"

but, as Clarke remarks, *swoon* "would have an affected and exaggerated sound in the mouth of Perdita, who is composed of simplicity, rectitude, and native dignity." To our thinking, the emendation is ridiculously out of keeping with the character; and the others that have been proposed are all as bad in their way. If a tithe of the ingenuity that has been expended in altering the early text had been devoted to its interpretation, there would be little room for emendation. In nine cases out of ten, the original reading of these much-tinkered passages affords a clearer sense than the most plausible of the revampings. We do not refer here to obvious errors in the old texts (in correcting which no editor has done more good work than Theo.), but to really difficult places, or such as at first appear so, like the present; passages on which almost every editor has his own conjecture because no former one seems to him worth adopting—any more than *his* will seem to other editors.

17. *The difference forges dread.* The difference between your rank and mine causes me apprehension. On *forges* = frame, produce, cf. *A. W.* i. 1.

85: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts;" *Cor.* iii. 1. 58: "What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent," etc.

22. *Vilely bound up.* For the figure, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 87: "This precious book of love, this unbound lover," etc. Johnson criticises the passage thus: "It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor." It strikes us that the figure might occur to any one familiar with books.

23. *Flaunts.* Finery; the only instance of the word, or any of its derivatives, in S.

24. *Apprehend.* As Clarke notes, the word combines the idea of "fear, dread," referring to the preceding speech, with that of "conceive, entertain idea of," in connection with *jollity*.

25. *The gods themselves*, etc. Malone cites Greene's novel: "The Gods above disdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdesse, but worthy to be a goddesse;" and again: "The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Apollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love," etc.

33. *So chaste.* The transformations of the gods were generally for illicit amours.

40. *Or I my life.* That is, or I must exchange my life for death. For *change*=exchange, cf. i. 2. 68 above. The word here is used in a double sense, like *apprehend* just above.

41. *Forc'd.* Either=false (cf. ii. 3. 78 above) or=far-fetched, out of place.

46. *Be merry, gentle.* The Coll. MS. has "girl," which Coll. adopts. He calls *gentle* "an epithet that cannot, and never did, stand alone in this way, without being followed by *maid*, *lady*," etc. See, however, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 47: "Gentle, hear me."

47. *Strangle such thoughts.* For the metaphor, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 39: "strangles our dear vows;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 157:

> "He has strangled
> His language in his tears," etc.

50. *Nuptial.* For the use of the singular, see *M. N. D.* p. 127, or *Temp.* p. 143; and cf. *J. C.* p. 183, note on *His funerals.*

51. *O lady Fortune.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 179:

> "bountiful Fortune,
> Now my dear lady;"

A. Y. L. ii. 7. 16: "And rail'd on Lady Fortune," etc.

53. *Sprightly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are very often used as adverbs. We find "sprightly walking" in *Cor.* iv. 5. 237, where most modern eds. read "sprightly, waking."

56. *Pantler.* The servant who had charge of the pantry. Cf. 2 *Hen.*

IV. ii. 4. 258: "a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well." Cf. 342 in same scene, and see also *Cymb.* ii. 3. 129.

60. *On his shoulder, and his.* That is, leaning over to serve them.

61. *With labour*, etc. The folio points the passage thus:

> "her face o' fire
> With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
> She would to each one sip."

The Camb. ed. reads:

> "her face o' fire
> With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
> She would to each one sip;"

and most of the other eds. give it in essentially the same way. We follow W. as being more in keeping with the context. The shepherd does not mean that his wife drank so much as to increase the fire in her face; but that even when taking a draught to cool herself she did not forget her duty to her guests.

65. *These unknown friends to us.* These friends unknown to us. See Gr. 419*a*.

74. *Rosemary and rue.* For the former, as the symbol of *remembrance*, see *Ham.* p. 250; and for the latter, as the "herb of *grace*," see *Ham.* p. 251.

79. *Ancient.* Old. Cf. "ancient sir" in 350 below, and "ancientry" in iii. 3. 62 above.

82. *Carnations.* The only mention of the flower in S., though we have the *colour* in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 146 ("a carnation ribbon") and *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 35 ("a' could never abide carnation"). For the accepted derivation of the name, see Wb.; but the old spelling "coronation" renders it probable that it comes from the Latin *corona*, as being a favourite flower for garlands. Pliny gives a long list of "coronamentorum genera," or kinds of garland-flowers. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* April:

> "Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
> With Gelliflowres;
> Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
> Worne of Paramoures:
> Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
> And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
> The pretie Pawnce,
> And the Chevisaunce,
> Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, we also find "coronations or cornations."

Gillyvors. The folio spells it "Gilly-vors;" and other old forms (see Wb.) are *gilover* and *gilofer*. The word is from the Fr. *giroflée*, and is not a compound of *flower*. It was only another name for the carnation, or a variety of that flower; and "sops-in-wine" (see quotation from Spenser above) was another, from the use of the flowers for flavouring wine and beer.

86. *For.* Because; as in iii. 3. 32 above. Douce explains Perdita's dislike for the flower as follows: "The gillyflower or carnation is streaked, as every one knows, with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore Perdita declines

to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says in her next speech but one."

87. *Piedness.* Variegation. Cf. *pied* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904: "when daisies pied and violets blue," etc.

89. *Mean.* For the singular, see *R. and J.* p. 189.

92. *You see, sweet maid, we marry*, etc. Shakespeare was evidently a good gardener, and we doubt not that his grounds at New Place were as well kept as they are now that they have been rescued from their long desecration and made one of the most attractive spots in Stratford—though we wish that the gardening were in the style of his time rather than of our own.

Ellacombe remarks: "There are a great many passages scattered throughout his works, some of them among the most beautiful that he ever wrote, in which no particular tree, herb, or flower is mentioned by name, but which show his intimate knowledge of plants and gardening, and his great affection for them. It is from these passages, even more than from those in which particular flowers are named, that we learn how thoroughly his early country life had permanently marked his character, and how his whole spirit was most naturally coloured by it. Numberless allusions to flowers and their culture prove that his boyhood and early manhood were spent in the country, and that as he passed through the parks, fields, and lanes of his native county, or spent pleasant days in the gardens and orchards of the manor-houses and farm-houses of the neighbourhood, his eyes and ears were open to all the sights and sounds of a healthy country life, and he was, perhaps unconsciously, laying up in his memory a goodly store of pleasant pictures and homely country talk, to be introduced in his own wonderful way in tragedies and comedies, which, while often professedly treating of very different times and countries, have really given us some of the most faithful pictures of the country life of the Englishman of Queen Elizabeth's time, drawn with all the freshness and simplicity that can only come from a real love of the subject. 'Flowers I noted,' is his own account of himself (*Sonn.* 99), and with what love he noted them, and with what careful fidelity he wrote of them, is shown in every play he published, and almost in every act and every scene. His general descriptions, like his notices of particular flowers, are never laboured, or introduced as for a purpose, but each passage is the simple utterance of his ingrained love of the country, the natural outcome of a keen, observant eye, joined to a great power of faithful description and an unlimited command of the fittest language. It is this vividness and freshness that give such a reality to all Shakespeare's notices of country life, and which make them such pleasant reading to all lovers of plants and gardening."

For the allusion to *grafting* here, cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 54, *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 5, *Cor.* ii. 1. 206, etc.

100. *Dibble.* An implement for piercing holes in the earth for slips or young plants.

104. *Lavender*, *mints*, and *savory* are mentioned by S. only here.; *mar-*

joram (the "sweet marjoram," or *Origanum marjorana*, as is evident from the passages in *A. W.* and *Lear*) we find also in *Sonn.* 99. 7, *A. W.* iv. 5. 17, and *Lear*, iv. 6. 94.

105. *Marigold.* Not the sun-flower, as some have made it; nor the "marsh marigold" (*Caltha palustris*), which does not open and close its flowers with the sun; but probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), of which Ellacombe says: "It was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farm-houses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers. . . . It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under those names."

Of the contemporary allusions to the flower, the following from Withers is a good example:

> "When with a serious musing I behold
> The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
> How duly every morning she displays
> Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
> How she observes him in his daily walk,
> Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
> How when he down declines she droops and mourns,
> Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
> And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
> When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
> Have spirits far more generous than ours,
> And give us fair examples to despise
> The servile fawnings and idolatries
> Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
> Which merit not the service we bestow."

110. *Out, alas!* A more emphatic *alas!* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 37, iv. 5. 64, *R. and J.* iv. 5. 24, *Oth.* v. 2. 119, etc. So *out, alack!* in *Sonn.* 33. 11, etc.

116. *Maidenheads.* Maidenhood. See *R. and J.* p. 150.

Proserpina. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37: "thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty," etc.

118. *Dis's waggon.* Pluto's chariot. For *Dis*, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 89: "The means that dusky Dis my daughter got," etc.; and for *waggon*, see the description of Queen Mab's chariot in *R. and J.* i. 4. 59 fol. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 4. 34, where Helena says "Our waggon is prepar'd." Halliwell quotes Barnes, *Divils Charter*, 1607:

> "From the pale horror of eternall fire
> Am I sent with the wagon of blacke Dis."

The description of Proserpina here is taken from Ovid, *Met.* v.:

"ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;"

thus translated by Golding:

"And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out the flowers went."

Daffodils. See on iv. 3. 1 above; and cf. the quotation from Spenser in note on 82 above, where they are called "daffadowndillies." This form of the name, now retained only in the language of children and their classic *Mother Goose*, was then common in poetry. Cf. Constable's

"Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho! how I do love thee!"

To fill out the measure, Hanmer read "early daffodils." Coleridge remarks: "An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."

120. *Violets dim.* The violet is alluded to so often by S. that we need not refer to the passages. *Dim* is explained by Schmidt as "wanting beauty, homely;" which seems to make a stronger contrast than the poet probably intended. The meaning is not expressed by saying that the violet is homely but fragrant. It is called *dim*, we think, because it is not a brilliant or showy flower, but "half hidden from the eye" even when in full view; and we suspect that *sweeter* implies both loveliness and perfume. The reference to the *lids* of Juno's eyes has puzzled the commentators. They have even been driven to supposing that S. alluded to the Oriental practice of giving the eyelids "an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed"—a sort of painting which both Perdita and he would have been disgusted at. We have no doubt that the "blue-veined violets" (*V. and A.* 125) are compared to the lids

"white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct" (*Cymb.* ii. 2. 22);

for, as we have elsewhere shown (*R. and J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye*), the "windows" thus described, like those in *V. and A.* 482, are the *eyelids*, not the eyes. The violets, Perdita says, are lovelier than the lids of Juno's eyes and more fragrant than Cytherea's breath. For two pages of irrelevant comment on the passage, see the Var. of 1821. The critics have picked the exquisite simile to pieces, like botanists analyzing a flower, but have not got at the secret of its beauty and sweetness.

For *Cytherea*, cf. the charming "picture" in *T. of S.* ind. 2. 52:

"Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind."

See also *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14.

122. *Pale primroses.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 63: "Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs" (see *M. N. D.* p. 163, note on *That costs the fresh blood dear*); and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 221: "The flower that 's like thy

face, pale primrose." On the next two lines, cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 142: "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies;" and *On the Death of a Fair Infant:*

> "O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
> Soft silken Primrose fading timelessly,
> Summer's chief honour if thou hadst outlasted
> Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossoms dry."

125. *Bold oxlips.* Hanmer changed *bold* to "gold;" but Steevens says, "The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stem like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun." See *M. N. D.* p. 149, note on *Oxlips.*

126. *The crown imperial.* The *Fritillaria imperialis;* a native of the East, but early introduced from Constantinople into England, where it soon became a favourite. Chapman, in 1595, spoke of it as "Fair Crown Imperial, Emperor of flowers." Cf. Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris:* "The Crown Imperial for its stately beautifulnesse deserveth the first place in this our garden of delight, to be here entreated of before all other Lillies." Gerard thus describes a peculiarity of the flower: "In the bottome of each of the bells there is placed six drops of most cleere shining sweet water, in taste like sugar, resembling in shew faire Orient pearles, the which drops, if you take away, there do immediately appeare the like; notwithstanding, if they may be suffered to stand still in the floure according to his owne nature, they will never fall away, no, not if you strike the plant untill it be broken." Ellacombe adds: "There is a pretty German legend which tells how the flower was originally white and erect, and grew in its full beauty in the garden of Gethsemane, where it was often noticed and admired by our Lord; but in the night of the agony, as he passed through the garden, all the other flowers bowed their heads in sorrowful adoration, the Crown Imperial alone remaining with its head unbowed—but not for long; sorrow and shame took the place of pride, she bent her proud head, and blushes of shame and tears of sorrow soon followed, and so she has ever continued, with bent head, blushing colour, and ever-flowing tears." The legend may be found in full in *Good Words for the Young*, Aug. 1870.

127. *The flower-de-luce.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 224: "What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?" See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 80, i. 2. 99, and 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 11. It is disputed whether the poet's flower here is a lily or an iris. Ellacombe quotes St. Francis de Sales (contemporary with S.), who says: "Charity comprehends the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, and resembles a beautiful Flower de-luce, which has six leaves whiter than snow, and in the middle the pretty little golden hammers;" a description which better fits the white lily than the iris. So Chaucer seems to connect the flower with the lily: "Her nekke was white as the Flour de Lis." On the other hand, see the quotation from Spenser in note on 82 above, where he seems to separate the lilies from the "flowre Delice." See also Bacon, *Ess.* 46: "Flower Delices, & Lillies of all Natures." In heraldry also, the fleur-de-lis and the lily are distinct bearings. The botanical writers, from Turner (1568) down to Miller (1731), also identify the flower with the iris, and with this judgment most of the recent writers agree. That S. should class it among the lilies need not trouble us, for botanical

classification was not very accurate in his day, and he does not appear to have had a scientific knowledge of the subject.

129. *Corse.* S. uses both *corse* and *corpse* (see v. 1. 58 below), though the former more frequently.

132. *Quick, and in mine arms.* For *quick*=alive, see *Hen. V.* p. 156 or *Ham.* p. 262. On the passage, cf. *Per.* v. 3. 43:

> "O come, be buried
> A second time within these arms;"

and see *Much Ado*, p. 144, note on *Face upwards.*

134. *Whitsun pastorals.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 25: "a Whitsun morris-dance." For a full account of Whitsunday sports and festivities in the olden time, see Douce's *Illustrations* or Brande's *Popular Antiquities.*

142. *Move still, still so.* "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that S. has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *move* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of" (Clarke).

143. *Each your doing*, etc. Your manner in each act, so unparalleled in each particular, crowns the act, so that it becomes queenly. For *queens*, Sr. reads "queen's"=a queen's acts; but the original reading carries out the bold metaphor more consistently. The *acts* are *crowned*, and themselves become *queens.*

148. *So fairly.* The 1st and 2d folios read "peepes fairely through 't," the later ones changing "peepes" to "peeps." Capell inserted the *so*, which is nearer to the original than Hanmer's "forth." St. conjectures "through it fairly peeps," and the "Globe" ed. has "peepeth."

149. *Give you out.* Shows you; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 203: "the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity," etc.

152. *Skill.* "Reason, motive; or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgment" (Schmidt). Halliwell quotes Warner, *Albions England*, 1606: "Our Queene deceast conceald her heire, I wot not for what skill." Clarke thinks *skill* is=design, intention. Cf. ii. 1. 155 above.

153. *To put you to 't.* See on i. 2. 16 above.

154. *Turtles.* Turtle doves; the only meaning of the word in S. Cf. v. 3. 132 below.

156. *This is*, etc. See p. 20 above.

157. *Seems.* The Coll. MS. has "says," which W. adopts; but no change is called for. *Nothing she does or seems*=nothing in her actions or her appearance.

160. *Makes her blood look out.* That is, makes her blush. Cf. 148 above. The folios have "look on 't;" corrected by Theo. The Coll. MS. gives "wakes her blood; look on 't."

Good sooth. In good sooth, in very truth. Cf. *sooth* in 336 below; and see *M. N. D.* p. 153.

162. *Garlic.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 43: "And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath," etc.

163. *In good time.* As Schmidt notes, equivalent to the Fr. *à la bonne heure*, and used either to denote simple assent or, as here, to express contempt or indignation. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 32: "He, in good time, must his lieutenant be," etc.

168. *And boasts.* Rowe gave "and he boasts," and Capell "he boasts;" but the ellipsis is not uncommon. See Gr. 399.

169. *But I have it*, etc. Abbott (Gr. 128) says that *but* is perhaps= "only;" that is, "I have it *merely* on his own report, and I believe it too." "I but have it" and "I have it but" have been proposed as emendations. It seems to us, however, that with this sense of *but* it would be more natural to say "*but* I believe it." W. says: "The word here seems not to be the *but* (*be-out*)=except; it is rather the *but* (from *botan*=to superadd) which is nearly equivalent to *and*, and which of old was much used where we would now use that conjunction." But, as Wedgwood remarks, this distinction of Horne Tooke's between the two *buts* is "wholly untenable." It is also rejected by Prof. Mahn in Wb., and by Skeat in his new *Etymological Dict.* We may perhaps explain the *but* here by taking the words that follow as an emphatic addition to what precedes: he boasts that he has a good farm; but as I have his word for it I believe him, for he looks truthful. Or we may say it is one of those cases in which an intermediate thought is "understood" but not expressed: he boasts of his farm; [a mere boast, you may say] *but* I have his word for it, etc. See on iv. 2. 41 above.

A worthy feeding = a valuable pasturage. Cf. the use of *feeder* = shepherd, in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 99.

171. *Sooth.* Truth. See on 160 above, and cf. *M. of V.* p. 127.

175. *Who loves another.* Which loves the other. See on iii. 3. 20 above.

Featly. Dexterously, neatly. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 380: "Foot it featly;" and see note in our ed. p. 120.

180. *Not.* For the transposition, cf. 401 and 461 below. Gr. 305.

184. *Tell.* Count. See *Temp.* p. 123.

191. *Milliner.* "In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men" (Malone). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 36: "He was perfumed like a milliner."

193. *Dildos.* A common word in the burden of old ballads. Steevens cites one entitled *The Batchelor's Feast:* "With a hie dildo dill;" and Malone adds from *Choice Drollery*, 1656:

> "With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
> With a dildo, dildo, dee."

Fading (mentioned by B. J. as an Irish dance) was similarly used; as in a song quoted by Malone: "With a fading, with a fading," etc.

194. *Stretch-mouthed.* Open-mouthed, broad-spoken.

195. *Gap.* The Coll. MS. has "jape" (=jest), which W. adopts, with the remark that the word was often spelt *gape*, though pronounced *jape*. But *gap* may be = break, or flaw. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 12 and *Lear*, i. 2. 91. Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, uses the word for "parenthesis."

196. *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.* The name of an old song. In the *Hist. of Friar Bacon*, we have a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harme, good man" (Farmer).

199. *Brave.* Fine, capital. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

201. *Unbraided.* "Perhaps=not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the clown's blunder for *embroidered*" (Schmidt). Bailey, in his *Dict.*, gives *braided*=faded; and Steevens quotes *Any Thing for a Quiet Life:* "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure." *Braid* is=deceitful, in *A. W.* iv. 2. 73: "Since Frenchmen are so braid," etc. Halliwell quotes Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, sat. v.: "Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies;" and *An Iliad of Metamorphosis*, 1600:

> "Books of this nature being once perused
> Are then cast by, and as brayed ware refused."

203. *Points.* Tagged laces, used to fasten parts of the dress, especially the breeches. See *T. N.* p. 128, note on *If one break.* Here there is a play upon the word.

204. *Inkles.* A kind of tape. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 140: "What 's the price of this inkle?" and *Per.* v. prol. 8: "Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry." The word must have been still in use in England half a century ago, as Nares and the Var. of 1821 do not explain it.

Caddisses. "Worsted ribbands" (Schmidt), or what we call "galloons." Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 79: "caddis-garter." Shirley, in his *Witty Fair One*, 1633, mentions "footmen in caddis;" that is, having their liveries trimmed with caddis.

207. *Sleeve-band.* Wristband, or cuff. Cotgrave defines *Poignet de la chemise* as "the sleeve-band of a shirt." Tollet cites Leland, *Collectanea:* "A sur-coat of crimson velvet—the coller, skirts, and sleeve-bands garnished with ribbons of gold."

208. *Square.* Bosom. Cf. Fairfax, *Tasso*, xii. 64:

> "Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
> Her curious square, emboss'd with swelling gold."

The *square* form of the plaiting is seen in paintings of the time.

212. *You have of.* You have some of, there are some of. For the partitive *of*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 50: "I have kept of them tame," etc. See also Gr. 177.

214. *Go about.* Am going, intend. See *M. N. D.* p. 177, and cf. 683 below.

216. *Cyprus.* Crape. See *T. N.* p. 148, note on *Cypress.*

217. *Gloves*, etc. The practice of perfuming gloves is again referred to in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 62: "These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume."

219. *Necklace amber*, etc. Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. Milton alludes to the perfume of amber in *S. A.* 720: "An amber scent of odorous perfume" (T. Warton).

221. *Quoifs.* Caps, head-dresses. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 147: "and hence, thou sickly quoif!"

223. *Poking-sticks.* These were small rods which were heated and used for adjusting the plaits of ruffs, etc. Steevens cites, among other

references to them, Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get poking-sticks with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, describes them as "made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be of gold . . . and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe," etc.

238. *Kiln-hole.* The mouth of the oven (Malone and Schmidt), or the opening for putting fuel under a stove or furnace (Steevens). Harris says that "in the Midland counties it generally means the fire-place used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping-place."

239. *Whistle off.* The folio has "whistle of;" and the Coll. MS. gives "whisper off." Schmidt considers *whistle* the clown's blunder for "whisper." We do not see why it may not be his metaphorical use of the falconer's *whistle off* (=send off), for which see *Oth.* p. 188.

240. *Charm your tongues.* Hanmer's emendation of the "clamor your tongues" of the folios. Various other readings have been proposed, and sundry awkward attempts have been made to explain the early text. For *charm your tongues* (=check or restrain them as by a charm or spell), see *Oth.* p. 207. S. uses the phrase five times (not counting the present passage), and it is common in contemporary writers.

242. *A tawdry-lace.* A rustic necklace. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Apr.:

> "Binde your fillets faste,
> And gird in your waste,
> For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace;"

and Fletcher, *Faithful Shep.* iv. 1: "The primrose chaplet, tawdry lace, and ring." *Tawdry* is a corruption of *Saint Audrey*, or Ethelreda, on whose day (Oct. 17) a fair was held in the Isle of Ely, and probably at other places, at which gay toys of all kinds were sold. Nicholas Harpsfield, in his *Hist. Eccles. Angl.*, says that St. Audrey died of a swelling in the throat, which she considered a special judgment for having been addicted to wearing fine necklaces in her youth. He describes the *tawdry lace* thus: "Solent Angliae nostrae mulieres torquem quendam, ex tenui et subtili serica confectum, collo gestare; quam Ethelredae torquem appellamus, forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam." The word *tawdry* came to be used as a noun in this sense. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, ii.:

> "Of which the Naiads and the blue Nereids make
> Them taudries for their necks;"

and *Id.* iv.: "But with white pebbles makes her taudries for her neck."

250. *Of charge.* Of importance or value. See *R. and J.* p. 213.

252. *O' life.* "O' my life" (*M. W.* i. 1. 40), or "on my life" (v. 1. 43 below). The folio has "a life," and in many other passages it has the same corruption; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 1: "A my word" (also in *T. of S.* i. 2. 108, *Cor.* i. 3. 62, etc.); *R. and J.* i. 3. 93: "A plague a both the Houses," etc. So the early eds. have almost always "a clock;" as in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 52 (1st folio): "fiue a clocke," etc. Halliwell explains "a life" (or "o' life") as = as my life; and, among other examples of

the phrase, he cites *The Returne from Parnassus*, 1606: "One that loves a-life a short sermon and a long play," etc.; and *Ile of Gulls*, 1633: "I love em [cherries] a-life too." This meaning might naturally enough grow out of the other, the oath coming to be used as a mere intensive.

255. *Carbonadoed.* Cut in slices and prepared for broiling. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 5. 107: "your carbonadoed face" (that is, cut or hacked); and *Lear*, ii. 2. 41: "draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks." We find the noun (=steak or cutlet) in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 61 and *Cor.* iv. 5. 199.

259. *Bless me from*, etc. God preserve me from, etc. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 60: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!" and see *Id.* iv. 1. 60. We have the full expression in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 145: "God bless me from a challenge!" *T. and C.* ii. 3. 32: "heaven bless thee from a tutor," etc.

261. *Moe.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

263. *Of a fish*, etc. In 1604 the following entry was made on the Stationers' Registers: "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this S. may allude here (Malone). Halliwell states that in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, a ballad is preserved with the title: "A description of a strange and miraculous fish, cast upon the sands, . . . to the tune of Bragandary." The following is a stanza from it:

"A man on horseback, as tis try'd,
May stand within his mouth:
Let none that hears it this deride,
For tis confirm'd for truth,
By those who dare avouch the same;
Then let the writer beare no blame."

Several other of these "fish-stories" in verse have come down to our day. One of them is entitled "The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east cost of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566."

275. *Passing.* Surpassingly, exceedingly. See *A. Y. L.* p. 184.

283. *Have at it.* I 'll begin it, or try it. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 315: "Have at it then" (=I 'll tell my story), etc.

301. *Sad.* Serious. See *Much Ado*, p. 121.

313. *Money 's a meddler.* That is, it has dealings with any thing. Cf. the use of *meddle*=have to do (see *T. N.* p. 152).

314. *Utter.* Cause to pass from one hand to another. See *R. and J.* p. 212.

315. *Carters.* Changed by Theo. to "goatherds," on account of the "four threes of *herdsmen*" in 325 below; but Clarke thus shrewdly defends the old reading: "The farm-servant knows precisely what are the several callings of the rustics who personate these *men of hair*, and designates them specially; but the king, hearing chiefly the repetition words, *shepherds*, *neat-herds*, and *swine-herds*, speaks of the whole twelve as 'these four threes of *herdsmen*.'"

317. *Men of hair.* That is, dressed up in goatskins, to represent *satyrs*, or what the servant blunderingly calls *saltiers*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in that day. Froissart tells of one in which the

King of France and some of his nobles took part, and narrowly escaped being burned to death; the hairy dress of one of the dancers taking fire from a candle, and the flames spreading to those about him.

318. *Gallimaufry.* Medley, hotchpotch. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119: "He loves the gallimaufry" (Pistol's speech).

324. *You weary those that refresh us.* You tire these people who exert themselves for our amusement. Clarke makes *weary*=tire them "by keeping them waiting outside."

328. *Squire.* Square (Fr. *esquierre*), or foot-rule. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 474: "Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?" and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 13: "four foot by the squire."

331. *At door.* Cf. 693 below: "at palace." Gr. 90.

332. *O, father,* etc. Said in reply to something the shepherd has asked him during the dance (Mason).

334. *He 's simple, and tells much.* "These few words show that the king has been cross-questioning the old shepherd as he proposed, and with the success he then anticipated" (Clarke). Cf. iv. 2. 44 above.

337. *Handed.* Was hand in hand with, devoted myself to (Schmidt). Clarke thinks it also implies that Florizel still has Perdita by the hand (see 154 above).

338. *She.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 259: "the cruellest she alive;" and see *A. Y. L.* p. 170. Gr. 224.

Knacks=knick-knacks; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 167: "a knack, a toy, a trick, a lady's cap," etc. See also 417 below.

341. *Marted.* Marketed, traded. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 11: "To sell and mart your offices for gold," etc.

343. *Straited.* Put into a strait; used by S. only here.

350. *Ancient sir.* See on i. 2. 202 and iii. 3. 62 above.

351. *I take this hand,* etc. See p. 20 above.

353. *The fann'd snow,* etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 141:

> "That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
> Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
> When thou hold'st up thy hand."

356. *The hand was fair.* For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

372. *Take hands.* For the formal betrothal. See on i. 2. 104 above.

379. *Contract.* Often used with reference to this ceremony. See *T. N.* p. 166.

384. *Nuptial.* See on 50 above.

388. *Rheums.* Rheumatism. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 31: "Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum," etc.

389. *Dispute.* Discuss, reason upon. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 220: "Dispute it like a man," etc. *Estate*=state, condition (see *M. of V.* p. 151); or "interest, affairs" (Schmidt), as in *T. of A.* v. 1. 44, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 63: "Let me dispute with thee of thy estate."

395. *Reason my son,* etc. There is reason that, it is reasonable that, etc. For the ellipsis, cf. *K. John,* v. 2. 130: "and reason too he should," etc.

401. *I not acquaint.* See on 180 above.

406. *Divorce.* Separation; as in *C. of E.* i. 1. 105: "this unjust divorce of us," etc.

409. *Affects.* The folio reading, changed by Pope to "affect'st;" but in verbs ending with *-t* this form of the second person appears to have been often used for euphony. See Gr. 340.

412. *Of force.* Of necessity. See *M. N. D.* p. 161. The 1st folio has "whom;" corrected in the 2d.

413. *Cop'st with.* Meetest with, hast to do with. See *Ham.* p. 222.

415. *Fond.* Foolish (cf. iv. 1. 18 above); or the meanings of *silly* and *doting* may be blended, as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 88 and iii. 2. 114.

417. *Knack.* Plaything. See on 338 above. The folios have "shalt never see."

420. *Far.* The folios have "farre"=the Old English *ferre.* Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 48: "And therto had he ridden, no man ferre;" *Id.* 2062: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre," etc. W. prints "far'r." Cf. *near*=nearer, in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 64, v. 1. 88 and *Macb.* ii. 3. 146. See Gr. 478. On *Deucalion*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 102.

423. *Dead.* Deadly; as in *K. John*, v. 7. 65: "these dead news," etc.

428. *Hoop.* Pope's correction of the "hope" of the folios.

430. *Even here undone*, etc. See p. 20 above.

431. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.* See *Macb.* p. 163.

435. *Looks on alike.* Sr. adopts Hunter's suggestion of "on all." "On both" and "on 's" have also been proposed; but no change is necessary. It does not differ essentially from *look on*=be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now "I stood looking on" (*T. of S.* i. 1. 155), though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in *T. and C.* v. 6. 10: "He is my prize; I will not look upon;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27:

> "And look upon, as if the tragedy
> Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors," etc.

See also v. 3. 100 below. D. says that these passages are "not akin" to the present. But *look upon* as there used *implies* an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception. S. takes the liberty of making the exception, as he often does in such cases.

Will 't please you, sir, be gone? Coleridge remarks: "O how more than exquisite is this whole speech!—And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Will 't please you, sir, be gone!'"

438. *Queen it.* The expression occurs again in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 37. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 100: "Lord Angelo dukes it well;" *Cymb.* iii. 3. 85: "to prince it," etc. Gr. 226.

441. *Nor dare to know*, etc. "By such quiet by-touches as this S. teaches morality, and not by parading lessons. Had the old shepherd had moral courage to speak out that which he knows, to declare simply that Perdita is none of his daughter, no shepherd's child, but an infant found with certain writings and rich belongings, he would have been spared the fears he here expresses. But S. not only thus instils moral precept; he also, as a dramatist, makes his characters act characteristically, and thereby fulfils the art-necessity of protracting the final evolvement of his plot" (Clarke).

444. *To die upon the bed my father died.* That is, *upon which* my father died. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 389: "a gift . . . of all he dies possess'd;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 196:

"I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof," etc.

See Gr. 394.

446. *Hangman.* Executioner. See *Mach.* p. 190.

And lay me, etc. That is, bury me beneath the gallows, with no funereal service. It used to be a part of the service for the priest to throw earth upon the body.

448. *Adventure.* Venture. See on ii. 3. 162 above.

454. *Plucking back.* Pulling back. See on iv. 2. 41 above.

455. *Leash.* The cord or thong by which a hound is led. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 38: "Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash," etc.

456. *Your.* The 1st folio has "my;" corrected in the 2d.

463. *How often*, etc. "The repetition of this earnest reminder to the prince of her having always striven to show him how unlikely it was that his purpose should prosper, marks the noble indignation of Perdita at the king's charge that she has sought to win Florizel, and is in strict harmony with her royal nature. It is from this imputation that she is most solicitous to free herself; it is this which most keenly wounds her; and she remains quietly downcast, with a majesty of silent reserve worthy of Hermione's daughter" (Clarke). Cf. p. 21 above.

468. *And mar the seeds within.* Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 59:

"though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together."

471. *Fancy.* Love. See *M. N. D.* p. 129.

479. *Or the profound sea hides.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 28: "For the sea's worth;" and see note in our ed. p. 160.

486. *Tug.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 112:

"And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune," etc.

487. *Deliver.* Report. See *Ham.* p. 186.

488. *Whom.* The 1st folio has "who," which may be what S. wrote. Gr. 274.

489. *Opportune.* The accent is the same as in *Temp.* iv. 4. 511, the only other instance of the word in S. Gr. 490. For *our* the folios have "her;" corrected by Theo.

490. *Rides.* For the omission of the relative, cf. 356 above. Gr. 244.

494. *Easier for advice.* More inclined to take advice.

495. *Hark, Perdita.* "Here is a perfect, though apparently slight, example of Shakespeare's dramatic art. By Florizel's taking Perdita apart we are made to perceive how he sees that she stands silently—as it were irresponsively and unassentingly by—while he speaks to Camillo; and how he hastens to confer with her, and convince her of his unswerved faith, and persuade her to his views: moreover, it affords opportunity for Camillo's soliloquy, which tells the audience his plan" (Clarke).

499. *Do him love.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 118: "doing damned hate upon thyself;" *R. of L.* 597: "do him shame," etc. Gr. 303.

503. *Fraught.* Charged, burdened. See *T. N.* p. 162.

Curious=requiring care, embarrassing. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 70: "What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?"

509. *As thought on.* As thought of, as they are estimated.

513. *Ponderous.* Weighty; that is, having weight or force with you. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 80:

> "my love 's
> More ponderous ["richer" in quartos] than my tongue."

519. *Forefend.* Forbid. See *Oth.* p. 206.

521. *Your discontenting father*, etc. Strive to pacify your angry father and bring him round to approving the match. On *qualify*, cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 13, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 118, etc. *Discontenting* (=discontented) occurs nowhere else in S. See Gr. 372.

527. *The unthought-on accident.* The unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. *On=of*, occurs very often in this play. For *to* after *guilty*, cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 168: "But lest myself be guilty to self-wrong," etc. *Guilty to*=responsible for.

528. *So we profess*, etc. "As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them" (Johnson).

532. *Undergo.* Undertake; as in ii. 3. 164 above. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 42:

> "What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
> Would I not undergo for one calm look!"

2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 54: "How able such a work to undergo," etc.

538. *Asks.* An ellipsis of the nominative (Gr. 399), with a change of construction (cf. Gr. 415).

540. *Fresh.* Cf. 411 above. As Clarke remarks, the epithet "serves to set her in her clear-complexioned, clear-souled purity and brightness before us, with the bloom of a country maiden's cheek, and the white temples of the born princess."

541. *Unkindness.* See *T. N.* p. 156, note on *Unkind. Kindness* seems to combine the ideas of good-will and tenderness (see *Much Ado*, p. 118).

544. *Colour for my visitation.* Pretext for my visit. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 178:

> "Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
> For 't was indeed his colour," etc.

See also on i. 1. 6 above.

546. *Comforts.* Consolations. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 62:

> "give her what comforts
> The quality of her passion shall require," etc.

549. *Betwixt us three.* The only instance of this inaccurate use of *betwixt* that we have noticed in S.

550. *Point you forth.* Point out the way before you. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 454:

> "and thy lopp'd branches point
> Thy two sons forth."

Sitting. Audience or interview. Theo. changed the word to "fitting."

551. *That.* *So* that; as in i. 1. 27 and in 146 above. Gr. 283.

552. *Have your father's bosom.* Are intrusted with his inmost thoughts or feelings. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 139: "And you shall have your bosom on this wretch" (that is, your heart's desire), etc.

554. *Sap.* Life, promise. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 192: "There 's sap in 't yet."

558. *But as you shake off one*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 54:

> "To shift his being
> Is to exchange one misery with another."

559. *Who.* Often used for *which*, especially in personifications. Gr. 264.

566. *Take in.* Take, conquer. Cf. *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns" (see also iii. 2. 59); *A. and C.* i. 1. 23: "Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that" (see also iii. 7. 24 and iii. 13. 83); *Cymb.* iv. 2. 121:

> "Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
> With his own single hand he 'd take us in," etc.

On the passage, see p. 21 above.

570. *I' the rear o' our birth.* The folios have "i' th' reare ' our Birth" ("rear" in 4th folio). W. reads "i' th' rear 'f our birth."

572. *Sir; for this*, etc. The folio reads:

> "Your pardon Sir, for this,
> Ile blush you Thanks."

Some editors point it thus:

> "Your pardon, sir, for this;
> I 'll blush you thanks."

576. *Medicine.* Physician. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 75:

> "I have seen a medicine
> That 's able to breathe life into a stone," etc.

See also *Macb.* p. 248.

577. *Furnish'd.* Equipped, fitted out (like *appointed* in 581 below); as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 85: "To furnish me upon my longing journey," etc.

578. *Appear.* That is, appear *so*, or *like Bohemia's son.* Rowe prints "appear in Sicily—;" and the Coll. MS. has "appear't."

587. *Pomander.* "A little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague" (Grey). It was also worn for the sake of the perfume or as a mere ornament. Halliwell devotes several pages to it, with illustrations showing its varied form and construction. Steevens quotes the following recipe for the article from *Lingua, or a Combat for the Tongue*, 1607: "Your only way to make a good Pomander is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into

what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Various other recipes are given in books of the time. Cf. Drayton, *Quest of Cynthia:*

"As when she from the water came,
Where first she touch'd the mould,
In balls the people made the same,
For pomander, and sold;"

and *Polyolbion*, iv.:

"Her moss most sweet and rare,
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear."

A book of devotion, published in 1578, was entitled "A Pomander of Prayers."

For *table-book*, see *Ham.* p. 197, note on *Tables*.

589. *Hallowed.* "This alludes to beads often sold by Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic" (Johnson).

591. *Was best in picture.* Had the best look.

594. *Pettitoes.* Literally, pig's feet; here used contemptuously.

596. *In ears.* Mason conjectured "in their ears."

598. *Nothing.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, there is a pun on *nothing* and *noting*. See *Much Ado*, p. 136.

600. *Whoo-bub.* Hubbub, outcry; used by S. only here.

602. *Choughs.* For this bird, see *Macb.* p. 221 or *Temp.* p. 127.

604. *Nay, but my letters*, etc. A reply to something said by Florizel during their conversation apart. Cf. 332 above.

608. *Who.* Whom; as in v. 1. 109 below, etc. Gr. 274.

617. *Discase.* Undress; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 85: "I will discase me." So *uncase* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 707 and *T. of S.* i. 1. 212.

620. *Some boot.* Something to boot. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 40: "I 'll give you boot," etc. The modern phrase occurs in *Sonn.* 135. 2, *T. and C.* i. 2. 260, *Macb.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

624. *Flayed.* Jocosely = stripped; perhaps playing on *discase*, the word *case* being often = skin (Clarke). There may be a play on *case* in 792 below.

628. *Earnest.* Used quibblingly, referring to his question just before, and to the *earnest* he had received. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 162:

"*Speed.* But did you perceive her earnest?
"*Valentine.* She gave me none, except an angry word."

See also *C. of E.* ii. 2. 23:

"*Antipholus of Syracuse.* Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*
"*Dromio of Syracuse.* Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?"

635. *Disliken*, etc. Disguise your natural appearance.

637. *Over.* Elliptical for "over us," if the text is right. Rowe added "you," and the Coll. MS. gives "ever." Schmidt would point the passage thus:

"that you may
(For I do fear eyes) over to shipboard," etc.

638. *I see the play so lies*, etc. "The reluctance shown by Perdita to join in the scheme of proposed flight, disguise, and consequent deception thereby entailed, is delineated with a force none the less remarkable from the extreme delicacy of the depicting, and which serves strikingly to characterize this transparent-natured creature" (Clarke).

642. *What have we*, etc. Apparently a mere dramatic expedient to allow the introduction of Camillo's soliloquy.

647. *To force. As* to force. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 281.

648. *Review.* See again. S. uses the verb only here and in *Sonn.* 74. 5.

663. *I would not do 't.* Hanmer transposed the *not*, placing it after *were;* and Capell put it after *thought.* Autolycus means that it would not be honesty to tell the king, but a sort of knavery—that is, it would be playing a mean trick on those who had paid him well—and he decides on the greater knavery of concealing the plot.

666. *Hot.* Ardent, active. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 120: "Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire."

667. *A careful man.* Clarke calls attention to the exquisite wit and humour of this expression in the mouth of Autolycus.

670. *Changeling.* See on iii. 3. 108 above. "Most true to Shakespeare's philosophy of 'good in every thing' is the making this lout of a shepherd-clown have just the spark of sense to perceive that in their present strait honesty is the best policy" (Clarke).

683. *To go about.* To be going, to attempt. See on 214 above.

687. *I know how much.* Hanmer inserted "not" after *know;* but the blunder was probably intentional.

690. *Fardel.* Bundle; spelt "Farthell" in the folio. It is used half a dozen times in this play, but elsewhere only in *Ham.* iii. 1. 76.

693. *At palace.* The folio prints "at ' Pallace." The apostrophe may be a misprint, or it may indicate the omission or absorption of *the.* Cf. Gr. 90.

696. *Excrement.* Beard. The word is applied to the hair or beard in five out of the six passages in which S. uses it. See *Ham.* p. 238.

698. *An it like.* If it please. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 80: "It likes us well;" and see note in our ed. p. 202.

701. *Having.* Estate, property. See *A. Y. L.* p. 178.

702. *Discover.* Disclose, tell me. See on ii. 1. 50 above.

706. *But we pay them for it*, etc. Daniel has suggested "*not* with stamped coin, but stabbing steel," comparing *Oth.* iii. 4. 5: "He 's a soldier; and for one to say a *soldier lies* is *stabbing.*" Autolycus appears to have mystified the critic here, as he doubtless did the clown. When he said that *tradesmen* "often give us soldiers the lie," he probably meant that they do it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, "we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel"—as they deserve, or as you would suppose. *Tradesmen* could hardly be said to be in the habit of giving *soldiers* the lie in the literal sense of the phrase.

709. *Had like.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 197, note on *And like.*

710. *Taken yourself with the manner.* A legal phrase=taken yourself

in the fact. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 206: "The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 347: "O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore."

714. *Measure.* "Stately tread" (Malone). Cf. *measure*=a grave dance; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80, etc.

716. *For that.* Because. Cf. ii. 1. 7 above. *Insinuate*="intermeddle" (Schmidt); as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 152: "he would insinuate with thee," etc.

717. *Or touze.* The 1st folio has "at toaze," the later folios "or toaze." The word is probably the same that we have in *M. for M.* v. 1. 313:

> "to the rack with him! we 'll touze you
> Joint by joint."

There it means to pull apart; here it is apparently=draw out.

718. *Cap-a-pe.* From head to foot. See *Ham.* p. 186.

724. *A pheasant.* "As he was a suitor from the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*" (Steevens). Reed says: "In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, 'for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'" Halliwell gives this apt illustration from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10*s*., and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with two brase of pheasants, 10*s*.," etc. The patron to whom he sent the game was "Charles, Lord Goring, Earle of Norwich."

Some editors needlessly change *pheasant* to "present."

731. *He wears them not handsomely.* A "touch of nature." The shepherd, though a simple man, has an instinctive perception of the difference between a true gentleman and a vulgar fellow disguised as one.

734. *By the picking on 's teeth.* Johnson remarks: "It seems that to pick the teeth was at this time a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the Bastard, in *King John* [i. 1. 190], speaking of the traveller, says: 'He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.'" See also *A. W.* i. 1. 171: "just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now;" and *Id.* iii. 2. 8: "Why, he will . . . pick his teeth and sing."

738. *Such . . . which.* See on i. 1. 22 above.

750. *In hand-fast.* "In custody; properly in *mainprise*, in the custody of a friend on security given for appearance" (D). In *Cymb.* i. 5. 78, *hand-fast*=betrothal, marriage-engagement.

754. *Wit.* Inventive power; as in *V. and A.* 472, *M. for M.* v. 1. 368, *L. L. L.* i. 2. 191, etc.

755. *Germane.* Akin, related. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 344: "germane to the lion," etc.

758. *Sheep-whistling.* Whistling for sheep, tending sheep.

759. *Come into grace.* That is, "undergo such ample grace and honour" (*M. for M.* i. 1. 24) as to marry the prince.

766. *'Nointed over with honey*, etc. Reed cites a book which S. may have seen, *The Stage of Popish Toyes*, 1581: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

769. *The hottest day*, etc. "That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanac" (Johnson). Malone quotes the title of a Calendar of the time: "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595."

773. *Traitorly.* Traitorous; used by S. only here.

775. *Being something gently considered.* If I have a gentlemanlike consideration given me (Steevens); a delicate hint at a bribe. Cf. *The Ile of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there 's twenty crowns in earnest."

777. *Tender.* Present, introduce.

781. *And though.* Some editors read "an though." Cf. Gr. 101.

790. *Moiety.* See on ii. 3. 8 above.

792. *Case.* See on 624 above.

813. *Back.* The Coll. MS. has "luck."

814. *Aboard him.* Aboard his ship. Cf. v. 2. 110 below: "aboard the prince."

815. *Shore.* The only instance of the verb in S. Cf. Gr. 290.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—2. *Make.* See on iii. 2. 215 above.

6. *Whilst I remember*, etc. See p. 32 above.

12. *True, too true*, etc. In the folios, the first *true* is joined to the preceding speech; corrected by Theo. See p. 23 above.

14. *Or from the all*, etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 47:

> "but you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best!"

See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 149–160.

19. *Good now.* For this "vocative use" of *good*, see *Ham.* p. 173.

27. *Fail.* See on ii. 3. 170 above.

29. *Incertain.* See on iii. 2. 167 above.

30. *Well.* At rest. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 33: "We use to say, the dead are well." See also *R. and J.* p. 208. As Henley remarks, this use of *well* seems to have been suggested by 2 *Kings*, iv. 26.

31. *Repair.* Restoration. Cf. *Sonn.* 3. 3, *K. John*, iii. 4. 113, etc.

35. *Respecting.* Considering, if we consider. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 24: "Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears," etc.

42. *As my Antigonus*, etc. For the construction, see Gr. 354, and cf. 416.

45. *Contrary*. Schmidt puts this among the cases in which the accent is on the penult (like *K. John*, iv. 2. 198, *Ham.* iii. 2. 221, etc.), but the other accent, which is the more common one in S., suits the verse quite as well, if not better. See *Ham.* p. 227.

46. *Oppose against*. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 4. 80, *Lear*, ii. 4. 179, iv. 7. 32, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 18, etc.

52. *Squar'd*. See on iii. 3. 41 above.

57–60. *Would make*, etc. The 1st folio prints the passage thus:

> "would make her Sainted Spirit
> Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
> (Where we offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
> And begin, why to me?"

Various emendations have been proposed; as "(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vex'd" (Theo.); "(Were we offenders now) appear" (Heath); "(Where we offend her) now appear" (Spedding); "Where we 're offenders now, appear" (anon. in Camb. ed.), etc. The reading in the text is that of K., St., W., the Camb. ed., and others. Of course *are* is understoood with *offenders*. The reading "we're" is very plausible, but the ellipsis is not unlike many others in this play.

In 60, Capell's reading "Begin, 'And why to me?'" is adopted by many editors. There is probably some corruption in the original. Malone explains *why to me?* as = "why to me did you prefer one less worthy?" and Boswell (better, we think) "why such treatment to me?"

61. *Cause*. The 1st and 2d folios have "such cause."

Incense. Incite, instigate. See *Much Ado*, p. 166.

65. *That*. So that. Cf. i. 1. 27 and iv. 4. 146 above.

66. *Rift*. Burst, split. S. uses the verb only here and in *Temp.* v. 1. 45: "and rifted Jove's stout oak." Elsewhere he has *rive;* as in *Cor.* v. 3. 153: "That should but rive an oak," etc.

75. *Affront*. Come before, meet. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 31:

> "That he, as 't were by accident, may here
> Affront Ophelia," etc.

See *Ham.* p. 216.

I have done. In the folios, these words are at the end of the preceding speech; the emendation is Capell's, and is generally adopted. K. and Halliwell retain the old reading.

80. *Walk'd your first queen's ghost*. That is, *if* it walked; the inversion being like that still common with *have*, *be*, etc. Cf. 107 below.

83. *In breath*. Elsewhere used only in the modern sense; as in *T. and C.* v. 7. 3: "Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath," etc.

85. *Gives out*. Cf. iv. 4. 149 above.

87. *Access*. Accented regularly on the last syllable, except in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110.

90. *Out of circumstance*. Without ceremony. See *Much Ado*, p. 145 and *Ham.* p. 197.

91. *Visitation*. See on i. 1. 6 above. *Fram'd* = planned, premeditated.

94. *Piece of earth.* Cf. iv. 4. 32, 411 above.

97. *Grave.* Changed in the Coll. MS. to "grace." Clarke thus defends the old reading: "It affords befitting antecedent to *colder than that theme;* and it has fine poetic propriety in itself, as embodying the collective beauties of the supposed dead queen in her *grave,* and impressing upon Paulina's hearers the point of which she wishes them to be convinced—that Hermione's remains repose in the *grave.*" To us the antithesis of *thy grave*—thou in thy grave—and *what's seen now*—the living beauty before our eyes—seems very forcible. A good actress would make an impressive "point" of it.

102. *Shrewdly.* Combining the ideas of *much* and *badly.* Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 170.

109. *Who.* See on iv. 4. 608 above.

113. *With.* By. Cf. v. 2. 60 below: "with a bear." Gr. 193.

114. *Embracement.* Used by S. oftener than *embrace.* Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 30, etc.

117. *Full a.* The 3d and 4th folios have "a full."

124. *Unfurnish.* Deprive. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 56: "Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop."

126. *Print,* etc. Cf. ii. 3. 98 above.

139. *On him.* Changed by Steevens to "upon;" but cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 53: "whom Destiny . . . Hath caus'd to belch up you." For other examples, see Gr. 249.

141. *At friend.* On terms of friendship; the reading of the 1st folio, changed to "as friend" in the 2d. See Gr. 143; and cf. *to friend* in *A. W.* v. 3. 182, *J. C.* iii. 1. 143, etc.

142. *But.* But *that.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 414: "And but he 's something stain'd," etc. Gr. 120.

143. *Waits upon worn times.* Attends old age. *Seiz'd*=fallen upon, attacked.

155. *Adventure.* Hazard, risk; as in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 218: "at all adventures," etc. Cf. the use of the verb in *Temp.* ii. 1. 187, *M. of V.* i. 1. 143, etc. See also i. 2. 38, ii. 3. 162, and iv. 4. 448 above.

156. *Libya.* Douce conjectured "Lydia" or "Lycia."

169. *Climate.* Try the climate, sojourn; the only instance of the verb in S.

Holy. Good, blameless. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 62: "Holy Gonzalo, honourable man," etc. *Graceful* in next line=full of grace, gracious.

181. *Attach.* Arrest; a law term. See *R. and J.* p. 217 or *Rich. II.* p. 186.

188. *Whiles.* See Gr. 137.

196. *In question.* Under examination; not simply "in conversation" (cf. iv. 2. 44 above), as some explain it.

201. *O my poor father!* On the silence of Perdita up to this point, see p. 21 above.

203. *Our contract celebrated.* Our betrothal consummated by marriage. See *T. N.* p. 160 (note on *Plight me,* etc.) and p. 166 (note on *Contracted*).

206. *The odds for high and low,* etc. The chances for the high and

the low in rank are equally uncertain. Douce sees here a quibble on the false dice called *high and low*; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 95.

213. *Worth.* Johnson remarks: "*Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty." For *worth*=wealth, fortune, see *T. N.* p. 151.

215. *Visible an enemy.* Appearing visibly as an enemy.

218. *Remember since*, etc. Remember when, etc.; that is, recollect when you were no older than I am. *Since* is used in this way only after verbs of remembering. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 149:

> "Thou rememberest
> Since once I sat upon a promontory," etc.

See Gr. 132.

219. *With thought of such affections.* Thinking of such feelings as you then had. recalling what your feelings then were.

223. *Sir, my liege.* A form of address used also in *Temp.* v. 1. 245 and *Cymb.* iii. 1. 16. Cf. *Sir, my lord*, in i. 2. 306 above, and *sir, my gracious lord*, in iv. 4. 5.

229. *Your honour*, etc. If your honour, etc. Cf. iii. 2. 75 above. Gr. 377.

SCENE II.—4. *Deliver.* Relate. Cf. iv. 4. 487 above and 25 below.

5. *Amazedness.* Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 55: "We two in great amazedness will fly."

6. *Only this*, etc. The folio prints the passage thus: "onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the child." Some eds. give it: "only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child."

17. *Importance.* Import (Malone and Schmidt).

18. *Of the one.* That is, of the one or the other.

19. *Happily.* Haply; as often. See *T. N.* p. 158 or *Ham.* pp. 175, 208. Gr. 42.

23. *Ballad-makers.* These writers were in the habit of turning any extraordinary event to account. Cf. the subjects of the ballads that Autolycus has for sale (iv. 4. 254 fol. above), and see note on iv. 4. 263.

29. *Pregnant by circumstance.* Made plausible by the circumstances or the facts in the case. *Pregnant* is elsewhere used in a similar sense =about to appear as truth, highly probable. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23, *Oth.* ii. 1. 239, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 45, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 235.

32. *Jewel.* Used for any personal ornament of gold or precious stones. See *T. N.* p. 154.

33. *Character.* Handwriting. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 53: "'T is Hamlet's character," etc.

35. *Affection.* Disposition; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 77: "my most ill-compos'd affection," etc. *Affection of nobleness*=innate nobility.

46. *Favour.* Look, aspect. See *Ham.* p. 263 or *M. N. D.* p. 130.

51. *Clipping.* Embracing. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about." See also *Oth.* p. 192.

52. *Weather-bitten.* Changed to "weather-beaten" in the 3d folio.

Henley remarks: "*Conduits* representing a human figure were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and weather-beaten, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 129: "How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?" and see note in our ed. p. 196.

55. *To do it.* That is, to *describe* it. Hanmer changed *do* to "draw," and the Coll. MS. has "show." Sr. conjectures "do it justice."

Malone compares *Temp.* iv. 1. 10:

> "For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
> And make it halt behind her."

66. *Wracked.* For the spelling, see *T. N.* p. 162.

71. *Another.* The other. Cf. iii. 3. 20 and iv. 4. 176 above.

79. *Angled.* See on iv. 2. 41 above. On the passage, see p. 22 above.

85. *Who was most marble.* Even those who were of the hardest natures, or least susceptible of emotion; not "most petrified with wonder," as Steevens explained it.

92. *Julio Romano.* He was born in 1492 and died in 1546. For the anachronism, see pp. 13, 17, and 35 above. *Eternity*=immortality; as in *R. of L.* 214: "Or sells eternity to get a toy," etc.

93. *Of her custom.* "That is, *of her trade*—would draw her customers from her" (Johnson).

94. *Is he her ape.* Does he ape her. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 31: "O sleep, thou ape of death!"

101. *Removed.* Remote, retired. See *A. Y. L.* p. 177.

102. *Piece.* Add to, increase.

106. *Unthrifty to our knowledge.* "Not intent on increasing, and hence not increasing, our knowledge" (Schmidt).

116. *Relished.* Schmidt makes *relish* here="have a pleasing taste." The meaning may be, it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a "relish of salvation" (*Ham.* iii. 3. 92).

120. *Moe.* See on i. 2. 8 above.

122. *Denied.* Refused. See *R. and J.* p. 159.

123. *See you these clothes?* See p. 36 above.

139. *Preposterous.* The clown's blunder for *prosperous* (Schmidt).

144. *For we must be gentle*, etc. The shepherd's expression of "Noblesse oblige." See on iii. 3. 125 above.

152. *Franklins.* Freeholders, yeomen; above *villains* or serfs, but not *gentlemen* (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 79:

> "A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
> A franklin's housewife."

156. *A tall fellow of thy hands.* "An active, able-bodied man, who will stand the test" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 27: "he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener." Cf. *T. N.* p. 123, note on *Tall.* Halliwell cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main*,—A man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough

to lay about him;" and Palsgrave, *Lesclaircissement*, etc., 1530: "He is a tall man of his handes, *C'est ung habille homme de ses mains.*"

160. *To my power.* To the best of my ability.

164. *Picture.* That is, painted statue.

165. *Masters.* Patrons. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 106: "From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine." Whalley cites a letter from Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, to Cromwell: "Furthermore, I beseeche you to be gode master unto one in my necessities," etc.

SCENE III.—4. *Home.* In full. See on i. 2. 238 above, and cf. *Ham.* p. 232, note on *Tax him home.*

11. *Content.* Satisfaction, pleasure. See *Oth.* p. 174.

12. *Singularities.* Rarities, curiosities. Cf. *singular* in iv. 4. 144 above.

18. *Lonely.* The 1st folio has "Louely," the later folios "Lovely;" corrected by Hanmer. Warb. defended "lovely," explaining it as "charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness."

19. *Lively.* To the life. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 174: "so lively acted;" *T. of S.* ind. 2. 58: "As lively painted as the deed was done," etc.

26. *In thy not chiding.* A "little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character" (Mrs. Jameson).

32. *As.* As *if.* See Gr. 107.

34. *Thus she stood*, etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The expressions used here by Leontes, and by Polixenes [in 66 below], appear strangely applied to a statue, such as we usually imagine it—of the cold colourless marble; but it is evident that in this scene Hermione personates one of those images or effigies, such as we may see in the old Gothic cathedrals, in which the stone, or marble, was coloured after nature. I remember coming suddenly upon one of these effigies, either at Basle or at Fribourg, which made me start: the figure was large as life; the drapery of crimson, powdered with stars of gold; the face and eyes and hair tinted after nature, though faded by time. It stood in a Gothic niche, over a tomb, as I think, and in a kind of dim uncertain light. It would have been very easy for a living person to represent such an effigy, particularly if it had been painted by that 'rare Italian master, Julio Romano,' who, as we are informed, was the reputed author of this wonderful statue."

That these painted statues were not unknown in the poet's time is evident from B. J., *Magnetic Lady*, v. 5:

> "*Rut.* I 'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> "*Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.
> "*Rut.* That 's right! all city statues must be painted;
> Else they 'll be worth nought in their subtle judgments."

The monumental bust of Shakespeare at Stratford was originally painted in imitation of nature, "the hands and face flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn," etc. (Britton). Vasari states that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, the front of which "he adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured stuccoes."

42. *Standing like stone.* "The grief, the love, the remorse, and impatience of Leontes are finely contrasted with the astonishment and ad-

miration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble" (Mrs. Jameson).

56. *Piece up.* "Hoard up, so as to have his fill" (Schmidt).

58. *Wrought.* Wrought upon, agitated. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 144:

> "your father 's in some passion
> That works him strongly;"

Id. v. 1. 17: "Your charm so strongly works 'em," etc. See also *Macb.* i. 3. 149 and *Oth.* v. 2. 345.

62. *Would I were dead*, etc. It has been suspected that a line is lost after this one; and the Coll. MS. inserts "I am but dead stone, looking upon stone." An anonymous conjecture (quoted by Sr.) is "I 'm in heaven, and looking on an angel." But, as Clarke remarks, the diction is in keeping with that of Leontes throughout—"disjointed, and full of sudden starts."

St. takes *Would I were dead but that*, etc., as = May I die if I do not think that already—she is alive, he would have said, had he not interrupted himself. But it is doubtful whether *but that* ever follows a clause of this kind, the simple *but* being regularly used.

67. *Fixure.* "Direction" (Schmidt). Edwards says: "The meaning is, though her eye be fixed (as the eye of a statue always is) yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it." In *T. and C.* i. 3. 101, the only other instance of the word in S., it is = stability. *Fixture* (= setting) occurs only in *M. W.* iii. 3. 67.

68. *As.* Changed by Capell to "and." Mason conjectures "so." Malone and Steevens take *as* to be = as if. Clarke explains it better: "Leontes refers to the contradiction in the first clause of his speech: The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." *With* = by; as in v. 1. 113 and v. 2. 60 above.

86. *Resolve you.* Prepare yourselves.

96. *Unlawful business.* For the old laws against the practice of magical arts, see *A. Y. L.* p. 194, note on *Not damnable.*

100. *Look upon.* See on iv. 4. 435 above.

107. *Double.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 254, *Macb.* i. 6. 15, iv. 1. 83, etc.

109. *Is she become the suitor?* Rowe changed the interrogation mark of the folio to a period, and has been generally followed, except by K., V., and the Camb. editors. We do not see much to choose between the readings, but on the whole prefer the old one. Paulina says in substance: Do not be afraid of her, but give her your hand; you wooed her once, is she become the suitor now? This does not imply that Hermione makes no advances, but rather indicates surprise that he who once wooed her should now "shun" her when she approaches him and let her do *all* the wooing.

111. *She embraces him.* On the silence of Hermione, see pp. 27 and 32 above.

122. *Your sacred vials.* Malone remarks that the expression seems to have been suggested by *Rev.* xvi. 1; and Halliwell adds *Isa.* xlv. 8.

129. *Push.* Impulse (Schmidt), or suggestion. Clarke explains it as "emergency, special occasion."

131. *You precious winners.* You who have gained what is precious to you.

132. *Partake.* Impart. Cf. *Per.* i. 1. 153:

> "our mind partakes
> Her private actions to your secrecy."

Turtle. See on iv. 4. 154 above.

144. *Whose.* Referring to *Camillo*, not to *her*.

145. *Is richly noted.* The Var. of 1821 misprints "It richly noted." *Justified*=avouched. Cf. v. 2. 62 above.

147. *What! look upon my brother.* "How exquisitely this serves to depict the sensitively averted face of Hermione from Polixenes, recollecting all the misconstruction that had formerly grown out of her purely gracious attentions to him; and also how sufficingly it shows the sincere repentance of Leontes for bygone errors, that he has had sixteen years to mourn and see in their true light! No one better than Shakespeare knew the nobleness of a candid avowal of previous mistake, the relief of heart to its speaker, the elevated satisfaction to its hearers; and with this crowning satisfaction he leaves us at the close of this grandly beautiful play" (Clarke).

148. *Holy.* Blameless. Cf. v. 1. 29, 31, and 169 above.

149. *This is your son-in-law*, etc. The folio reads thus:

> "This your Son-in-law,
> And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
> Is troth plight to your daughter."

D. adopts Walker's suggestion of "This' your"="This is your," which, as the latter remarks, would not mar the metre, though he prefers the other. The "Globe" ed. inserts the "is." It seems awkward to make the leading sentence "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter"—the assertion being already implied in the subject—and to make "whom heavens directing" merely parenthetical. What Leontes says is rather, we think, "This *is* your son-in-law, and by heaven's direction he is troth-plight," etc. "Whom heavens directing" is a "confusion of construction" for "Who, heavens directing him." For many somewhat similar ones, see Gr. 249, 410, and 415. Capell changed *whom* to "who," as the "Globe" ed. does.

For *troth-plight*, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 21: "you were troth-plight to her."

ADDENDA.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—As we are unable to give pictorial illustrations of Shakespeare's Bohemia (except the one on page 9, to which we venture to say no other "local habitation" can be assigned), we insert a few that belong to the real Bohemia of that day. The royal palace and the cathedral at Prague were old buildings even then; but the portal to the former (see p. 41) was designed by Scamozzi, and the royal mausoleum

in the latter (p. 216) was the work of Colin of Malines, both of whom were contemporaries of the poet.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 177), with a few explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"The time of this Play comprises eight days represented on the stage; with intervals.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.
" 2. Act II. sc. i.*
An Interval of twenty-three days.†
" 3. Act II. sc. ii. and iii., and Act III. sc. i.
" 4. Act III. sc. ii.
An Interval. Antigonus's voyage to Bohemia.
" 5. Act III. sc. iii.
An Interval (Act IV. sc. i.) of sixteen years.‡
" 6. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.§
" 7. Act IV. sc. iv.
An Interval. The journey to Sicilia.
" 8. Act V. sc. i.–iii."

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* "I am not sure that a separate day should be given to this scene; but, on the whole, the proposed departure of Polixenes and Camillo on the *night* of the first day, and the mission, *since then*, of Cleomenes and Dion to Delphos make this division probable."

† "'*Twenty-three days*,' says Leontes, 'they have been absent: 't is good speed,' etc; and he orders a session to be summoned for the arraignment of the queen."

‡ "Note that Camillo makes his absence from Sicilia to be *fifteen* years. This is probably a mere error of the printer or copyist. Besides the *sixteen* announced by Time, the Chorus, *sixteen* years is the period again twice mentioned in act v. sc. iii.—line 31, 'Which lets go by some *sixteen* years;' and line 50, 'Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away,' etc."

§ "Autolycus cheats the Clown (the Shepherd's son) of his purse as he is on his way to buy things for the sheep-shearing festival. This incident suggests the placing of the festival on the following day."

ROYAL MAUSOLEUM IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PRAGUE.

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